Collier's

AUGUST 31, 1946 TEN CENTS

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★ **SQUEAL, NAZI, SQUEAL!**

by Douglas M. Kelley

Chief Psychiatrist at Nuremberg

Jon Whitcomb

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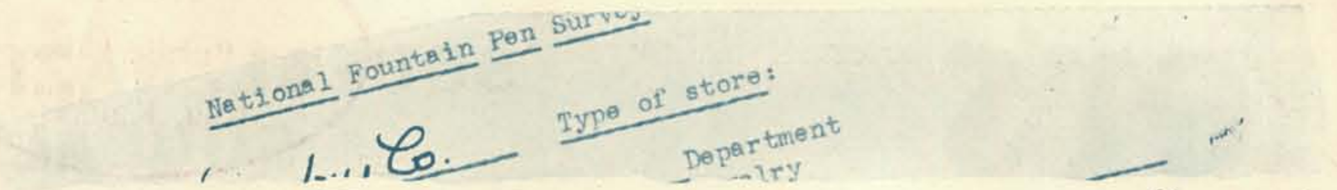
August 31-1946



National Fountain Pen Survey

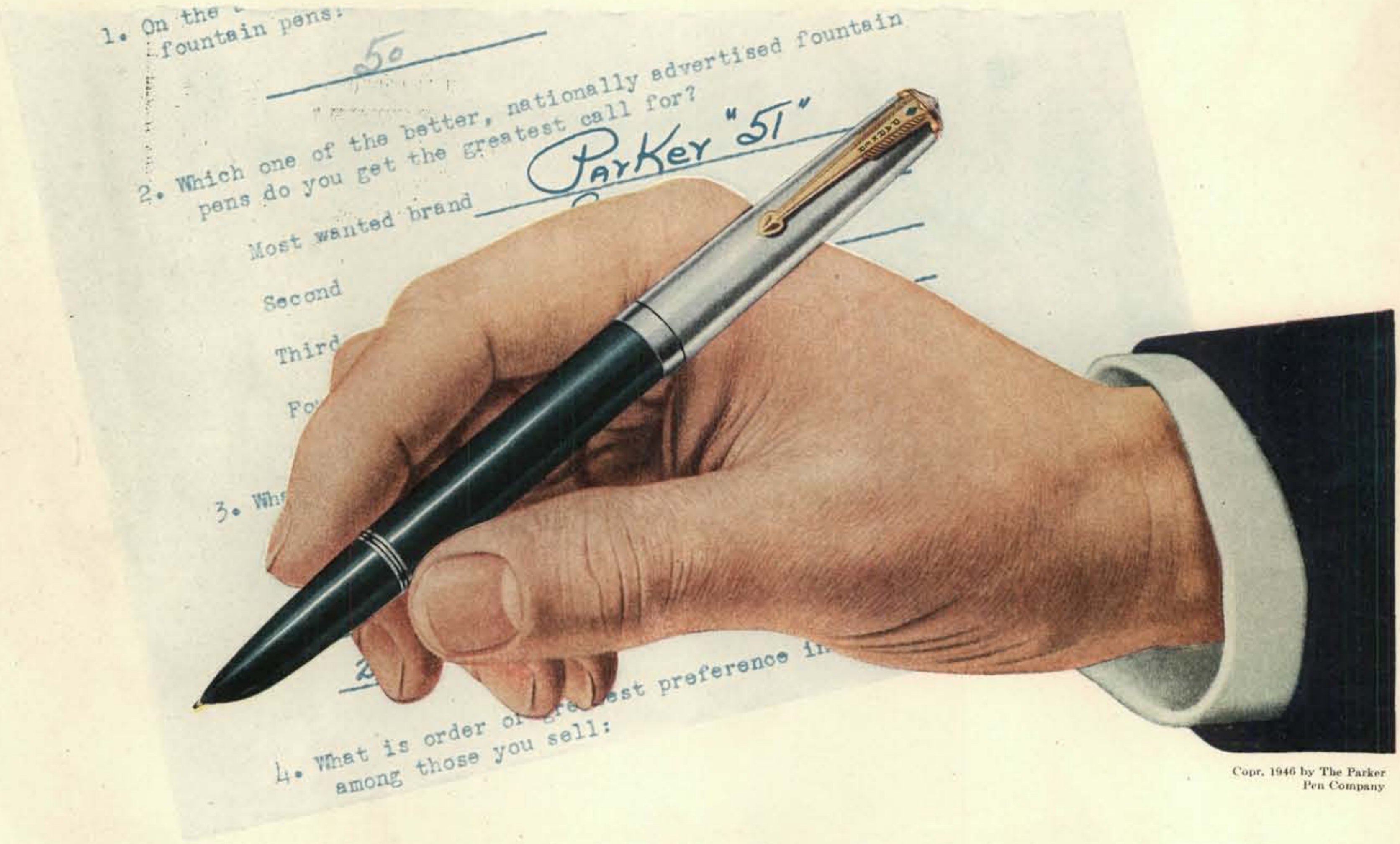
Type of store:

Co.

Department

lry

Measurably—"51" is the world's most wanted pen



1. On the
fountain pens:
50

2. Which one of the better, nationally advertised fountain pens do you get the greatest call for?

Most wanted brand Parker "51"

Second

Third

Fo

3. Wh

4. What is order of greatest preference in among those you sell:

Copr. 1946 by The Parker Pen Company

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Today more people desire a Parker "51" than any other make of pen.

New surveys in 19 countries and among American pen dealers from coast to coast now give added proof of this preference. American pen dealers, for example, by a margin of 3.37 to 1 name Parker the most-wanted pen. Actually more-wanted than all other makes combined.

Right now we are shipping more of these fine pens than ever before. So we suggest you ask again for a Parker "51".

Then—as you see its trim point start instantly, glide soundlessly—you'll be glad you waited for this truly superb writing instrument.

And what writing smoothness! That's because the 14K gold point is tipped with a ball of micro-polished, wear-resistant Osmiridium.

Then, as you write—*magic. The words dry as you write!* For the "51" alone is designed for satisfactory use with remarkable Parker "51" Ink. Instantly, you realize why this pen—made to new high standards of precision—cannot be hurried out. See your Parker dealer today.

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50; $15.00. Matching pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. World-famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Matching pencils, $4.00.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., and Toronto, Canada.

Parker "51"

A development of
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Tire costs slashed—two mountains moved for the price of one

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in tires

Trucks like this one can move twenty tons of dirt or rock at a clip. But the big tires, costing as much as $700 apiece, often wore out in a hurry. Bruises and blow-outs took a heavy toll. Some tires lasted only weeks.

Then B. F. Goodrich research engineers developed a new construction principle for tires that had to carry these freight-car loads over rocks and ruts.

They put a *shock-shield* under the tread. It's a special insulated breaker construction that absorbs the shock of impact—reducing the blow that's passed on to the cord body.

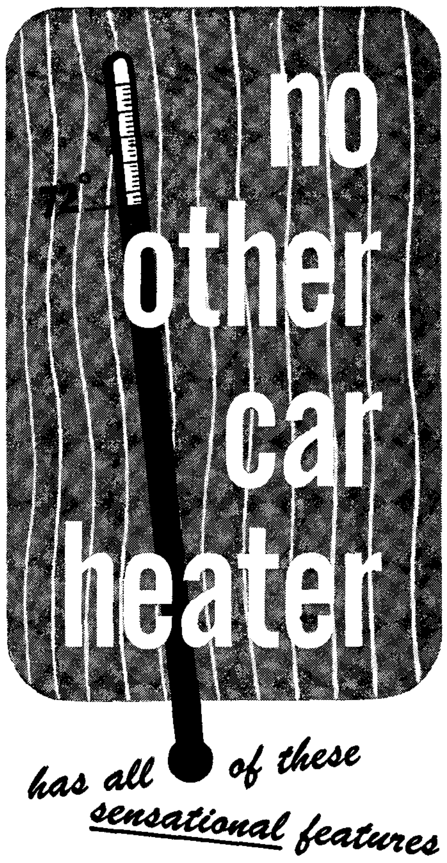
The tires shown in the picture are built with this construction. Results in terms of greater tire life are so outstanding that hauling costs are lowered for the companies which standardize on these tires. For example: one check completed early this year showed six B. F. Goodrich tires with shock-shield averaged 4571 hours of service against 1600 hours for another make. This means that more than twice as much earth was moved for the same tire cost.

Another operator reports 17,599 miles compared to 6476 miles for the best of other brands. Another contractor tried three makes of tires; at the end of the test period 24 out of 70 Brand "A" tires failed, 7 out of 40 Brand "B" failed. Not one of 38 B. F. Goodrich tires failed!

Here is another typical example of how B. F. Goodrich research can help you reduce your tire costs. If you use tires for off-the-road vehicles, trucks, or any other purpose, check the B. F. Goodrich man before you buy again. He can save you money. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Truck Tires BY

B. F. Goodrich



72°
no other car heater
has all of these sensational features

HEAT BY PUSH BUTTON—Just press a button (50, 60, 70 or 80 degrees) and there's your heat—at the temperature you choose!

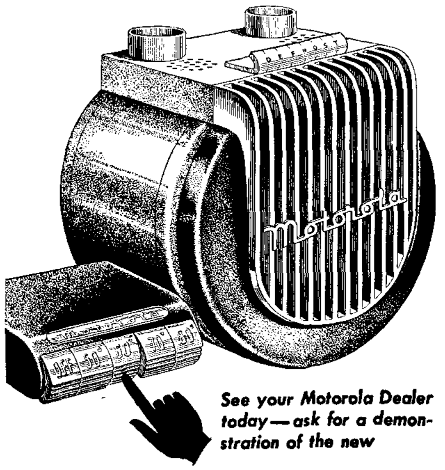
HEAT IN A HURRY—Starts in 33 seconds (even at 50 below) providing ideal warmth for short trips.

HEAT ON THE BEAM—Automatic thermostat control keeps the heat at a constant temperature—all the time!

HEAT WITH ENGINE OFF— It's gasoline powered, operates independently of engine and fuel pump.

POWER TO SPARE—Develops sufficient heat to keep two average rooms comfortably WARM!

TWO HANDSOME MODELS—One for cowl mounting—one for underseat. Both are push button operated from the dash.



See your Motorola Dealer today—ask for a demonstration of the new

Motorola

PUSH BUTTON GASOLINE

CAR HEATER

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51

Collier's

FOR AUGUST 31, 1946

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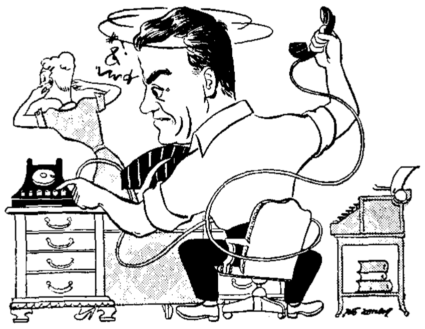
any week

IF THERE is a noticeable lack of our customary clarity in this department this week it is due to push buttons. On the desk to which our employers have moved us there are six push buttons. No, five. No, no, seven. Six. (See what we mean? Buttons!) So we have six push buttons. We have also a telephone which does not ring. It purrs. Instead of calling us sharply to attention, as our old phone did, it asks us gently whether we would care to listen to a beautiful contralto secretary ask us whether we'd like to speak to so and so. Our old phone used to shrill like a drunken harridan and when we answered it somebody was sure to call us a fleabitten bum in a wide variety of terms, none publishable. We're having trouble getting used to it. The lovely voice our secretary uses when you speak to her is not, however, squandered on us. In reinforced concrete terms she demands of us that we pull ourself together and learn and remember what each button means. We've asked her to label them. She thinks that that wouldn't help in our case. We have threatened to throw the whole six out. If we do, she says, she'll quit. We reply: Oh, Lord, there's that damned telephone murmuring again. So, pushing all six buttons at once we spread confusion far and wide, shout YES in a firm tone, hang up and go to work.



OF LANCASTER, Pennsylvania, Mr. Enos G. Grumlach roughly thrusts a well-sharpened knife into our back. He has been reading that new Letters Column in this magazine. And he bids us do the same. He asks: "Why two letter columns? Don't *you* know when you're licked, you sap?" For the benefit of Mr. Grumlach and other fair-weather friends who cherish similar thoughts, we announce that from now on this column will be composed of sage discussions of this and that based, occasionally, on letters written to us personally. Too, we shall include a few corrections or adjustments of journalistic and literary errors or mishaps that will on extremely rare occasions creep into these pages. We hope.

FURTHERMORE we shall at times lash out indignantly at correspondents who (like this fellow whose letter we have just opened) say, "I must say that I find your magazine inoffensive." We have written to him. We have told him briefly that no publication has ever had a nastier criticism than that. Calming ourself with some effort, we assure him and you that it will be our endeavor to be offensive *(Continued on page 47)*

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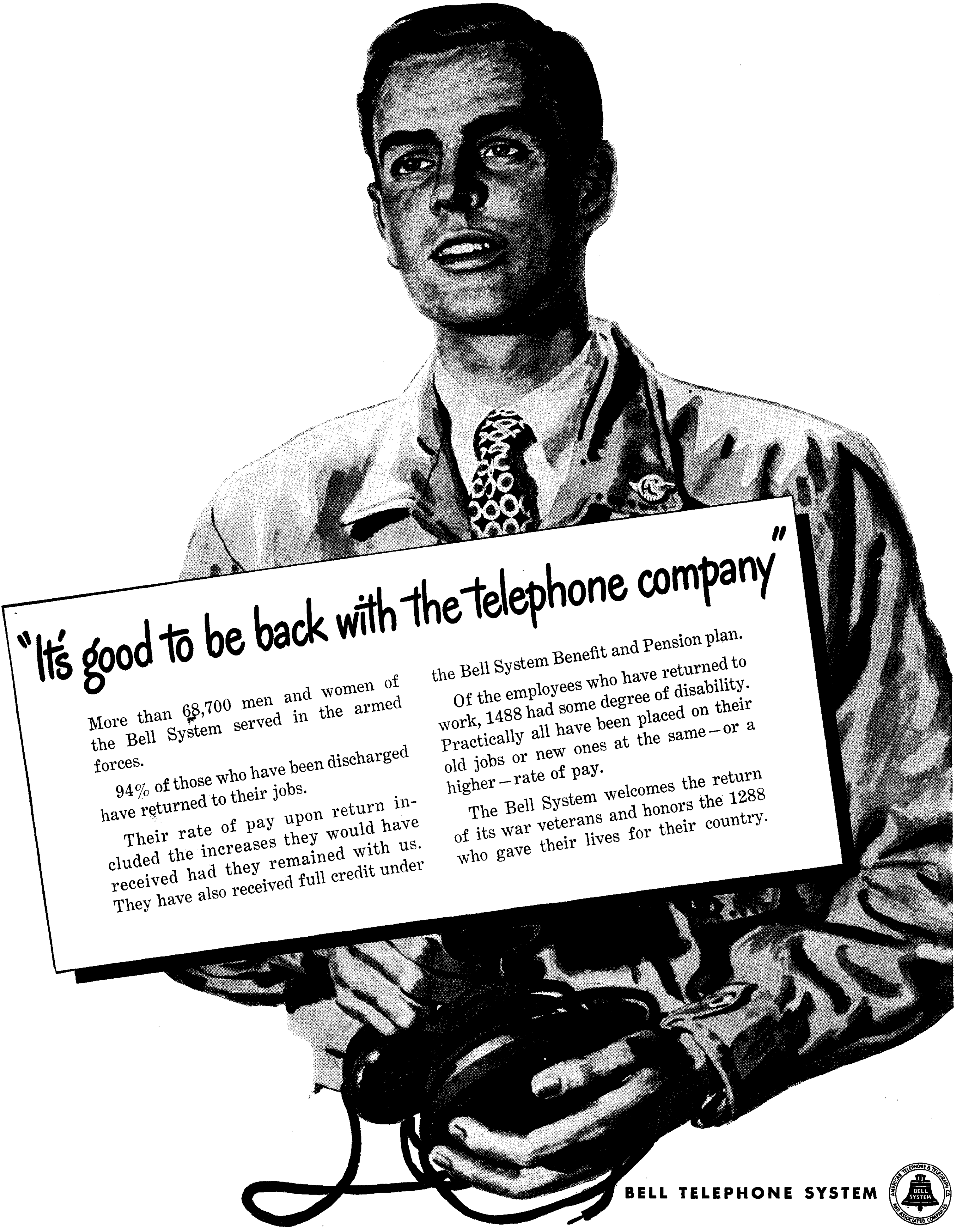
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion



"It's good to be back with the telephone company"

More than 68,700 men and women of the Bell System served in the armed forces.

94% of those who have been discharged have returned to their jobs.

Their rate of pay upon return included the increases they would have received had they remained with us. They have also received full credit under the Bell System Benefit and Pension plan.

Of the employees who have returned to work, 1488 had some degree of disability. Practically all have been placed on their old jobs or new ones at the same—or a higher—rate of pay.

The Bell System welcomes the return of its war veterans and honors the 1288 who gave their lives for their country.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

I LOVE YOU DEAR, EVEN THOUGH YOUR BRISTLES AREN'T AS GOOD AS PROLON!
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end PROLON
ORDINARY BRISTLE
PROLON "ROUND-END"
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
A PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC EXCLUSIVE ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

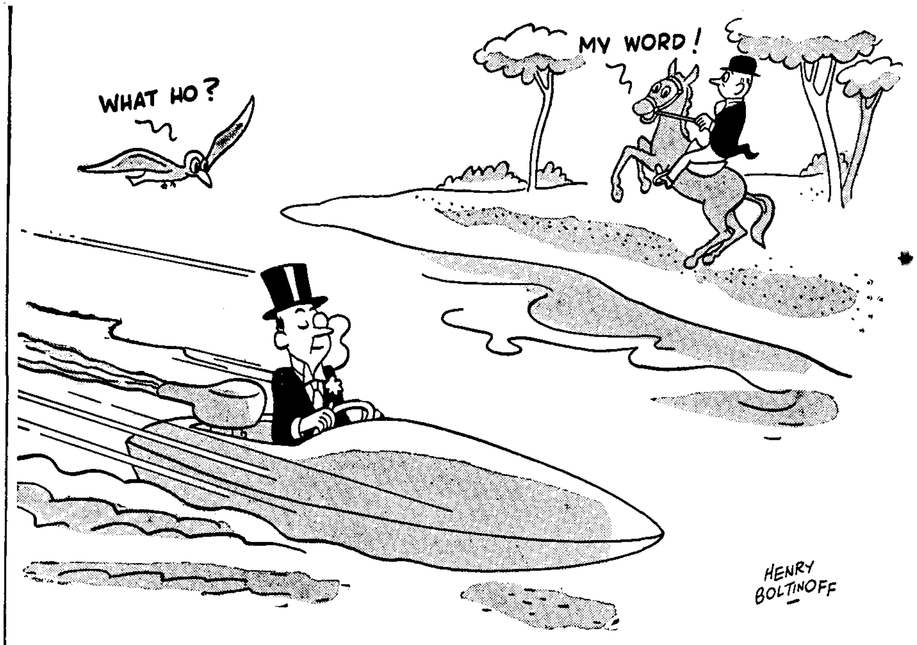
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRUSHES
REGULAR 50¢ PROFESSIONAL


WHAT HO?
MY WORD!
HENRY BOLTINOFF

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

A jet-propelled outboard motor, recently invented in England, is the first application of this kind of power outside the field of aviation.

While New York County, New York, is so densely populated that there is an inhabitant for every 322 square feet, Armstrong County, South Dakota, is so sparsely populated that there is only one inhabitant for every 57.5 square miles.

Until a generation ago, the numerous tribes of Northwest Coast Indians used a standard woolen blanket as their medium of exchange. To concentrate their wealth, rich men invested their blankets in "coppers," painted and engraved copper plaques about 15 by 20 inches, the value of which increased through sale and resale. At a ceremony held by the Haida Indians on the Queen Charlotte Islands off British Columbia in 1893, one of these coppers brought 7,500 blankets and, incidentally, lived up to its name—"All Other Coppers Are Ashamed to Look at It."

The first albino giraffe on record was discovered and filmed in color movies by members of the Macnab-Snyder Safari in Kenya Colony, Africa, in June, 1938. Upon learning of the existence of this snow-white animal, the Kenya Game Department issued an edict to hunters that it was not to be harmed.

How the sensitivity of the human ear may be changed instantly and radically is demonstrated by a sound film recording of a revolver shot. When the film is run forward, the loud report makes the ears insensitive to the other sound waves that follow with decreasing intensity. When the film is run in reverse, only a soft swish is heard because these sound waves successively increase in intensity and so condition the ears in a split second that the report itself is not detectable.

Although the salutation "Hello" is one of the most frequently used words in this country today, it did not appear in literature in its present form until the 1880s. Evidently, it evolved from some earlier word such as hollo or halloo.

During the war, the Irish Free State required its newspapers to refer courteously to Mussolini as Signor Mussolini and to Hitler as Herr Hitler.

Not long ago in Wisconsin, a handwriting expert proved in a unique way that a combined suicide note and will was forged, not written to the defendant by his wife on her deathbed. Claiming that he could not find the original note, the defendant had presented a pad of paper on which an impression of the writing was visible down to the fifth sheet; yet samples of writing of the deceased showed she had a light touch. The expert mounted a pencil in the tube of a small funnel and, slowly pouring shot into the vessel, began to write with it on the pad. After demonstrating that three ounces of shot produced the pressure normally exerted by the woman, the expert had to add 48 more ounces to make an impression on the fifth sheet. Consequently, the husband confessed and was convicted of the murder as well as the forgery.

A trick of magic so baffling that magicians used it continuously from around 1550 to 1850 consisted of an album whose pages could be made to change their contents several times by closing and opening it. One such book, now preserved in the United States, successively shows its pages covered with postage stamps, geometric designs, animal sketches, caricatures, silhouettes, colored prints and finally blank.

In the soft coal mines of the United States during the past 15 years, accidents have, on the average, killed 20 and injured 905 miners a week.—*By Alexander Rosenfield, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Bullets found at the scene of a crime may help in its reconstruction through marks made on them by objects they have touched in flight. For example, lead bullets are sometimes marked distinctively by certain fabrics they have pierced. In one famous French case, a steel bullet was identified as the fatal one by a mark made on it by the victim's tooth.

Copies of 10,000,000 of the 15,000,000 different books published since the invention of printing may be found today in the libraries of the United States.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

Why more hearts are set on HUDSON

NEVER before in history have so many people chosen Hudson as the car they want most to drive.

This desire for Hudson ownership goes far beyond ordinary demands. It is even out of proportion to the pent-up needs of the past four years. It is based on *two vital factors.*

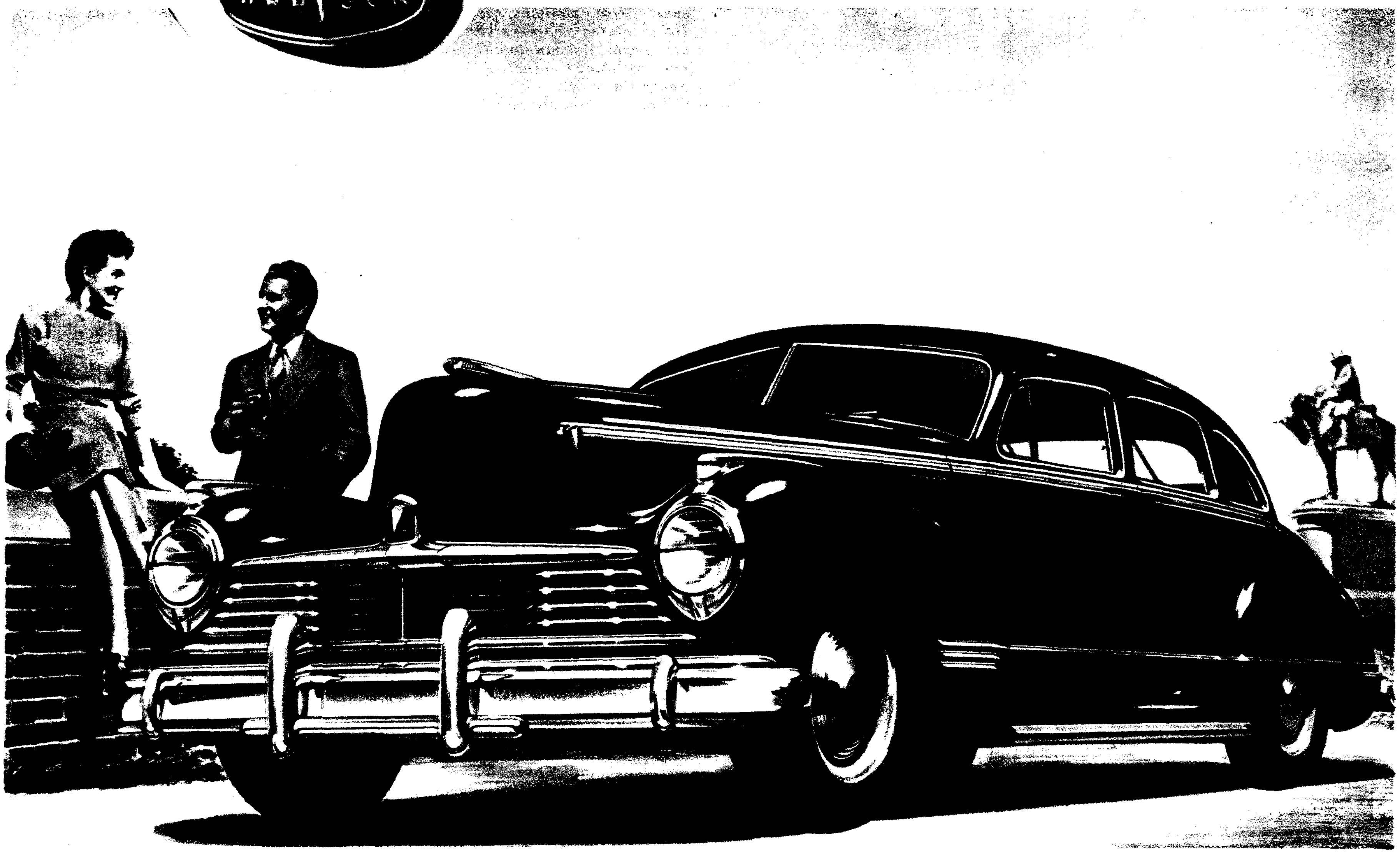
First, you need only see what has happened at Hudson to bring you smart styling, luxury and performance for 1946. *Second,* remember the sensational testimony to Hudson endurance found in the wartime record of these traditionally fine cars.

See for yourself. Thrill to the instant appeal of Hudson's graceful lines—the luxury of wholly new interiors, upholstered in a rich fabric and leather combination found only in one other 1946 car (one of the highest priced). Experience the comfort and convenience that come with time-tested features of construction.

Check the list of famous Hudson "firsts" in engineering for economy and safety. Finally, look at the performance records of Hudson's Super-Six and Super-Eight Engines—unmatched by any other stock car.

Then you will know why *more hearts are set on Hudson* than ever before. And you, too, will want to drive a Hudson—the car that brings new meaning to a fine old name.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN



Choice of famous 102-horsepower Super-Six and 128-horsepower Super-Eight engines . . . Offered in a Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—Sedans, Brougham (Super Series only), 3- and 5-passenger Coupes and Convertible Broughams in nine new standard body colors, with four 2-tone combinations at extra cost.

If she jumps away like this...

When you'd like to plunge in like this...

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*

WINTOGREEN
LIFE SAVERS

Only 5¢

The Week's Mail

Dear Editor: Am enjoying thoroughly your story on Henry Kaiser. . . . First time I met the fabulous gentleman was during the early part of the war. Place: Richmond, California. I was entertaining the workers at one of his shipyards during their lunch hour.

When I started on some of my old songs, Mr. Kaiser jumped up on the platform, put his arm around me and made it a duet. My large family prevented me from making him a permanent member of my troupe; but even though his voice would give Crosby no need for worry, Henry's friendliness and showmanship will long be remembered by this jester.
Eddie Cantor
Château Lake Louise,
Lake Louise, Alberta.

Dear Editor: I strongly suspect that you and the editors you boss all hail from New York or New England. Where *do* you come from, anyhow?
A Mississippian
Biloxi, Miss.

Our editor comes from Pennsylvania. Our managing editor comes from Missouri. Our publisher is a Virginian. Other states represented on our staff are: Texas, Washington, California, Minnesota, Ohio, Kentucky, New York and South Carolina.

Any more questions?

Dear Editor: You send your staff members all over everywhere to write articles about things of which they know nothing. Here's W. B. Courtney, in your July 20th issue, discussing French politics. I simply refuse to read that article—Courtney, *an American*, knows as much about French politics as my cat. Why didn't you get a French authority to do the job?
Henry L. Meadows
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Quite a cat!

Dear Editor: I admit, frankly, that I find much that is both edifying and instructive in your magazine. But why do you print those cartoons? To save me, I can see nothing amusing in any of them.
Ringland C. Weeks
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Editor: Whenever I read one of your important editorials, I see red. Seems to me you are always wrong. I like your articles and short stories, and Any Week is always marvelous.
Wes Rosser
Atlanta, Ga.

Always is a long time, Mr. Rosser.

Dear Editor: Many automobile accidents occur at points where streets intersect. The number of such accidents could be greatly diminished by placing mirrors at such intersections, so that drivers could see approaching cars. Four mirrors, properly arranged, would be sufficient.
Thomas McKee
Glendale, Cal.

Dear Editor: I have subscribed to Collier's, and read it regularly, ever since May, 1915, but I don't imagine I am your oldest subscriber by any means. Do you know who *is* your oldest? One more question: When was Collier's born?
Robert Platt
Omaha, Neb.

Peter Fenelon Collier's magazine, Once A Week, was launched in 1888. Ten years later, its name was changed to Collier's. We cannot name our oldest subscriber, and we would like to hear from anyone who thinks he may be the oldest. The letter below is apropos.

Dear Editor: I am one of the few who can claim to be "constant" readers of Collier's, for I have never missed a single issue since 1900. Of course, I cannot prove it, but I can swear to it. If this gives you a swelled head, let me deflate it. I have the same record with the Saturday Evening Post!
Fred A. Kolb
Newark, N. J.

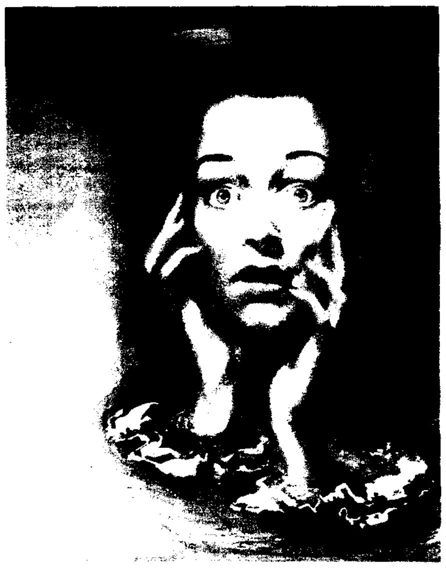
We're not deflated, Mr. Kolb. Everybody should be allowed at least one eccentricity.

Dear Editor: I have been reading your The Week's Mail, and thus far I have found almost nothing either interesting or informative in it.
John B. Rogers
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Editor: The full-page picture on page 15 of your July 27th issue is the most powerful and dramatic illustration I have ever seen in any magazine. Artist Bischoff is not just a magazine picture man—he's a great artist.
Walter Ross Santler
Syracuse, N. Y.

Demonstrating Artist Bischoff's unusual technique, here is his illustration for Leonard Q. Ross' serial, Sleep, My Love:

(*Continued on page 68*)



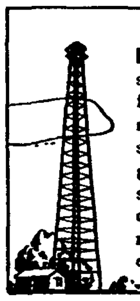
HOORAY FOR YOUR NEW HOME.
HERE'S $75. FOR CURTAINS. MUCH LOVE=
MOTHER AND DAD.

"Good news just can't go too fast . . . so we telegraphed Mother and Dad about finding our new home. Back came more good news quick as a flash . . . a grand and glorious gift of money by telegram!"

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW that *anytime* . . . *anywhere* . . . you can send or summon cash via Western Union in a matter of minutes.

If you're caught short of cash far from home . . . when there's an important payment to make . . . when you want to be sure of a really appropriate gift, send a Western Union Money Order.

And for a few cents more, you can include a personal message with it. There's no other way so quick . . . so safe . . . so easy. Next time you send dollars over distances, send them from your nearby Western Union office.



Look what's coming! To speed your telegrams even faster, new radio towers are replacing poles and wires, can send and receive 2160 telegrams simultaneously on a single Radio Beam! Another dramatic milestone in the never-ending advance of telegraph service.

"So many times a telegram means so much!"

WESTERN UNION MONEY ORDER

No. G 188
To. MR & MRS HENRY MERRITT
ALGONQUIN ROAD

"Take it Easy"

You can take it easy when you travel by air! It's so quick, convenient and comfortable.

The Airlines now provide ten times as many seats as before Pearl Harbor. Phone the nearest Airline office or authorized Travel Agent for a reservation. Your baggage is handled at the airport, and you are made to feel at home the minute you step aboard the plane.

And convenient. Schedules are frequent to points all over the United States and to dozens of foreign countries. Go where you like.

Comfortable? Well, here are the world's finest planes, manned by the world's best crews, and equipped throughout for passenger-comfort.

As for cost, air fares have been so drastically reduced that in many cases you actually save money by taking a plane.

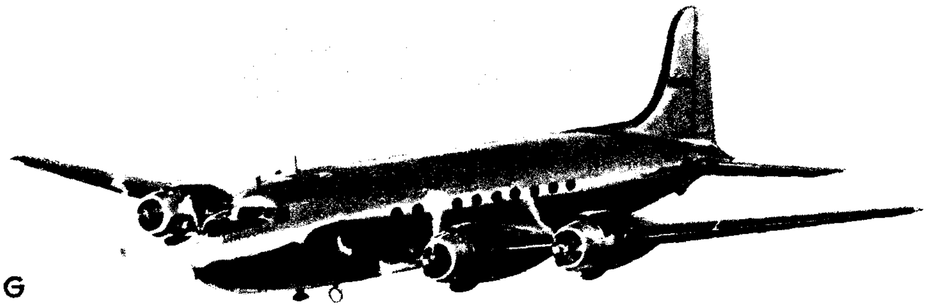
P. S. In case your plans change, be sure to phone back and cancel.

Air Transport Association of America, 1107 16th Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's airlines and leading manufacturers in the aviation industry

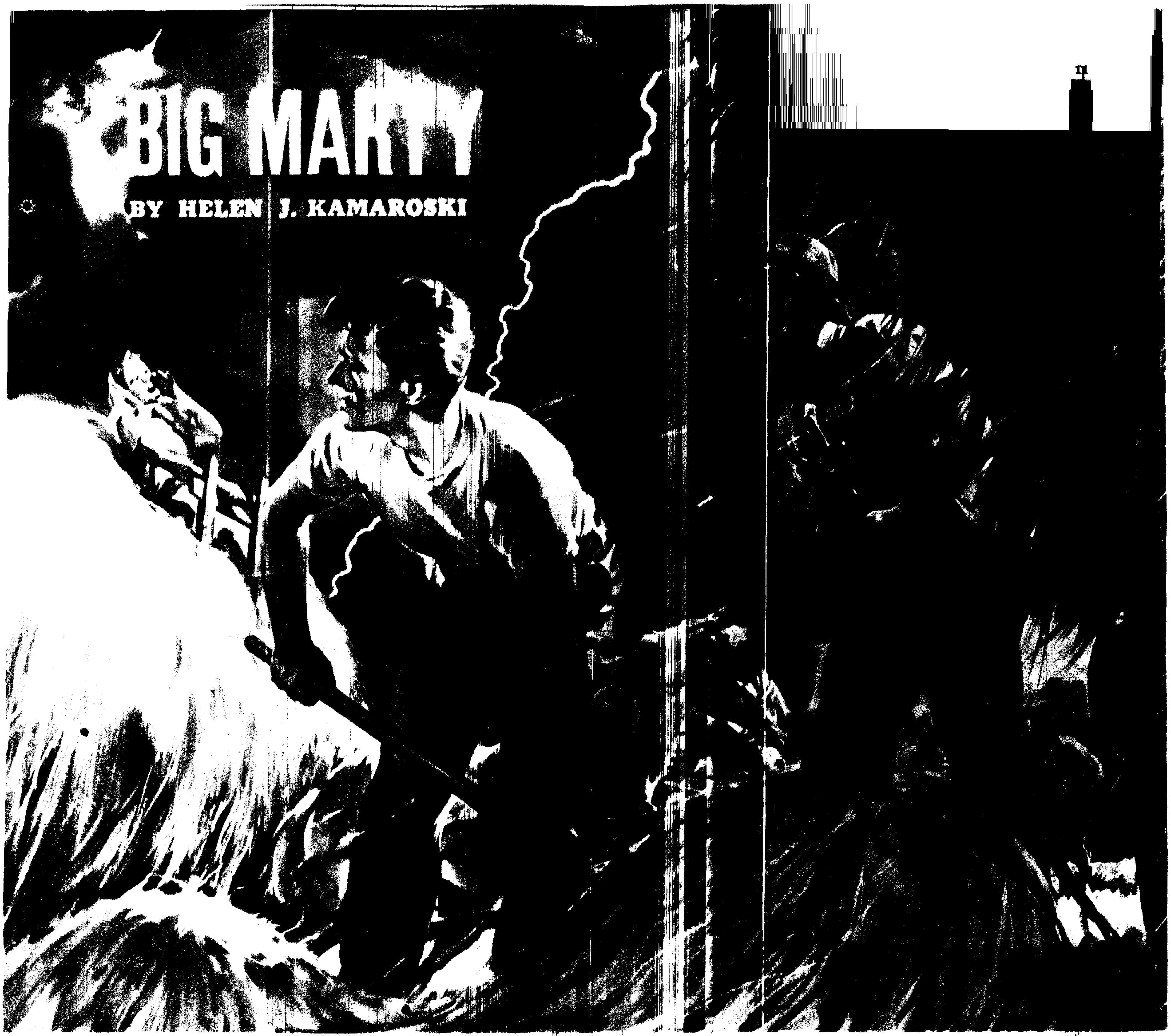
FLY THE PLANES THAT *FLY* THE U.S. FLAG

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES



BIG MARTY

BY HELEN J. KAMAROSKI



"The storm will break any minute," Martin yelled. "You'd better go back." Vickie called through the rising wind, "I'm not afraid, Bo-dee. I love storms, remember?"

What the earth had produced was a small thing beside the miraculous harvest in two parched human hearts

MARTIN gazed curiously at the girl sitting beside him in the car. It was hard for him to believe that she was really his daughter, his and Sonja's. She was very beautiful and there was a kind of strange wildness about her, like that of a horse which knows no master. When he saw her getting off the train, he gasped a little on seeing how much she resembled his wife. The same large, green eyes with the same questioning, eager look, the firm, well-shaped nose, the large mouth to give the face an open warmth when she smiled. Only her hair was different. Her hair was a bright golden blond, like his wheat, whereas Sonja's had been dark brown.

He cleared his throat nervously, struggling for something to say. But there was nothing. He had no feeling for this young stranger sitting so calmly beside him, and he guessed that if she felt anything at all for him, it was hate. Bitterly he rebuked his wife's relatives for sending Victoria to him now when they themselves could no longer control her.

What had that silly Anna written him? Your daughter's going out with a married man. She won't listen to us and stop seeing him, so we're sending her off to you for the summer. She's like you, Martin—no good. We tried to bring her up like one of our own daughters, but it was too much to expect that she could ever amount to anything . . .

And yet, once Vickie had been his little tomboy, wearing his discarded pants that Sonja made over for her because she insisted, tagging after him when he went fishing, calling him "Bo-dee" in a soft, piping voice. She had guessed somehow that he had wanted a boy, and so she had done everything that a boy would do. Whenever she caught a fish on her small pole, she would laugh gaily, then her eyes would look into his and she would wait for him to say, "You're a good fisherman."

"Like a boy?" she always asked.

And he had always smiled back at her and said, "Like a boy."

Sonja had died when Vickie was eight, and it had been his fault. No good, they had said of him. Selfish, just thinking of himself. His wife's cousins had said this, and even now the words hurt him. He never really believed Sonja could die. He never really believed the doctor's advice to take her out West, where the climate would help her asthma. He hadn't wanted to go West.

He liked the flat lands of Illinois, the tall yellow corn rippling in the sun, the gentle swish of wheat and rye. Land—so much of it—so rich and fertile. To own some of it, a small farm where he could dig and plant and produce—that was what he wanted. He had dreamed about it in the old country and he expected to see his dream come true in Illinois. He remembered a talk with Sonja the day the doctor told him about her health.

"I won't always work in the mine, Sonja, you believe that, don't you?" he said gently to make her understand why he wanted to stay.

She looked at him out of those mysterious green eyes and shook her head helplessly. "I don't know what I think, Marty. You talk about doing so many things but you never do them."

"But, Sonja," he exclaimed, "most of those things don't matter. I just talk. But I want a farm, I *want* it, understand? More than anything, I want that, Sonja."

She had gazed into his eyes for a long moment.

"Maybe, Big Marty," she had smiled gently. "But you're going about it the wrong way, spending money whenever you have it on foolish things. I don't think I'll see your farm, Marty, but I hope you get it some day."

He should have realized what she meant. God, he had been stupid! He should have known, should have taken her to Arizona. And now, instead of his 300 acres and big grain-filled barns, the

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ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

SQUEAL, NAZI,

DAVID PESKIN—PIX

Dr. Douglas McGlashan Kelley, a lieutenant colonel in the Army Medical Corps, was chief psychiatrist at the Nuremberg trials. For five months in the privacy of their prison cells he took the Hitler gang apart, piece by piece, delving into the deepest secrets of Goering, Keitel and Doenitz, probing the strange workings of a mind like Robert Ley's, hearing the last-mile confessions of Rudolph Hess and Joachim von Ribbentrop.

To all twenty-one of the Nuremberg war criminals, Dr. Kelley gave psychiatric Rorschach tests and neurological examinations. Sitting on the edges of their prison cots, he talked to each of them for hours. As one Army man told us, "He got to know the Nazis better than their own consciences."

The account given here by Dr. Kelley, recently appointed Associate Professor of Psychiatry at the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College, is in many respects a historic document, presenting for the first time the high lights of the Nazis' own version of World War II from Munich to Unconditional Surrender.

HERMANN GOERING drew up his fleshy thighs and sat cross-legged upon the steel cot of his cell in the Nuremberg jail. I had just asked him why he persistently admitted his war crimes instead of trying to make an alibi. He coldly replied:

"I know they're going to hang me. You know they're going to hang me. Why fool ourselves? If I admit everything and tell them it was all for the fatherland, that makes me a hero, *nicht wahr?* In a few years there will be statues of me. I will be on little pedestals all over Germany."

The once master of the *Luftwaffe* curled his lower lip and continued, "I wish I had surrendered to the Russians. They would either have killed me right away, or treated me like a hero. I never dreamed you Americans would treat a marshal of the Reich like a common criminal. You are starting a precedent with these war trials," Goering added. "I thought you would want to go easy in case *you* are the ones to be tried next time."

"Apparently Hitler didn't share your belief in the easy way out," I remarked.

Goering, a little more steady since I broke his addiction to paracodeine, turned his utterly cold eyes upward and mumbled, "Ach, Hitler. He had his own ideas about dying. He was morbid."

"Why?"

"You remember the Mussolini incident?" Goering went on. "We got the complete pictures of Mussolini dead in the gutter with his mistress—and hanging in the air upside down. We all looked them over. They were awful!

"Hitler went into a frenzy. He seized the pictures and went up and down the hall shouting, 'This will never happen to me!' He waved the pictures in his hand. Afterward, Hitler several times brought up the subject spontaneously."

"But," I asked, "why didn't Hitler make a real hero out of himself? Why no grand gesture, like leading a final charge against the Russians."

"We talked about that," Goering replied. "But Hitler decided he might not be killed. He might only be wounded,

EAL!

BY DR. DOUGLAS M. KELLEY

Chief Psychiatrist at the Nuremberg Trials

As told to HOWARD WHITMAN

after which he would be subjected to the same treatment as Mussolini."

Goering was absolutely convinced that Hitler was dead as a doorknob. So were all the rest of the twenty-one top Nazis whom I interviewed for hours on end in their lonely gray cells at Nuremberg. I found them in a mood for unburdening. The leaders of National Socialist Germany poured out the answers to enigmas which had baffled Eisenhower, Bradley, Montgomery, Roosevelt, Churchill and —perhaps even more directly—the muddy, sweaty Joe in the hedgerows. Their true confessions, if you want to call them that, began with Munich.

"We didn't have the faintest idea we would get anywhere near as much as we did," Goering said. Democracy's willingness to lick the Nazi boot at Munich gave the Germans a tremendous feeling of superiority. For five years they had been telling themselves they were supermen. Now they began to believe it.

Joachim von Ribbentrop agreed. The one-time ace of European power politics, now a less impressive figure with a penchant for strewing his personal belongings all over his cell, said succinctly, "I was surprised when the British yielded. Hitler came out of the Munich meeting and said to me, 'This proves my ability at international diplomacy. This proves how right my decisions are!' "

"Hitler should have stopped after the conclusion of the Munich pact and his later seizure of Slovakia. That was enough for the time being," Goering remarked.

"Why did Hitler force his luck in 1939 by plowing ahead into Poland?"

"He felt he had to. All the time he kept fearing that he might die. He also had the feeling that he was destined to be the savior of Germany and consequently must achieve a solution to more of his problems before his stomach got him," Goering responded.

Hitler's stomach, it seems, played a fantastically important role in the destinies of Europe. Hitler had suffered since 1925 from stomach pains and indigestion. But physical examinations failed to reveal anything organically wrong. Hitler, all on his own, leaped to the conclusion that he had cancer of the stomach and started numbering his days. The hypochondrial feeling kept him in a constant race against death.

Hitler's physicians secretly felt he was suffering from a gastric neurosis: in brief, an emotional conflict which expressed itself psychosomatically through his digestive tract. But the doctors were never able to prove their point, because Hitler would have ordered them pulverized if they dared to suggest a psychiatric examination. He wouldn't even permit them to do a stomach X ray or a simple gastric analysis. He simply drenched his mind with the idea that he had a stomach cancer and threw himself into a state of perpetual hurry.

Goering, at least, thought Hitler was a fool for rushing into Poland. This bulky buccaneer had a more subtle form of death in store for Poland. He told me about it with a pride of authorship:

"If I had been in command I would merely have consolidated our gains in the summer of 1939 after we entered Czechoslovakia. I would have starved Poland economically until she yielded.

"I argued with Hitler on this point but he didn't dare wait. I urged him to consider the possible consequences. Hitler insisted we must take Poland before he died. Then one night Hitler came to me and said I had given him bad advice. He told me he had sent a message to Stalin requesting a peace pact and that Stalin might refuse it and make him lose face. An hour later, however, Hitler jubilantly announced that Moscow was seeing Ribbentrop and the pact was assured. He said, 'Now we can go into Poland—we will see the solution of the problem within the week.' "

Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, erect, well-groomed, a Prussian to the end, took up the story from there. The Polish adventure was successful, even though it brought war. Hitler, still trying to keep one jump ahead of his stomach, decided to smash through the Ardennes into France in the late autumn of 1939. Keitel told him this was wrong.

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ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

PAPA'S DREAM GIRL

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Elmer Rice had a beautiful new play. He wanted the best actress he could get to take the leading role. So he picked his wife

THIS bit of history begins in a flattened-out, ranch-type house near Stamford, Connecticut. It was summer and the children were playing dutifully among the trees. Inside, Papa and Mama were indulging in a minor crisis, the point being whether Mama would get the fattest acting part since Emperor Jones or whether Papa would give it to somebody else. Papa most certainly had this power because he had written the play with his own hands and intended to direct it just as he blasted well pleased.

In all justice this should have given Mr. Elmer Rice (for it was none other) a feeling of great contentment, but in truth he was in a dilemma. For one thing he was a member of the Playwrights Producing Company (Maxwell Anderson, Robert E. Sherwood and S. N. Behrman) and his four previous efforts had done nothing to exalt the Rice ego. The critics had entertained varying opinions of these productions but the public had acted with a unanimity that was practically paralyzing. Nobody in the Playwrights organization had uttered any but the kindliest words of sympathy for these disasters, but Rice possesses a skin of such delicate texture that it can be lacerated by a sneeze. As a writer with twenty-five produced plays, among them such successes as On Trial, Street Scene and Counselor-at-Law, he was agonizingly intent on carrying his weight with his fellow dramatists.

This time with Dream Girl it was generally agreed that he had another success, but the Rices themselves were in a state of semishell shock from the previous belaborings and eager to make no mistake that would bring the roof in on them again. Hence the discussion about Mrs. Rice, who happens also to be Actress Betty Field. She knew that if the play were a hit the girl in the leading role would have the cushiest thing in town; she also had a feeling that perhaps she had jinxed the previous plays. Also, she was tired from her work in The Voice of the Turtle, and had all she could do bringing up two children.

"Let's stop kidding ourselves," growled Rice. "You're the best actress in town."

"Oh, yes, absolutely," agreed Betty ironically, in the drawling, sing-song voice that has become her trade-mark. "But, even so, you'd better get somebody else. I'm so amazingly good I'm going to act you right out of the theater."

These Ladies Were "Committed"

It was agreed that Rice should go after Katharine Hepburn or Celeste Holm or Dorothy Maguire. The Playwrights took up this program with ardor and found themselves after two months of transcontinental steeplechasing tangled up in a briar bush known as "prior commitments." Hepburn was committed; Holm was committed; Maguire was committed. They expressed sorrow at turning down the wonderful part (and genuine sorrow), but they were committed. Mr. Rice wended his way home.

"I will amend the original pronouncement," he said to his wife. "Not only are you the best actress in town but I think you're the *only* actress in town."

Nothing daunted by this dubious compliment, Miss Field took up the burden and the play has been a smash hit, and sometimes she wonders if just being a mother isn't enough for a woman. Dream Girl is almost a solo performance. She is on the stage all but two minutes of the action and makes so many costume changes on the wing that she could with equal effort be a member of the Flying Cadonas.

The Rice-Field romance began when he was producing Two on an Island for the Playwrights Company. He had never seen Miss Field and there was grave doubt that she could do much about it

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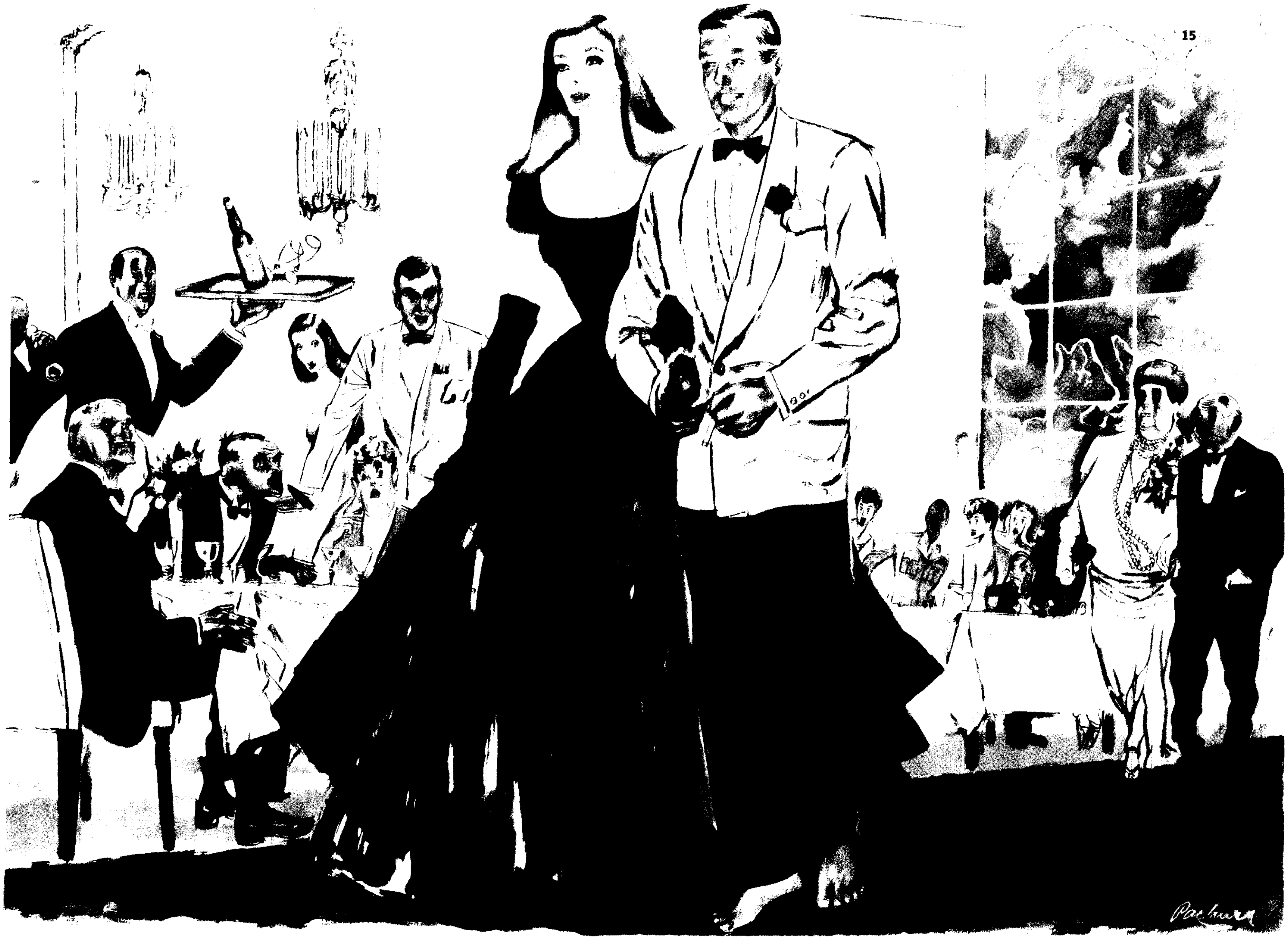
PHOTO FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER – PIX



Brooke passed through the dining salon with Nancy on his arm, and if the diners saw his bare feet or sniggered he gave them less than a thought

Twenty to One it's Love

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Edgar had fallen into the habit of wearing shoes and socks with his evening clothes, but for Nancy Heath he was willing to reform

FOR two days after they left Lisbon the storm persisted, as he had wagered with the Swedish barman it would. The sea was gray; driving gray rain filled the air. Then the third morning came sweetly warm and the sky was a high brittle arc of clean blue. Edgar Anderson Brooke, having shaved, having showered, paused at the porthole of his cabin and sniffed the salt air appreciatively. An expression of contentment occupied his features. This was good; this was very good.

He had, on a hunch, given the purser three to one the morning would be clear—no rain. "Clear at 8 A.M., three to one," he had said last night in the smoking room, and the purser had signified an interest in risking five of the best. Now, at eight, it *was* clear, quite radiantly clear, couldn't have been nicer.

The tall, yellow-haired young man smiled complacently. There was, of course, nothing very surprising about the propitious state of weather. His luck—the celebrated Brooke luck, legendary in the Harvard Yard since '39, envy of poker players in several of the better embassies on two continents—could certainly be counted upon to smell out a rising barometer a trifle ahead of the rise. Elementary, really. In fact, child's play.

He drew a linen suit from his trunk and carefully selected a pale blue tie. He would, he said to himself, go forward and, before breakfast, collect from the purser. "Luck," he said aloud, "is a lady on my team." He tied his tie neatly, with a flourish. Then a thought struck and held him immobile.

"The purser will know," he said to his reflection in the mirror. "The purser will know her name."

It was the purser's business to know her name. He locked his cabin door, moved springily into the main lounge, and leaned against the purser's cage. "Mr. Hansson," he said, "lovely morning. In direct consequence, you owe me five. Remember?"

The purser's hand dipped into the purser's pocket.

"Much obliged," the young man said. And, on a rising note, "There's something else. I'm in Stateroom 4, as you know. It has been forced on my attention that there's a biological flower of tender years down the corridor from me, in No. 6. I confess to a mild curiosity. Can you tell me her name?"

This was the beginning. This was the first step. He waited for the purser to speak. For a moment the purser regarded him rather stiffly. "In Stateroom No. 6, Mr. Brooke, is a young lady named Miss Nancy Heath."

"So? Melodious name, don't you think? And could it be you have a notation concerning her home address?"

"I have," the purser said. "Philadelphia."

"Good, good. Occupation listed?"

The purser narrowed his eyes. "It is against regulations to divulge personal information of such nature."

"Come," the young man said crisply. "You know who I am. You know the casual intention of my question . . ."

"Well," the purser said, "it isn't as if it would do you any good, Mr. Brooke. The young lady was secretary to the American military attaché in Lisbon. Returning to Washington for vacation and reassignment." The purser—dapper type, a wispy mustache punctuating a

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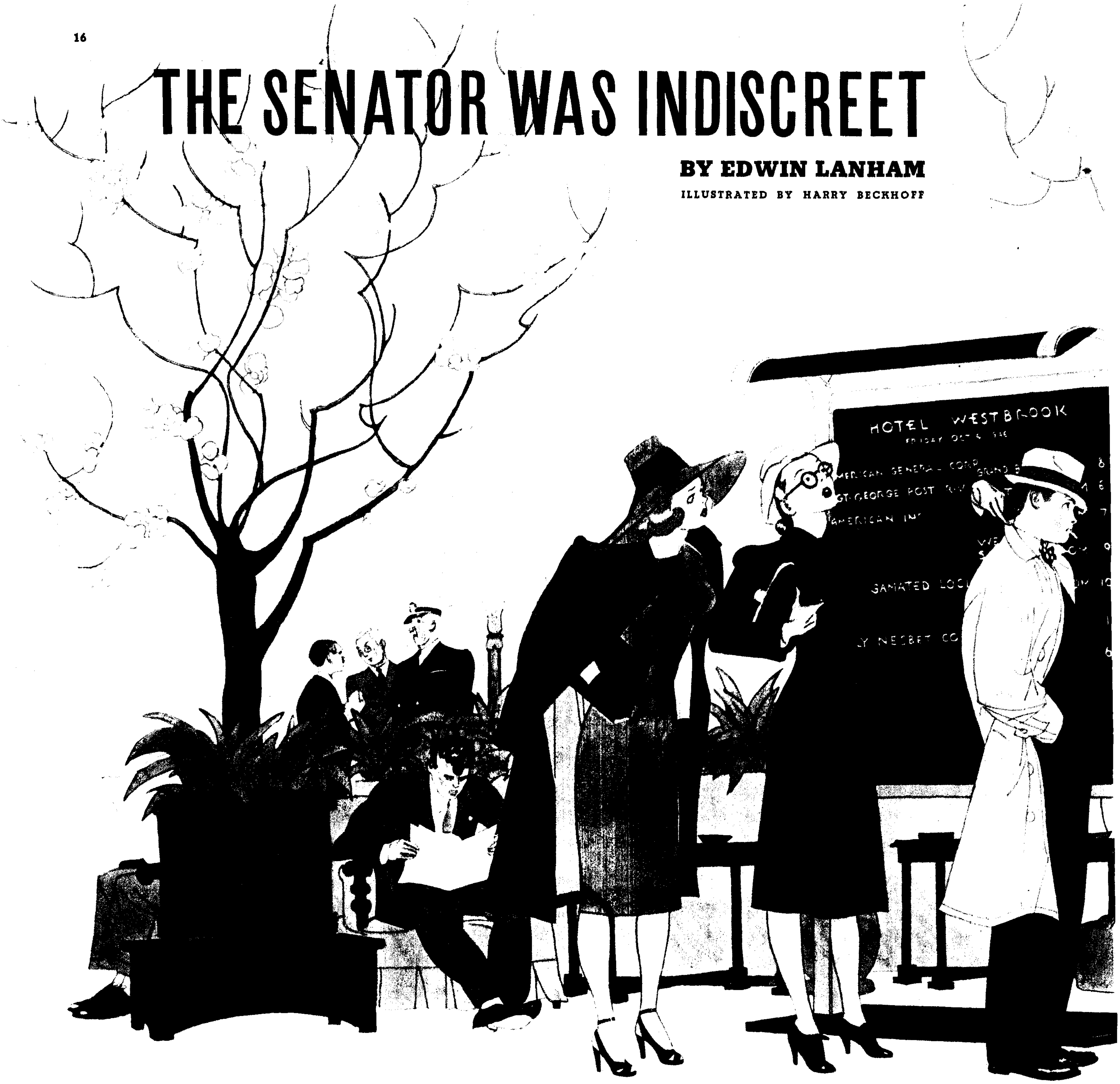
THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



The Story:
Senator Tolbert Ashton was a possible candidate for Vice-President. When he came to New York's Hotel Westbrook to make a political speech, Lew Gibson, the hotel's press agent, had his hands full. Within a few hours, the Senator had involved himself with two women: Wanda Dupree, an aging movie actress, who had the suite adjoining his own; and Valerie Shepherd, a pretty redhead for whom, as a favor to a mutual friend named Bill Fisher, Lew had found a room in the hotel. In the afternoon, at a press conference arranged by Lew, a young dark-haired girl reporter named Poppy McNaughton asked too many questions. The Senator's speech was scheduled for that evening, and Lew and Helen Watkins, his secretary, had to make copies and handle the publicity. To add to their troubles, Porter Fahnstock, dapper manager of the hotel, had tasks of his own. . . . When the Senator was finally ready to begin his speech, a blond girl Lew had never seen before sat down at the press table and blithely announced that *she* was Poppy McNaughton—and showed her credentials to prove it. Lew knew his troubles had just begun—there had been an impostor at the press conference in the afternoon. . . .

II

As Lew Gibson spoke of an impostor, the blond girl's gray eyes widened. "Not really?" she said.

"Kind of a glamorproof type," Lew said. "Stringy black hair and horn-rimmed glasses. Do you know her?"

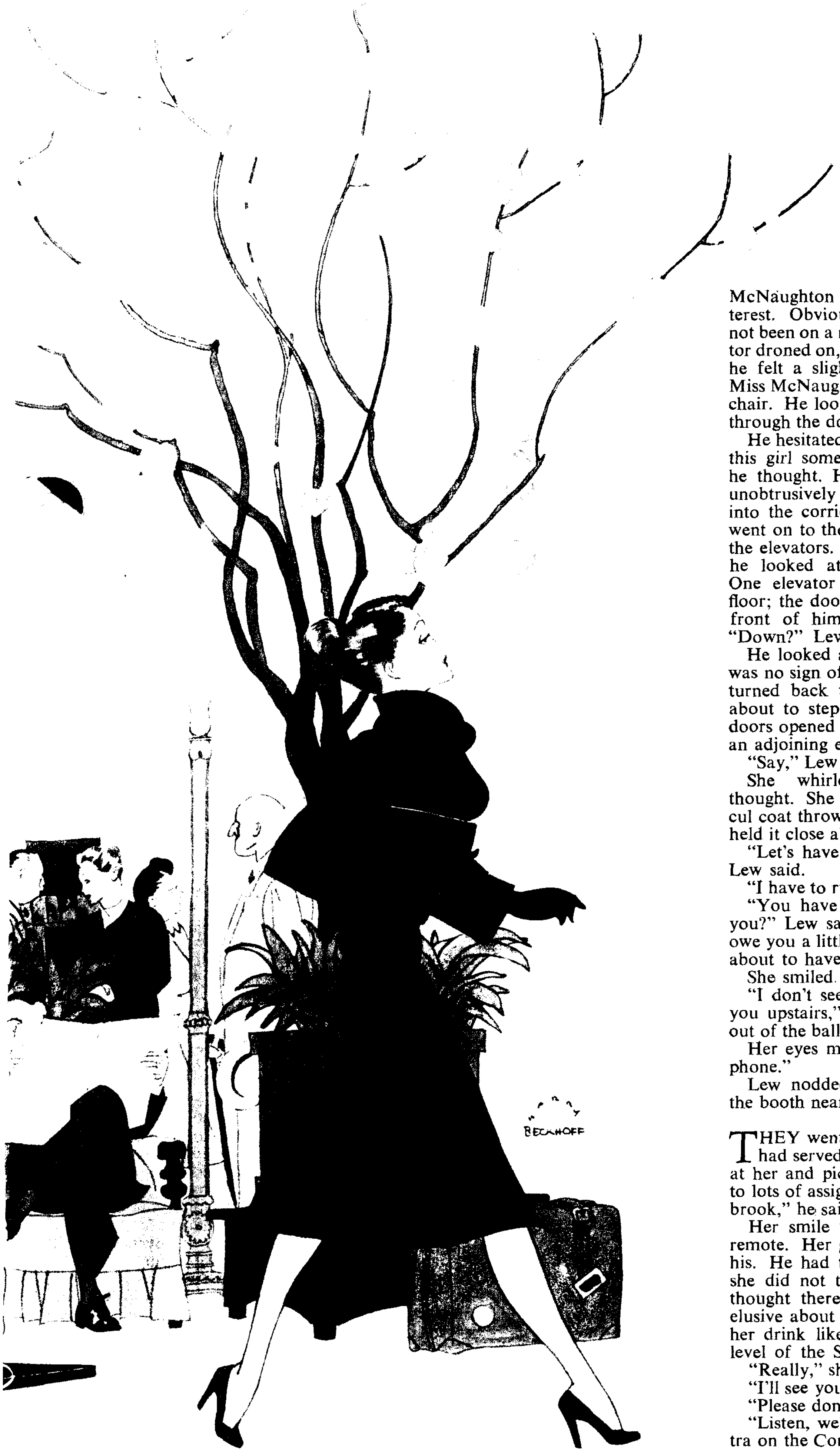
"Why, no," the girl said. "Does it make any difference?" Her eyes met his, cool, impersonal. "What was she up to?"

"That's what I'd like to know," Lew said. "She seemed to be interested in asking the Senator personal questions."

"Goodness," the girl said. "I'm glad I had my press card with me. You looked pretty formidable." She smiled and moved away, toward the ballroom.

Back at the press table, Lew dabbed thoughtfully at his chicken. It was odd, to say the least. Why should that unprepossessing brunette have impersonated Poppy McNaughton this afternoon? He stole a glance at the girl next to him. She was at work on her broiled chicken, eating with a zest he admired.

On the dais Senator Ashton glanced at his watch, and the waiters began snatching the plates away. After a moment the house lights were darkened momentarily as the waiters paraded with ornate ices lighted from within by small



Lew was watching Valerie walk toward the elevator when he heard Poppy say, "Duty calls. Do we get that drink before or after the third degree, Mr. Gibson?"

bulbs. Each ice represented the dome of the Capitol in Washington; there was applause, and the house lights went up again.

"Been in newspaper work long?" Lew asked.

The girl glanced sideways at him, her dessert fork poised over her ice. "No," she said.

"Like it?" Lew asked.

"So-so."

"When I worked on a paper, what I hated most was the banquet circuit," Lew said. "The food at the Westbrook is better than most."

"I think it's a very satisfactory dinner," she said, and began to demolish her section of the Capitol dome.

"By the way," Lew said, "what part of the world do you come from, Miss McNaughton?"

"Pittsfield," she said. "Why?"

Lew whistled softly. "She had it taped out, all right. She said she was from Pittsfield, too."

The presiding officer rapped his gavel, and the reporters at the press table sat back with glassy eyes as Senator Ashton launched his speech. Lew nodded with the others at the press table, but Poppy McNaughton listened with apparent interest. Obviously, he thought, she had not been on a newspaper long. The Senator droned on, and Lew was dozing when he felt a slight movement beside him. Miss McNaughton had slipped out of her chair. He looked up and saw her going through the door.

He hesitated only a moment. He owed this girl some sort of further apology, he thought. He left the press table as unobtrusively as possible and slipped out into the corridor. It was deserted. He went on to the turn, beyond which were the elevators. She was not in sight, and he looked at the indicator overhead. One elevator was nearing the ground floor; the doors of another slid open in front of him and the operator said, "Down?" Lew got in.

He looked about the lobby, but there was no sign of Poppy McNaughton. He turned back to the elevators and was about to step into a waiting cab when doors opened and the girl emerged from an adjoining elevator.

"Say," Lew said, "I missed you."

She whirled about—uneasily, he thought. She was wearing a black caracul coat thrown over her shoulders. She held it close about her at the waist.

"Let's have a quick one at the bar," Lew said.

"I have to run, Mr. Gibson."

"You have time for just one, don't you?" Lew said. He took her arm. "I owe you a little apology. You see, I was about to have you tossed out of there."

She smiled. "Oh, that's all right."

"I don't see how I happened to miss you upstairs," he said. "I followed you out of the ballroom and you were gone."

Her eyes met his. "I stopped to telephone."

Lew nodded. He had not looked in the booth near the ballroom doors.

THEY went to the bar. When Oliver had served their Scotch, Lew grinned at her and picked up his glass. "Here's to lots of assignments at the Hotel Westbrook," he said.

Her smile was bright, but somehow remote. Her gray eyes seemed to avoid his. He had to force conversation, and she did not talk or laugh easily. Lew thought there was something definitely elusive about this girl. She was gulping her drink like medicine, appraising the level of the Scotch after each swallow.

"Really," she said, "I must run."

"I'll see you to a cab," Lew said.

"Please don't bother."

"Listen, we've got a first-class orchestra on the Constellation Terrace. Up on the roof. Some night I hope—"

"Wonderful," the girl said, moving away. "Thank you, Mr. Gibson. Goodby."

"I'll call you some night," Lew said.

But she was gone, the coat drawn close around her. He frowned and went back to the bar. Oliver grinned and said, "They sure come your way, Lew."

Lew grunted. "But they seem to pass on by, Oliver."

He knew that he would not call Poppy McNaughton for a date. He knew a brush-off when he saw one. Of course, one of these days she'd have an assignment at the Westbrook; he had only to wait.

A low voice said in Lew's ear, "Am I late?"

He turned and looked into Valerie Shepherd's eyes. "How was the speech?" she asked.

"Let's take a table," Lew said. "My elbow's cramped."

When they were seated by the wall, with highballs before them, he said, "The Senator is pretty fast on his feet, isn't he?"

"I knew you'd make some crack about that." She smiled, and shrugged her shoulders. "I just happened to run into him, in the elevator, and he asked me to have a cocktail. You see, I know his son, Johnny Ashton, back home."

"Johnny had better watch out for the old man," Lew said.

Valerie laughed. "The Senator is about as dangerous as a—well, as a Vice-President."

"He's the Wolf of Washington," Lew said.

A bellhop bent over Lew's shoulder. "Mr. Gibson, Mr. Fahnstock wants to see you in his office. It's urgent."

"At half-past ten?" Lew said. "What's he doing in his office this late?" Lew got slowly to his feet and said to Valerie, "It'll only take a minute. Mind waiting?"

"Not at all."

ON THE way out, Lew told the waiter to take her another drink. He went to the manager's office, opened the door, and paused. Senator Ashton was sitting on the arm of a big leather chair and Porter Fahnstock was standing stiffly beside his high-backed chair, a stricken look on his face. Sam Fuerst, the head house officer, was leaning against the manager's desk.

"Come in, Mr. Gibson," Mr. Fahnstock called. "Senator, here he is. Please close the door."

Lew closed the door.

"A terrible thing has happened," Porter Fahnstock said breathlessly. "There's been a robbery. The Senator's brief case; it's been stolen."

Senator Ashton's face was gray. "It contained an article of great value," he said. "We thought that perhaps you . . ."

"I what?" Lew said.

"You were at the press table, Mr. Gibson," Porter Fahnstock said. "Did you see anyone slip into the anteroom adjoining the north ballroom?"

Lew shook his head.

"The Senator left his brief case there when he went in to dinner," the manager said. "He was unable to find it afterward."

"I didn't see anything," Lew said. He nodded toward Sam Fuerst. "Isn't this in his department?"

"This is in everyone's department," said Mr. Fahnstock. "This is the concern of every member of the hotel staff."

"Have you called the cops?" Lew asked.

Mr. Fahnstock looked at Senator Ashton, and the Senator cleared his throat. "I hardly think this is a police matter," he said. "I would prefer to recover the brief case by other—uh, more discreet means."

"What was in the brief case, Senator?" Lew asked.

Senator Ashton hesitated.

"I have to know what I'm looking for, don't I?" Lew asked.

Senator Ashton nodded, and put his finger tips together. "It was a document of some importance," he said carefully. "It was wrapped in a copy of yesterday's Washington Star, with a couple of rubber bands around it."

"A bulky document, Senator?" Lew asked.

(Continued on page 30)

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW – PART TWO

THE MAKING OF A POLITICIAN

BY FRANCES PERKINS

Though he was a master politician, Franklin Roosevelt made enemies as well as friends. Here, as part of an intimate report of his political career, is told for the first time the true story of his differences with Alfred E. Smith and John L. Lewis

W. EUGENE SMITH

INTERNATIONAL

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"I have often been asked what Roosevelt thought of his other Presidential rivals. It is impossible to say with finality. He thought Hoover a solemn defeatist with no consciousness of people as human beings. Alfred Landon, Roosevelt thought, was a nice fellow who didn't know much. He took an immediate liking to Willkie and he hadn't expected to. He once said, 'You know Willkie would have made a good Democrat. Too bad we lost him.' For Dewey, Roosevelt had little respect. He expected him to make a bad campaign, was surprised when he made an excellent one"

WENDELL WILLKIE, I think, was more disturbing to Roosevelt as a rival than anyone who ran against him. He recognized that the elements which forced Willkie's nomination were not old-line Republicans but people with some ideas of progressiveness who, under other circumstances, might have been converted to the Roosevelt cause. As the campaign wore on and Willkie proved to be a vigorous, but not good, campaigner, the President grew a little supercilious about him. The ostentatious effort to make Willkie appear a simple, small-town boy with the rigged-up visits to Elwood, Indiana, where he hadn't been for years and had no real attachment, rather annoyed the President. As Willkie's campaign went more badly, Roosevelt took mischievous glee in the discomfiture of the Republicans.

Roosevelt regarded himself as an experienced campaigner and polished politician, and it rather offended him to see mistakes made in the art of political campaigning. I think he tended to overlook the drawing power of Willkie's sincerity.

Willkie made his labor speech in Pittsburgh before largely a labor audience. I thought it was a pretty good speech. He put himself on record in favor of the things that labor traditionally wanted, then worked up to what he would do as President in improving the labor laws and their administration. He was not specific, except on one point. He said, "I will appoint a Secretary of Labor directly from the ranks of organized labor." This was sure of a big hand as the labor leaders tended to believe that the post belonged to them—as I did. But when the cheers had died down Willkie continued, "And it will not be a woman, either."

The President, listening to the speech on the radio, was quick to catch the blunder. A few days later he said to me, "That was a boner Willkie pulled. He was all right. He was going good when he said his appointment of a Secretary of Labor would come from labor's ranks. That was legitimate political talk, but why didn't he have sense enough to leave well enough alone? Why did he have to insult every woman in the United States? It will make them mad. And lose him votes."

I said, "You'll be surprised to know, Mr. President, that I already have about 500 telegrams and letters from women, expressing irritation, and more than half of them tell me they are Republicans."

"He's sure to make other boners as time goes on," Roosevelt said. "If we don't do anything to break the spell, I'm pretty sure he will talk himself out of enough votes to carry me without much effort."

However, when the campaign was over Roosevelt recognized Willkie as the leader of an important section of the population so he asked Willkie to come and see him. He took an immediate liking to Willkie and he hadn't expected to. The next day he talked to me about it.

"You know he is a very good fellow," the President said. "He has lots of talent. I want to use him somehow. I want to offer him an important post in the government. Can you think of one? I want it to be an independent job. I don't want him to be a member of the Cabinet or anything like that. I don't want him right around with us. I want him to do something where the effort is nonpolitical and important. But I'd like to use him, and I think it would be a good thing for the country; it would help us to a feeling of unity."

It was in this spirit that he asked Willkie to go to England as his personal representative.

He once said to me, "You know Willkie would have made a good Democrat. Too bad we lost him."

I have often been asked what Roosevelt thought of his other Presidential rivals. It is impossible to say with finality. He thought Hoover a solemn defeatist with no consciousness of people as human beings or of their needs. He said little about Hoover personally, either during the 1932 campaign or later. But he had been shocked by President Hoover's orders to drive the encamped veterans out of Anacostia Flats in Washington. I think it shocked him that the President should fear his fellow citizens. His instinct had cried out that veterans in an illegal encampment in Washington, even if difficult and undesirable, must be faced in a humane and decent way.

When the veterans came to Washington in March, 1933, in a similar if smaller encampment, Roosevelt drove out and showed himself, waving his hat at them. Then he asked Mrs. Roosevelt and Louis Howe to go, and he said to them, "Above all, be sure there is plenty of good coffee. No questions asked. Just let free coffee flow all the time. There is nothing like it to make people feel better and feel welcome."

After the veterans had the free coffee and a visit from Mrs. Roosevelt, they were willing to send a committee to talk with Louis Howe. Gradually they began to go home, as relief funds were found to help them start back.

Alfred Landon, Roosevelt thought and often said, was a nice fellow who didn't know much—just a figurehead in what the Republicans knew was a hopeless campaign. When he asked Landon to come in to see him after the 1936 campaign to give the picture of a united country, Roosevelt was entirely sincere. He mentioned Landon's good will, although he spoke rather slightingly of his intellectual and political attainments.

There had been immense bitterness in a small element of the Republican Party but Roosevelt was not disturbed by their extreme charges. He thought the Republican campaign with its talk of "grass roots," its sunflower symbol, its use of Oh, Susanna as a battle song was amusing in its futility. He regarded Landon as a nicer fellow and a more patriotic American than some of his supporters. However, he was surprised that Landon accepted his invitation to come to the White House. He considered that rather naïve.

Roosevelt's general policy was never to mention the name of the opposing candidate, a theory with which Jim Farley agreed. "Call him the gentleman from Indiana," Roosevelt would say with a smile. "Call him the candidate of the Republican Party. Call him our opponent. Call him anything, but never call him bad names. That creates an unfavorable impression among Americans. And never mention his name. Many people, hundreds of people, just cannot remember names. If they don't hear the opponent's name, that is clear gain for us.

"They have heard my name so often and so long that it in itself is a political asset, and you can trust them, particularly the Roosevelt haters, to say my name plenty of times. In the end, lots of people go to the polls and look the list of candidates over and make up their minds after they get into the ballot booth. I know that sounds feebleminded, but I know it is true. When they look over the list they vote for people whose names they know. We don't want to do anything to advertise the name of the opposing candidate."

Surprised by Dewey's Campaign

For Dewey, Republican candidate in 1944, Roosevelt had little respect. He expected him to make a bad campaign and was surprised when Dewey made an excellent one, revealing preparation, thought and good advice. Dewey made a minimum of mistakes and some good plays.

Roosevelt had not intended to make a campaign. The decisions he had to make were all-absorbing. He was older and not so well as in years past. He had no intention of taking his mind off the war. I heard him say this over and over again.

But when he began to get reports from the field that Dewey was gaining, he changed his mind and announced one day at Cabinet meeting that he was going to make an old-fashioned, rough-and-tumble campaign. He had to go everywhere, he had to show himself, he said. "There has been this constant rumor," he said, "that I'll not live if I am reelected and people have been asked to believe that I am all worn out and sick. You all know that is not so, but apparently I have to face them to prove it. Apparently 'Papa has to tell them.' That is the way politics goes in this country, and I am going right after Dewey and make a real campaign."

He began what was one of the most vigorous campaigns of his life, even if it was short. He loved campaigning, and always had. He had such a good time during this campaign that he gained twelve pounds in weight, generally brightened his naturally hopeful outlook on the war and postwar life, and came back stimulated and invigorated from the contact with people. Riding around New York City in the pouring rain didn't hurt him. His contact with the crowd, his sense of belonging, gave him happiness. "It kept me warm, you know," he told me, "and I didn't know I was wet through."

A Portrait of Young F. D. R.

This warmth toward people was a quality which Roosevelt had to develop over the years. When he held his first public office, as New York State Senator, he was not very popular with his colleagues, who regarded him as a cool, arrogant young blue blood. But experience soon began to round off the sharp edges of his personality. I saw him at the 1912 Democratic National Convention in Baltimore. He was energetic, high-minded, and still looking down his nose through his pince-nez. But because of his devotion to Wilson and his ideas, Roosevelt was learning to make adjustments in his personal position to satisfy the greater needs of his party and of society.

After Wilson appointed him Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Roosevelt noted Wilson's personal difficulties with the politicians—his remoteness and isolation from them. Taking state committeemen to luncheons to listen to and mollify their grievances was one of Roosevelt's chores. He gave up the notion of strictly professional relations between political associates. He unbent, laughed with them, swapped yarns, and began to be as easy and natural as with old friends.

In telling about it years later he said, "They'd rather have a nice jolly understanding of their problems than lots of patronage. A little patronage, a lot of pleasure, and public signs of friendship and prestige—that's what makes a political leader secure with his people and that is what he wants anyhow."

Roosevelt had his first experience with nation-wide campaigning as running mate for James M. Cox of Ohio in 1920, and at this time he broadened his liking for people to include everyone in the country. He stumped the country—north and south, east and west. He spoke in small towns and large cities and bore the strain of two or three meetings a day without slackening of pace. He talked with party leaders and the rank and file wherever he went. He established a wide personal friendship and left new friends and old with a hearty, "Come and see me sometime," that in later years taxed the resources of the executive mansion in Albany and the White House. He became a good judge of people and learned the value of presenting programs and issues to the people themselves.

During his long illness Eleanor Roosevelt was the one who kept alive both her husband's interest in politics and the party's interest in him. She made a habit of keeping in touch with party activities in New York State. She entered into local campaign work and broadened her social and political contacts to include a wide acquaintance throughout the

(Continued on page 62)

In 1936, Al Smith, who had been Roosevelt's political godfather during his early campaigns, takes a walk

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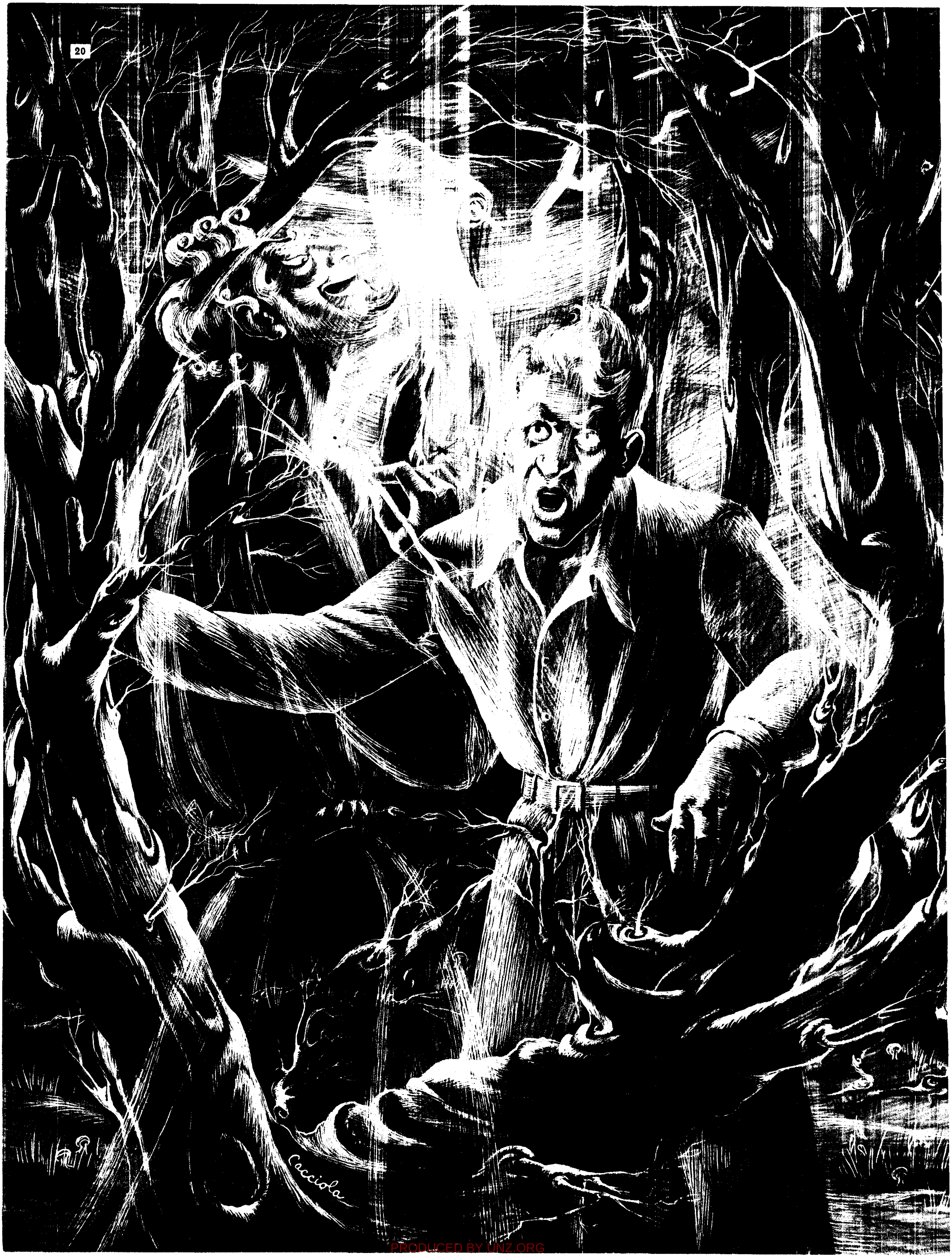

Cacciola

A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL

BY LORD DUNSANY

ILLUSTRATED BY CONCETTA CACCIOLA

WE WERE talking about the Devil. We talk over a good many things at the Billiards Club and come to some interesting conclusions at times. One of our members had remarked that nobody had ever seen the Devil, and Jorkens looked up rather surprised and said that he knew a man who had certainly seen him.

"What was he like?" we asked. And Jorkens gave us a description full of detail that was of value when deciding upon the truth of the story.

"Did your friend do a deal with him?" one of us asked.

"Yes," said Jorkens.

"Did he put up his immortal soul?"

"That's always done," said Jenkins. "That's an understood thing. It's pretty well known by now that that's his price."

"What did he get in exchange?" asked Terbut.

"What he asked," said Jorkens. "Which was that he should be able to spot the winner of every race."

"Before it's run?" asked Terbut.

"Yes," said Jorkens. "I can spot them afterward, without offering the Devil my soul."

"He wouldn't accept it," said Terbut.

Whereupon Jorkens offered to buy Terbut's soul for cash, which he pulled out of his pocket; rather a regrettable thing to occur in a club, and all the more so considering the smallness of Jorkens' offer.

When they got back to the story it was this: Jorkens' friend Tifferley had met the Devil during a flash of lightning in a wood, after which they had talked in the dark. And Tifferley had asked for the power which I have mentioned, and the Devil had pulled out a parchment, and Tifferley had signed it with a fountain pen in the dark.

"How did he know what he was signing," asked Terbut, "if he was all in the dark?"

"The Devil told him," said Jorkens.

"Did he believe him?" asked Terbut.

"It didn't matter," said Jorkens. "You see, there's nothing worse than the bond that the Devil said he was signing. If it wasn't what the Devil told him it was, so much the better. He signed where the Devil told him he should, touching the paper with his finger and leaving a luminous line. And the Devil snatched the parchment away from him before the rain could wash his signature out, for the rain was falling hard from clouds that were full of thunder. Then the Devil vanished."

"And did he spot winners?" broke out from more than one of us.

"Certainly," said Jorkens.

"He must have made a lot of money," said Terbut.

"It was like this," said Jorkens. "He wired to a bookie, whose name and address he got from the back page of a weekly paper, to put him £100 on the winner of the very next race, that is to say on the horse that he knew was going to win. And of course it did win, and at three to one."

During a flash of lightning in the wood Tifferley asked the Devil for the power. After he had signed for it, the Devil snatched the parchment away before the rain could wash the signature out

"Then he made £300," said Terbut.

"No," said Jorkens. "You see, he had never done business with the bookie and the bookie knew nothing about him. He simply refused to accept the bet. And of course he was perfectly right."

We all agreed about that. Jorkens went on with his story: "Well, Tifferley was in London at the time, and he went round to see McPherson the bookie, and fixed up an account with him. He particularly asked the bookie if he had any limit and the bookie said no. So a day or two later there was a big race coming on, and Tifferley looked down the list of the horses running and hadn't looked far when he saw the winner: the name stood out from all the rest, blacker than anything else on all the page, and yet with a kind of glow on it somehow, as he told me, as though phosphorus was mixed with the ink. The names of all the winners always looked like that to him, ever since he did his deal: they blackened and shone at him from race cards, on papers, or wherever he saw them printed. He could tell even if the name was spoken: the name of a horse about to win a race had a kind of gonglike echo about it. Alhambra was the name of this horse, and he wired to the bookie to put on a hundred thousand."

"And did it win?" asked Terbut.

"Of course it won," said Jorkens.

"Then he made a hundred thousand at least," said Terbut.

"That was the trouble," said Jorkens. "The bookie took no notice of the telegram, and Tifferley went round to see him again. McPherson said that of course he had no limit, but that a bet of a hundred thousand from Tifferley was absurd. What would he have done if he had lost? Could he have paid? Tifferley knew perfectly well that he wouldn't have to pay, but he couldn't tell the bookie that, and the bookie had a great deal to say to him. He explained that you couldn't do that sort of thing on the Stock Exchange, or anywhere at all, and that there was no one in England who would accept a bet on those terms. 'Ask anybody,' he said."

WELL, all of us agreed that the bookie was perfectly right. Jorkens went on: Tifferley made no trouble about it. He didn't really care. Telegrams only cost sixpence in those days and they were his only expense, and he calculated on making as much money as he wanted with no more trouble than reading the daily paper and writing a telegram whenever he might feel like it. Of course he had not parted from McPherson on very friendly terms, but he had got out of him that he would have considered anything up to one thousand pounds a reasonable sum. Well, another race came on in a few days, and Tifferley picked up a paper and spotted the winner, glaring at him very black from amongst the other names and at the same time faintly luminous, and wired to McPherson to put him on a thousand. He sent the wire in McPherson's code, just the name of the winner and the one other word Giraffe. That was on the morning of the race. He didn't trouble to go and see it, partly because he was so sure he would win and partly because of the expense of the railway fare to Newmarket and back, for nobody had paid him anything yet. He bought an early edition of an evening paper instead, and sure enough he had won. But McPherson, although he lived by suckers, was not one himself, and those two wires that Tifferley had sent before he saw him were enough to show him that Tifferley was one of those men who "knew something."

The man knew something about two horses; that was quite enough for him. He wrote to Tifferley to say that his account was closed, and that he would have no more dealings with him. He had had to write such letters before, but not often. The letter reached Tifferley about the time he was expecting to get it. On the top of the envelope was printed in large red letters: SOMETHING FOR YOU FROM MACKY. This envelope always went out from McPherson's office to any who won a bet, and the clerk that addressed this one had evidently not been informed that there was not going to be any check inside it for Tifferley.

> With this story of a man who struck a bargain with the Devil, COLLIER'S welcomes back to its pages the distinguished work of Lord Dunsany. Here again he brings us the subtle and ironic imagination of the renowned Jorkens, who, if you remember, is a fabulous liar—but one whose falsehoods usually end in some enduring truth. And so it is in this adventure

Well, all Tifferley did was to go to another bookie in London. And a day or two later he sent him a wire to back a horse in a race at 2:30 that afternoon, and to put on five hundred pounds. He had sent four telegrams now, and they were beginning to be a drain on him, so that he was especially glad when he read in his evening paper that his horse had won by four lengths. I didn't tell you that Tifferley was a bank clerk and lived in lodgings in London a couple of miles from his bank.

"The details are not important," said Terbut.

"As a matter of fact," said Jorkens, "they were." Bankers and clergymen, he continued, did more business with this bookie than you might have supposed, and neither one nor the other of them often won. If they did win, the bookie paid, but five hundred pounds was out of the ordinary altogether, and on this occasion the bookie pointed out that if Tifferley would not settle for a hundred and fifty pounds he would be compelled to inform the managing director of the bank in which Tifferley worked that he was gambling in large sums of money.

Tifferley was so angry that he would not accept the hundred and fifty, but he didn't press for the five hundred either: he simply wasn't in a position to. He would have lost his job.

After that he gave up telegraphing; he decided to attend the race meetings himself. That meant that he could only do his betting on Saturdays, and only then on the later races. He had saved something every year, and he now had savings amounting to just on a hundred pounds. These he drew out and was off to the first Saturday race meeting within easy reach. A detective at the railway station watched him rather carefully, for he could recognize a very obvious furtiveness about Tifferley; but no one besides the detective showed the least interest. And the detective himself very soon transferred his interest to a man who was wearing a collar of an unusual cut.

TIFFERLEY arrived in time for the third race, the winner of which of course he knew; indeed the name of it glared at him out of his newspaper so obviously and so urgently that he wondered that other occupants of his railway carriage could not see it glowering there with the magnificence of a black thundercloud with the sun behind it.

The first thing he saw at the races was a placard lifting over the heads of the crowd, inscribed with big capital letters saying: YOUR OLD FRIEND JOE. The third race was then just starting, and Alleluia was going to win it, so he gave Your Old Friend Joe his hundred pounds, to put on Alleluia at three to two. Then he strolled down to the railings to watch the race. To others it seemed a close finish, and there was considerable shouting, but, though any one of three horses looked like winning up to the last fifty yards, with a fourth horse only just out of it, the race had no particular interest to Tifferley. He knew Alleluia must win, and Alleluia did.

Tifferley lighted a cigar that he had bought in London, feeling he could afford it for once, and strolled back to the bookies' ring. But Your Old Friend Joe had gone. Your Old Friend Joe had faded back into that great crowd, some of whom are in all professions and in all positions, with a very small proportion in jail, the men who cheat their fellows; and no more was heard of him under his old name. I wonder what he is doing now.

Tifferley wouldn't have bothered about a thing like that, for he could have got right on the next two races, but the

(Continued on page 48)

THE NAVY AT ITS WORST

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

The former Secretary of the Interior charges the United States Navy with a policy of tyranny in Guam and Samoa. Now, he says, it is planning the same harsh treatment for the islands won from Japan in World War II

THE United States, which has kept reiterating that it wanted no additional territory as a result of the war, now finds itself in control, at least for the time being, of the Micronesian islands—a land and water area about as large as the continental United States. These lands east of the Philippines and south of Japan, comprise the Marshall, Marianas and Caroline archipelagoes. They number about 1,500, and their total surface area is only about 1,000 square miles—roughly that of Rhode Island. The largest is Guam, with 165 square miles. The smallest islets are less than a mile in width or length.

But it is not enough to think of them as points of geography or as strategic bases.

These areas are inhabited by human beings. Not many, to be sure, but still there are on these islands 110,000 men, women and children, families, mothers-in-law, old maids, youngsters, reactionaries, liberals, and, for all I know, although I hope not, bobby soxers and crooners. They are born, grow up, play baseball, get married, raise families and die, just as we do here in America. In short, they are people.

As people they deserve to be treated with all of the rights and privileges won by the human race over the years.

This fact seems to have been overlooked. We talk of these islands purely in terms of military and naval power. Under a barrage of such talk, the Navy has just about solidified its control.

But they have a greater strategic value. They are so placed that they will be watched closely by all of those nations that border on or have an interest in the Pacific.

The way these islands are governed will constitute a tablet of imperishable brass from which the other nations of the world can read just what the United States of America and its protestations for democracy really mean.

At San Francisco and at London the United States spoke out boldly on the subject of what every other nation should do, without delay, for vast areas of the earth's population. Last autumn, the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations brought pressure on all nations holding mandated areas to declare their intention to trustee them under the United Nations *without delay*. In February, six of the eight nations holding mandated areas formally declared their intention to enter into trusteeship agreements with the United Nations. They were the United Kingdom, New Zealand, Australia, the Netherlands, Belgium and France.

Just two nations held out—the Union of South Africa and the United States. Of course, our nation cannot maintain such a position permanently. I am convinced that American opinion backs up the Charter to which we subscribed. Why then has our performance been so negative?

How can we put forward a policy on administration of American territories when there is no co-ordination on such matters between the State, War, Navy and Interior Departments? I can speak authoritatively on this lack of co-ordination. Last October, President Truman appointed the Secretaries of State, War, Navy and Interior as a committee to give him a recommendation on the administration of the Pacific islands. The President clearly said that he wanted a recommendation "satisfactory to all four departments" . . . *without delay*. Since there was nothing secret about that directive, and since I was not unconnected with the matter prior to February 15th, I can say that the full Committee, to my knowledge, has never yet met. I am informed, however, that representatives of the Departments of State, War and Navy, this spring held a meeting to which no representative of the Department of the Interior was invited or even told about. At this meeting the three departments decided on a "do nothing" policy which, in effect, leaves the Navy in control.

It is time that the State Department ceased to be beguiled by the pleasant tinkle of brass and the luster of gold braid of the Navy. It is the Navy which has largely been responsible for our undeclared moratorium on democracy in these islands.

The naval governments of Guam and Samoa have become a naval tradition, although a bad one, and it is partly in defiant defense of this tradition that the Navy seeks to govern the other Pacific islands. The Navy is well aware that the federal government agency which shall be given civil jurisdiction over the formerly mandated islands would also be made responsible for Guam and Samoa. Therefore, the Navy is intent upon jurisdiction over the Japanese mandated islands under conditions which will allow it to extend its present tyranny in Guam to an area comprising 3,000,000 square miles of the Pacific.

"Benevolent Assimilation" Is Proclaimed

We took Guam from Spain in 1898. By the Treaty of Paris we obligated ourselves to establish, by Act of Congress, "the civil rights and political status" of the people of Guam. With words of beautiful sound President McKinley proclaimed that the naval government of the island would "insure that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the heritage of free peoples," and that it would prove to the Guamanians "that the mission of the United States is one of benevolent assimilation, substituting the mild sway of justice and right for arbitrary rule."

Within one year of the date of this pious utterance, the naval government had abolished almost all of the very considerable home rule which Guam had enjoyed under Spain. Although the Guamanians had been Roman Catholics for centuries, the Navy had exiled from the island all of the Roman Catholic priests except one, who happened to be a native Guamanian; it had enacted a law prohibiting Roman Catholic religious processions; it had denied entry to the island to the apostolic delegate, an American charged with the oversight of Roman Catholic interests there.

Successive naval governors added such choice items as the following: A forbidding of the ringing of the church bells in the mornings; an executive order prohibiting the Guamanians from whistling on the streets in the vicinity of the naval governor's palace; a prohibition of the Chamorro language in the government or in the schools.

The naval government gathered up and burned the

Agaña
umay
Agat
arajan

This is Guam, largest island in the Marshall, Marianas and Caroline archipelagoes. Says Mr. Ickes, the government of these islands will be watched suspiciously by all the nations which have interests in the Pacific

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

WIDE WORLD

Mr. Ickes says the Navy has given the Guamanians "inferior education in segregated schools" and "scorned almost every principle of democracy"

dictionaries of the Chamorro language. The Guamanian native police were replaced by Marines.

Segregated schools were established for the Guamanians. Heavy taxation—without representation—was levied by the naval governor upon Guamanians but not upon Navy personnel.

By the year 1902, the Guamanians were petitioning for those "civil rights" and that Congressionally defined "political status" which the Treaty of Paris had promised them. They are petitioning still, after nearly half a century.

Forty-five years ago they asked to have their municipal water supply chlorinated, because annually hundreds were made ill and many died from dysentery. The cost of the job was five thousand dollars. It took the naval government forty years to do this.

No better is the naval record in American Samoa. The Samoans came voluntarily under United States control in 1899, on the basis of an express understanding that they would be given civil status and a rule of law.

The Samoans are sociable people. They like to visit from village to village, going in little parties for games, feasts, marriages, funerals. Such visitations by the people of one village to another are called *malagas*.

But in 1927, H. F. Bryan, then Naval Governor of Samoa, decreed: "In view of the fact that so much time has been wasted since the beginning of this year in cricket games between villages (some of which were played without authority), no permission will be granted for *malagas* without further notice. No *malaga* will be made, at any time, for any purpose, without the approval of the governor. Any disobedience to this order will be considered a violation of Section 10, Offenses Against the Government and the Civil Rights of Citizens . . . and dealt with accordingly."

Among Samoans, it is a solemn religious custom, after a death, to hold a funeral feast. Section 3 of the naval code for Samoa prohibits such feasts. "From and after the coming into effect of this regulation, the giving of, or the holding of, the participation in, the attendance at, and the furnishing of any or all food for, the 'death feast' by any person whomsoever in the Manua group of islands, is hereby prohibited."

The Samoans are a less patient folk than the Guamanians, and in the early 1920s their petitioning for their denied rights became an uproar, although without physical violence. Thereupon, their leaders were seized by the naval government and charged with "conspiracy." They were thrown into jail and kept there for a number of years.

Murmurings of the outburst reached Washington, and in 1930, President Hoover, pursuant to a resolution of Congress, appointed a Joint Commission to study the Samoan situation. The Commission unanimously concluded that the Samoans ought to be given American citizenship, a bill of rights and an organic act. The Senate was agreeable but the Navy, backed by the Department of State, had the bill killed in the House. Through successive Congresses this has been the record.

I have cited the record of naval government on these islands during the forty years before Pearl Harbor. I now give you some of today's facts

No Disloyalty to U.S. During Jap Rule

The Navy is still arguing that the Guamanians are not qualified to assume the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. The Navy persists in this stand although not a single Guamanian out of 23,000 has been convicted of disloyalty to the United States during their years under the Japanese.

Last autumn, Congress voted and made immediately available funds to compensate the Guamanians for death and personal injury and loss of personal property caused by the naval bombardment or confiscated by the Navy. To this hour the Navy has not settled the claims of these people first rendered destitute by the Japanese and then deprived by the Navy of two thirds of the good land of their small island.

Large numbers of the 23,000 Guamanians subsist now as mere squatters in shacks and hovels built from dunnage lumber, packing cases, canvas and salvaged sheet metal. Their homes have been destroyed, they have been ousted from their lands, and they are not permitted to return even today, many months after the end of the war.

But the naval governor of Guam does not live in a packing case! After his summer home at Port Merizo was destroyed by the Japanese, the Seabees were ordered to build him a house in the style of the Venezuelan Embassy in Washington They also constructed a boat landing and built 64 pieces of overstuffed furniture. Then as an extra touch, in order to assure quiet to the naval governor, the public road from Inarajan to Port Merizo was closed to all traffic except for special military passes.

Wage discrimination has become greatly intensified in Guam, even as compared with pre-Pearl Harbor naval practices. A Guamanian carpenter gets 43 cents an hour, a continental American citizen, who starts his employment when in Guam, $1.36 an hour, while the continental American citizen transferred to Guam receives $1.66 an hour. Often the three classes of carpenters are working side by side at the same work.

As for Guamanian laborers, they get 20 cents per hour, a 4-cent increase from the Navy's pre-Pearl Harbor rate for Guamanian labor. At the naval air base at Agaña, Chamorro laborers who worked only 8 hours a day were not entitled to a free noonday lunch but had to pay 30 cents, the same price paid by officers for meals, served in the officers' mess. However, if they worked twelve hours a day at 20 cents an hour they received their noon meal free.

Perhaps such wages would not be amiss if prices were correspondingly low, but a pair of shoes costs $7.10, a pound of corned beef 53 cents, at licensed naval government stores, the only ones on the island.

The Guamanians and the continental American workers are alike paid from federal funds. The continental Americans get annual and sick leave with pay. If the Guamanian takes such leave it is *without* pay. The continental American worker gets time and a half for overtime in excess of 40 hours a week. The Guamanian worker gets only straight time, no matter how long he may work.

Naval absolutism sneers at every constitutional guarantee. It permits the (*Continued on page 67*)

HEROINES ON HORSEBACK

BY DOROTHY MILES

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, who founded the Frontier Nursing Service in 1925. The original nurses trained in England

From the capacious saddlebags of the Frontier Nurse comes a gift of life for many a mother in Kentucky's rugged mountains

IN FOUR counties of Kentucky, located in the Appalachian mountain range, 10,000 men, women and children today have medical care fundamentally as sound as that in the largest cities. This area is remote from urban America, and is almost as inaccessible as it was in 1800. The Frontier Nursing Service, organized by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge in 1925, has closed the gap between the centuries. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, famous statistician who does the final tabulations on maternity and early infancy for the Service, said, as far back as 1932:

"If the care of Frontier Nurses were available to all, the lives of 10,000 mothers would be saved every year in the United States. There would be 30,000 fewer stillbirths and 30,000 more children alive at the end of the first year of life."

In 1923, when Mrs. Breckinridge made a preliminary survey of three of the mountain counties now served by F.N.S., none of the three was connected with the outside world by a decent road. Travel was by horse or muleback, in creek beds, through gaps and over ridges in the mountains. During that summer Mrs. Breckinridge rode 650 miles and interviewed 53 midwives. She talked to young mothers, doctors and pseudodoctors, county judges and schoolteachers.

Mrs. Breckinridge found that the age of midwives varied from thirty to ninety years, the majority past sixty. Only twelve of the fifty-three could read and write. Prenatal and postnatal care were unknown, and no nursing care was given. The mother worked until confinement, and usually got up after three days, sometimes earlier. There were mothers of fourteen and fifteen. A girl of twenty-two was considered "old" for a first baby. Not one of the fifty-three midwives had ever had any training, yet some had delivered as many as 800 or 1,000 babies in a practice of 40 or 50 years.

They had practically no equipment except hog grease for their hands, various homemade teas for hemorrhage (black gum, yellow root, soot), or an ax, blade up, under the bed. They used pepper,

Their instruments and supplies safe in heavy leather saddlebags, Nurses Nola Blair and Rose Evans ford a stream rattleweed, sulphur or gunpowder tea for protracted labor. Patients were often delivered on their husband's knees, or on a chair without a bottom. Thus the universal expression of "catching the baby."

The newborn child was dosed with castor oil and catnip tea, after the cord had been cut with unboiled scissors and the navel greased with lard and covered with a scorched rag. "Never had to call a doctor yet," was the common boast of women who had practiced midwifery from twenty to forty years. One old "granny-woman," however, told Mrs. Breckinridge of a young mother of many little children who had been in labor for fifty hours while she and two pseudodoctors tried to deliver her. She died in agony before "the doctor who could cut" arrived.

Mrs. Breckinridge was a trained nurse, but she was not a midwife. At that time there was no hospital in the United States which offered such training. But she knew that England trained nurses for this indispensable work in the Highlands of Scotland, where similar conditions prevailed. In London she took her training as a midwife, and in Scotland she saw the nurses at work. She returned to the mountains of Kentucky and established the Frontier Nursing Service, modeling it on the Scotch system. For years it was carried on by British nurses, and by American nurses trained in midwifery in England.

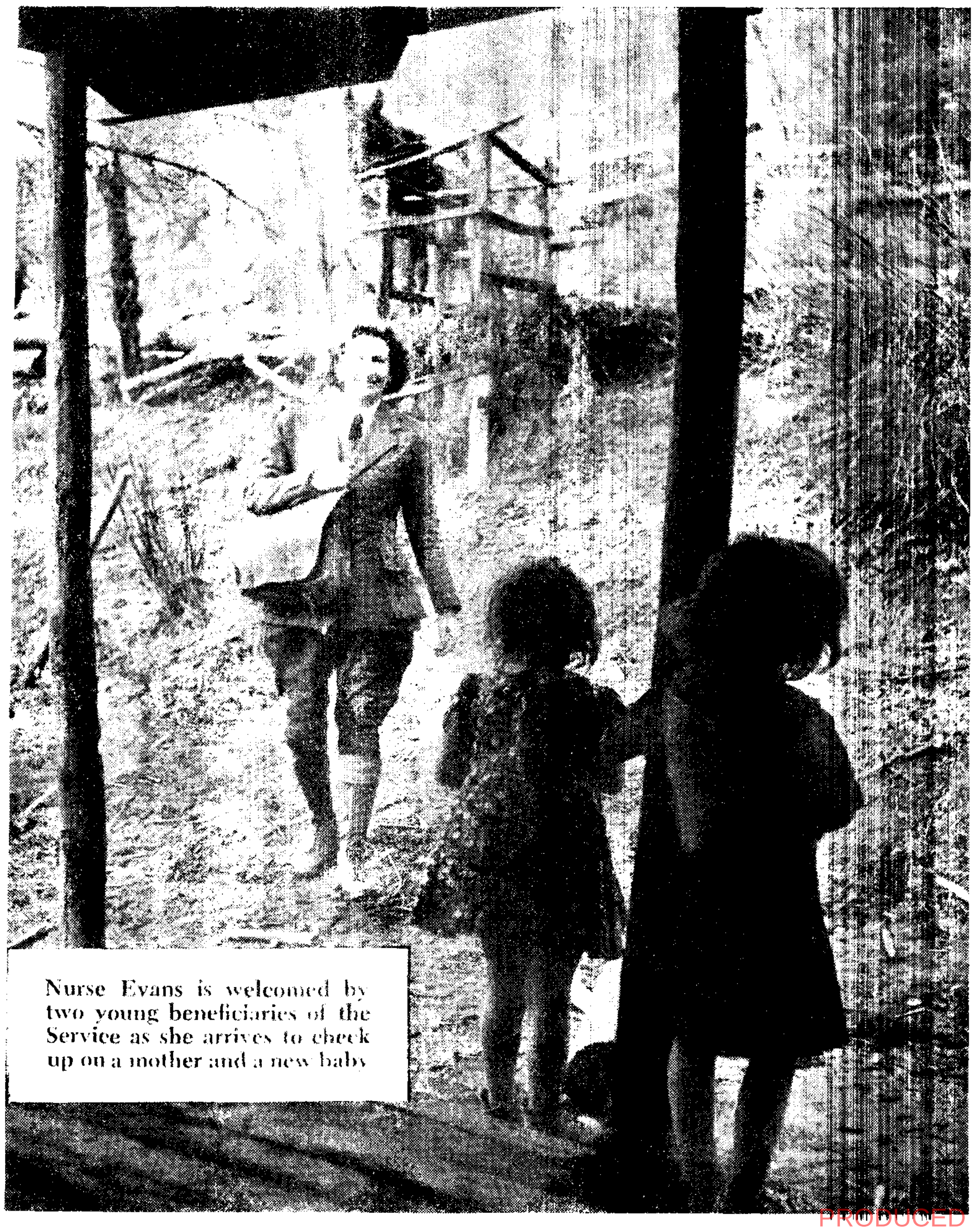
The Frontier Nursing Service, first called the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies, began operations in May, 1925, with two nurses in a five-room cabin, working in an area of 50 square miles. The first annual budget of the organization was $11,000.

Organization of the Service Centers

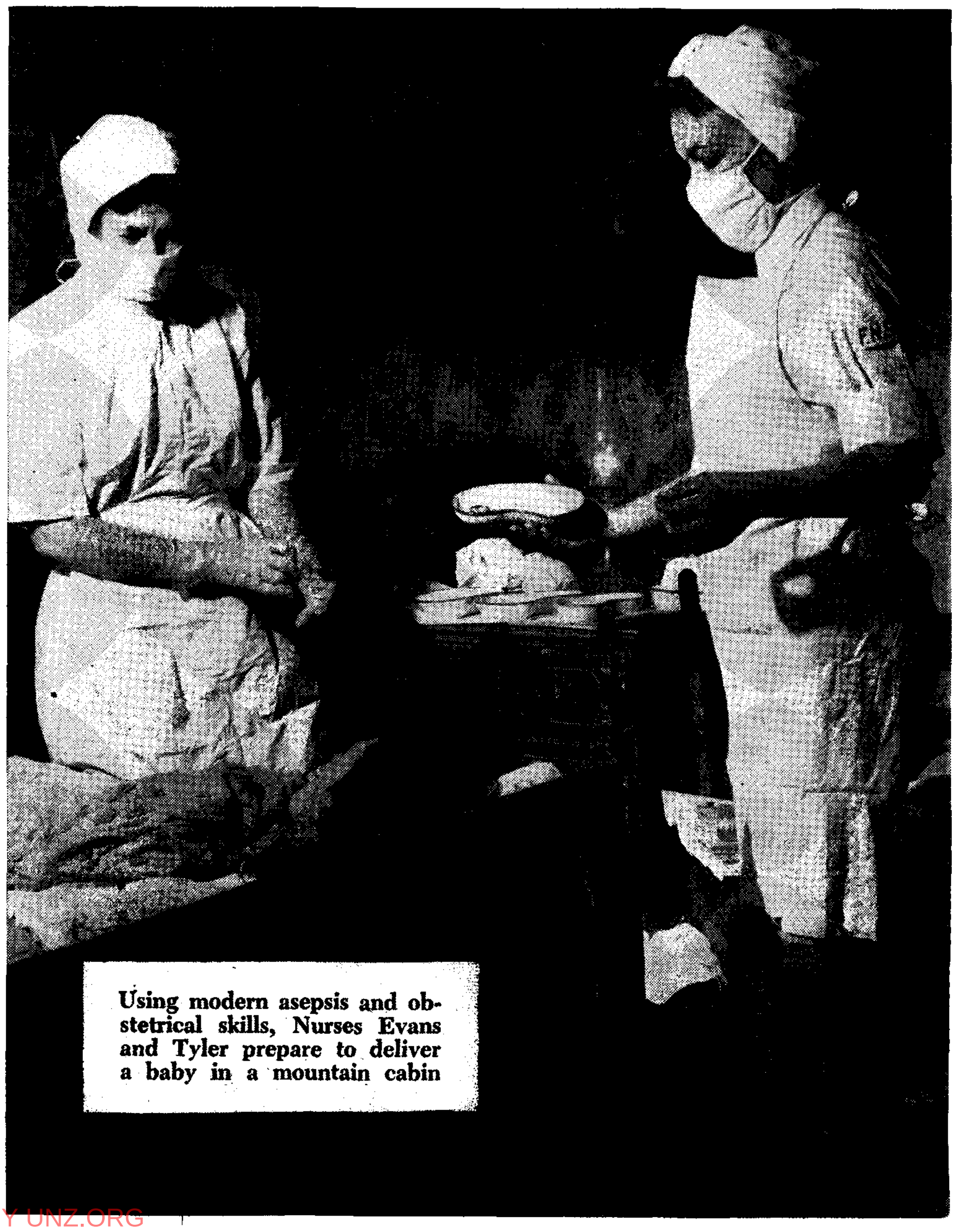
Today there are six outpost centers, exclusive of the hospital at Hyden, and the administrative unit at Wendover. These are manned by between twenty and thirty nurses. In addition, there are the medical director, Dr. Henry S. Waters, at the Hyden Hospital, secretaries, statisticians, a Social Service worker and maintenance people. Mrs. Breckinridge is the director, in close touch with the work, which extends beyond the 700 square miles it is supposed to serve, and requires an annual budget of $109,000. The Service is a daily influence in the lives of 10,000 persons, 5,000 of whom are children. It is supported by nearly 4,000 men and women, who live in all parts of the United States.

Each of the six F.N.S. centers is at the heart of a five-mile radius and covers approximately 78 square miles. The centers are from nine to twelve miles apart. The work is decentralized so the nurse can reach her patients, who live in little homesteads along the creeks and branches. Clad in her gray-blue F.N.S. riding uniform, the nurse travels on horseback most of the time. When the ice on the steep hills is too bad, even for a horse shod with ice nails, or when the "tides" in the rivers and creeks are too high, she walks, using primitive swinging footbridges and flat-bottomed boats. Now there are a few roads, and a fraction of the work can be done by car

Saddlebags over her shoulder, Cadet Nurse Sally Tyler leaves her horse and crosses a swaying footbridge to reach her patient

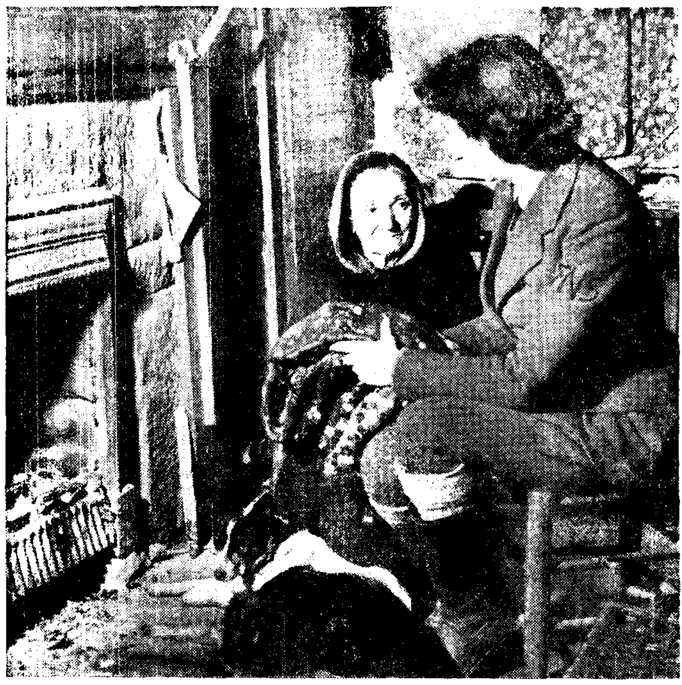


Nurse Evans is welcomed by two young beneficiaries of the Service as she arrives to check up on a mother and a new baby



Using modern asepsis and obstetrical skills, Nurses Evans and Tyler prepare to deliver a baby in a mountain cabin

Cadet Nurse Tyler uses a makeshift stretcher and a flatboat to take a sick child to the hospital at Hyden, Ky. There are 5,000 children in the 700-square-mile area served by the Frontier Nurses



Aged patients sometimes require extramedical attention. Here a Frontier Nurse brings warm clothing to an old lady

Preventive medicine is an important part of the Service's work with children. Antidiphtheria shots are routine

Patients travel dozens of miles to await their turn at tiny Hyden Hospital. Children under 16 get free hospitalization. Each year, the hospital holds a surgical clinic for needed operations

or jeep. But there are only two real bridges over about two hundred miles of rivers in this territory, and 80 per cent of the district work is still done on horseback.

At each center, one or two nurse-midwives live in a comfortable eight-room house, built and owned by the Service, but managed by the nurses. Two of these rooms are clinic and waiting rooms. The other six serve as the nurses' home. All centers have barns, cowsheds, chicken houses, pastures and gardens. In these outpost centers the nurses have a maid who milks, keeps fires going, cans, cleans and prepares the food. Although domestic service is not skilled it is always available.

What does the nurse find on her daily rounds from the center? The first visit of the morning may be to a prenatal patient. If her time is near, she is told what to do when labor begins. She must have a big fire, a kettle or lard bucket of boiling water, a clean gown or dress, clean sheet, newspaper pads and *plenty* of kerosene in the lamp.

Perhaps in the next cabin there is a baby six months old. It's time to talk about diphtheria shots. The nurse knows all the relatives must be consulted before the baby is brought to the clinic to be inoculated. Frontier Nursing Service now administers nearly 7,000 shots a year for diphtheria, typhoid, smallpox and whooping cough.

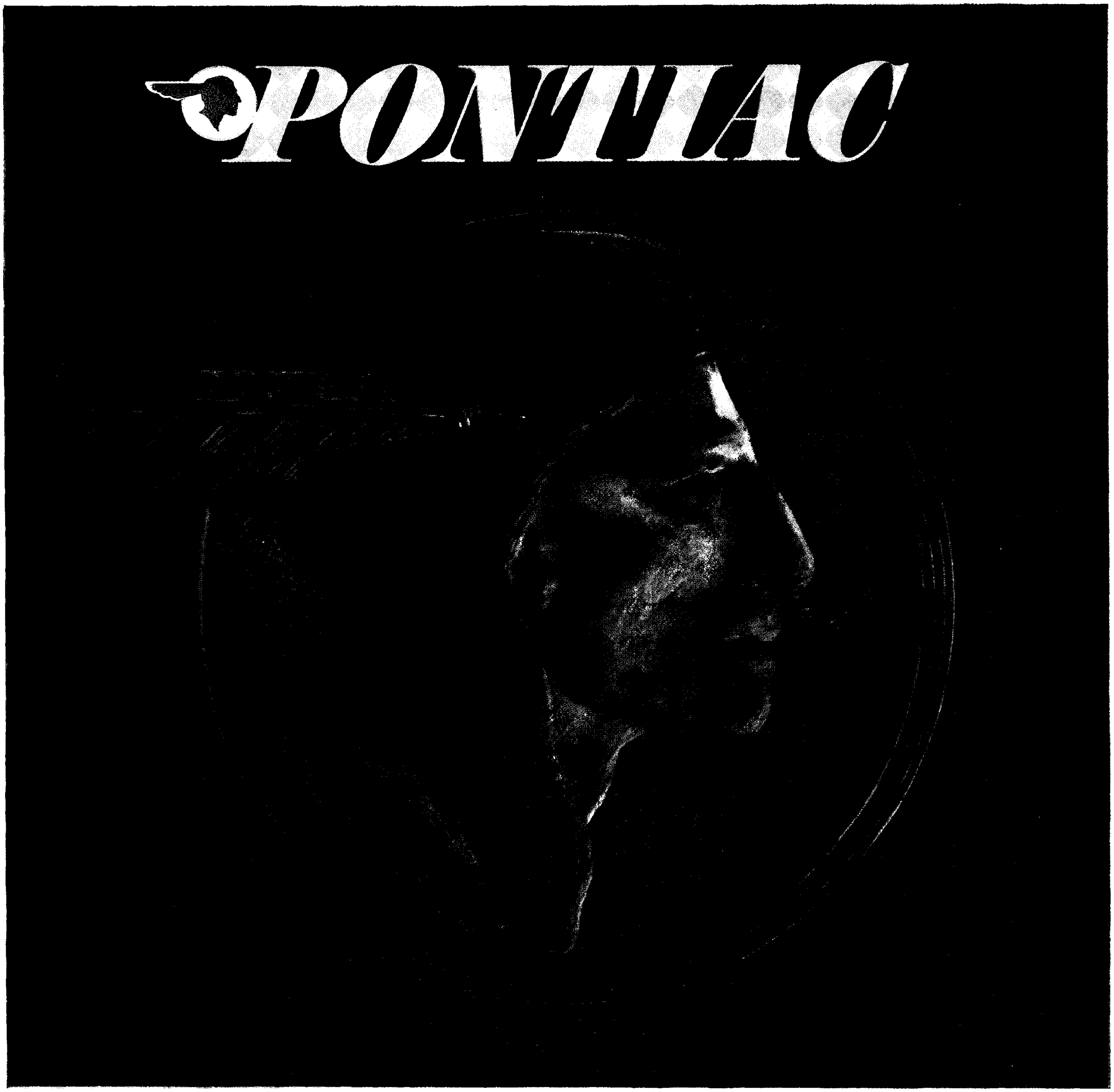
A Kentucky Version of the Stork Legend

At the next cabin are a mother and her three-day-old baby. The nurse will find the bags of necessary materials (left after every delivery) hanging at the head of the bed, as there are no bureau drawers in this house. The one washbasin the family owns is brought in, cleaned and fixed for the baby's sponge bath. One of the little brothers or sisters, deeply interested, is apt to say, "I know you brought hit in those saddlebags."

Maybe the nurse will arrange for a worm clinic on her rounds, for F.N.S. does untiring battle with intestinal parasites. She asks all the children to meet her at a certain time and place, so she can see the pills are swallowed, not chewed. She may tell one young father how to make a play pen of saplings, or urge another to make a fireplace screen. There are so many burned children in the mountains.

(Continued on page 29)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX



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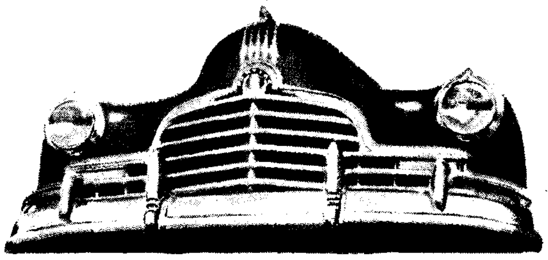

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66 PROOF

PRODUCT OF MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO

Heroines on Horseback

Continued from page 26

But old people need attention, too. The patient this time is an old widow, with a broken leg. The nurse gives her light massage and adjusts the splints. Perhaps the old woman was a midwife, before the nurses came, glad now to be "shet of all those frolics," as one old soul described it.

"It's 'the edge of dark,' " a nurse says at the end of such a day. "I begin to think of that cup of tea, waiting for me at home. When I get to the barn, I unsaddle Tommy and give him a rubdown. But the day's work won't be done till the records are filled in. Then I can have a hot bath and change. But who knows? I may have a midwifery call tonight!"

When the River Was "In Tide"

There is a saying in the Service: "If the father can come for the nurse, the nurse will get to the mother." Sometimes the fathers come under protest. "I told my woman hit weren't possible you'd come, traveling being so bad," said a wet, bedraggled mountaineer. "I told her hit warn't no good me coming." The Red Bird River was "in tide," too dangerous to ford. The nurse tells of her trip with him, back to his wife.

"We crossed the river on a broken-down swinging bridge. I'll never forget the agonizing sensation of trying to keep my feet on planks and miss the gaping holes through which I can see the boiling, black water. Every step I take, the wretched bridge takes with me. At last we are over. My guide (the father) begins climbing a perpendicular mountain. Throwing the saddlebags in front of him, he swings on to the branches of trees and pulls himself up. I do the same on that wet, slippery ground, wondering what will happen if I miss the branch I am aiming for.

"The river is roaring below me. Slowly we plod, scrabble, slip and roll from one obstacle to another. The cabin finally is in sight. As we enter the door, a most welcoming smile greets me from the bed. 'I *knew* you'd come!' cries Mrs. Howard. The smile is wiped out. A low groan escapes her. I dive for the washbasin and set up for delivery. Soon a little girl is born."

Of course this is out of the ordinary. Much of the year the nurse travels in comparative comfort on horseback, many times through great beauty, along broad, smooth trails banked deep with rhododendron, laurel and holly. One young girl, a courier, wrote: "This is the most heavenly place—wind, pines, brooks, clean rain, log fires, and, all around, the great, quiet mountains continually carrying your eyes up." But winter ice and spring floods still reduce transportation to its simplest terms.

The nurse's saddlebags contain all the equipment she needs for anything from a maternity case to snake bite. Since the emphasis in the Service has always been on bedside care, this is essential. It is called the saddlebag and log-cabin technique, and is a model of efficiency for sick care in any remote locality. The nurse-midwives are trained to handle normal deliveries themselves. They are also trained to recognize the abnormal. Sometimes these cases have to be taken to the hospital by stretcher and flatboat. There the medical director takes over. If the patient is too ill to be moved, the doctor goes to the patient.

Every nurse has two pairs of saddlebags, one for general district work, one for home deliveries. The midwifery bags weigh forty-two pounds, when packed. They have detachable linings of strong white material, and all supplies are kept in little white cotton bags.

At each house the technique is the same, whether it be a poor home or a comfortable one. The table or wooden box, from which the nurse is to work, is covered with white paper napkins before she places her "setup" for delivery. Rubber sheet and apron, cotton apron, cap and gown, sterile rubber gloves, disinfectant, alcohol, olive oil, hypodermic and drugs, syringe and catheter, clamps and scissors are some of the things that come out of a nurse's midwifery bags.

The "general" saddlebags are similar, except the linings are of colored material and the articles used during an ordinary day's work are in bags of various hues; pills, sterile dressings, etc. There is, in addition, a white cotton bag with emergency supplies for midwifery, in case the nurse is "caught" up a remote creek without the midwifery bags. There are pockets under each flap where bottles can be carried. In one of these pockets is the nurse's Medical Routine, carefully prepared by the eminent doctors of the Service's advisory council, telling the nurse what she may and may not do.

Each nurse in charge of a district is responsible for the health of all the people. One dollar a year per family is the fee. Trifling as that may seem, many mountain families have so little "cash money" that they pay it "egg by egg and onion by onion," though more fees were paid in cash during the war years. At one center a family always came in December to be weighed and measured, get the necessary immunizations, some magazines to paper the house, pay the annual dollar and shyly suggest to the nurse what they'd like for Christmas!

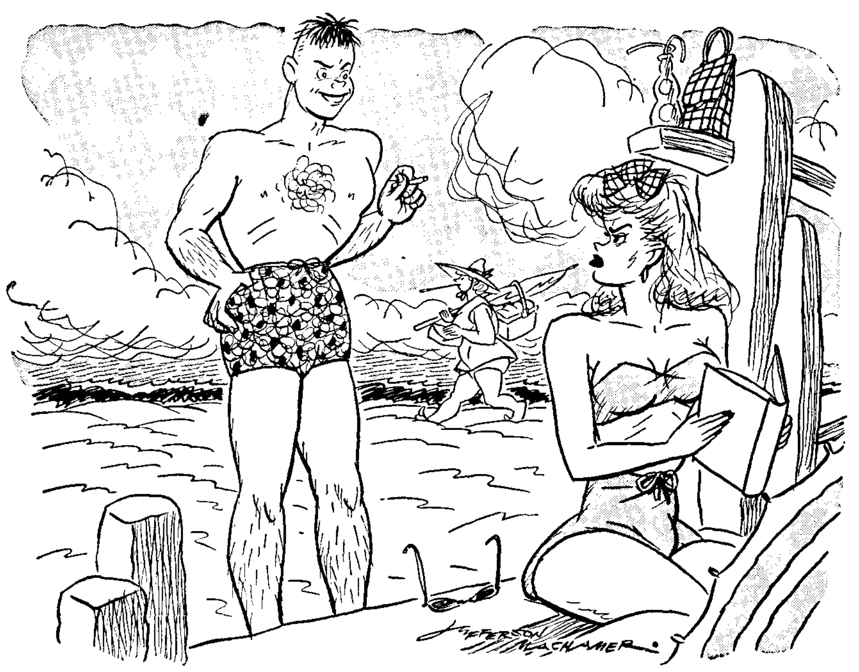
Fees Paid By Barter System

The fee for a delivery is five dollars, and it may be the baby is paid for with two loads of fodder, several bushels of potatoes, or, perhaps, a couple of days' work at the center. The mountain people are independent, and the Service fosters this spirit.

The delivery fee includes the most thorough prenatal and after-birth care, as well as bedside nursing during confinement. If the patient is delivered at the hospital, the fee is the same. Hospital care for adults, other than maternity cases, is one dollar a day.

The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital, a general hospital of eighteen beds, takes in all types of cases from maternity to gunshot wounds, except those with chronic, communicable or mental diseases. It is in the tiny town of Hyden and is the only hospital within many miles of F.N.S. territory. Joy House, residence of the medical director, and the recently built Mardi Cottage, quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, are near the hospital.

All children under sixteen are given free hospitalization, for Mrs. Breckinridge says, "Children belong to the nation." But the parents often make a donation when they take the children home. Each year there is a tonsil clinic of about fifty patients. Every extra bed and cot from the nearest centers is commandeered and another operating room equipped for the occasion. For a number of years Dr. Urton of Louisville has been coming to Hyden to perform these operations, as a courtesy to the Service.



"Pardon—I'd like your phone number, now that we can make unnecessary calls again"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington gives the F.N.S. a surgical clinic each year. In one 3-day period, with his assistant, anesthetist and two nurses, and the help of the medical director and hospital staff, 116 patients were examined and Dr. Massie performed 18 operations. Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard does all the major surgery in ordinary times and has stood by the Service year after year to help in any emergency.

Five miles from the hospital is Wendover, the center of the Service, administrative headquarters. The Old House is the home of the director, Mrs. Breckinridge, built by her as a memorial to her little son and daughter, lost many years ago. It is a big log building, with verandas, resting against the side of the mountain and almost hidden by great trees. It overlooks one of the loveliest bends in the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. Living quarters of the members of the staff are here, a common living room with a great stone fireplace, and a "dog-trot" where meals are served for the personnel of this little community and the numerous guests of the Service. Near by is the Garden House, housing administrative offices and records. There is also the Lower Shelf and Upper Shelf, living quarters of staff members.

Since no organization can ask for public support unless it keeps an accurate accounting of its affairs, there are expert bookkeepers and statisticians at Wendover. In May, 1945, the auditors made some graphic comparisons. Receipts in 1925, $9,712; in 1945, $136,152. Property owned was valued at $3,996 in the first audit; in the last, $263,652. There was no endowment the first year; last year there was $421,976.

One of the couriers' most important duties is care of the horses, without which the Service could not function a single day. They keep saddles and bridles in order. If a horse is sick, they doctor it —by book or sometimes on advice of a veterinarian. A courier describes an epidemic of horse-influenza: "We carried buckets of water with Glauber's salts, wiped noses clean, took temperatures, syringed quarts of thick, pink cough medicine down throats. We knew what we were doing, but medicines were designated 'pink,' 'brown,' 'sticky,' or 'smelly' by us, and given accordingly."

As their name implies, the couriers are the Service messengers, practically indispensable, with the units miles apart and the telephone connection frequently out of order, when there *is* a telephone. Mrs. Breckinridge is working now on the possibility of establishing radio communication between Bowlingtown, a remote center, and the hospital at Hyden. "We just don't feel," she says, "we can cope another winter without means of communication between the Bowlingtown nurses and the doctor."

An important auxiliary of Frontier Nursing is the Social Service Department, with a trained secretary, supported by the Alpha Omicron Pi national sorority.

The Social Service secretary gives intensive care to dependent children and to families of widows and bedridden fathers. This is the story back of a typical case:

The Case History of Joe

"We're right poorly. We was burned out and our sheep squandered themselves on the mountains. Joe thar is too puny to work, but he's a good 'un fer company." Joe is ten years old, but most mountain children that age do work hard. He lives with his mother and four brothers and sisters in a tiny, scrupulously clean cabin. A wood stove with pipes made from lard pails occupies one corner. Near it is a spinning wheel, for Joe's mother cards and spins wool, then dyes it with walnut bark. There are two hand-hewn chairs, and the beds are covered with patchwork quilts, lined with burlap.

Joe was discovered to have a tubercular hip, so the Social Service secretary secured passes from the railroad and took him to the Children's Hospital, Cincinnati, for treatment, which is free to people like him. He came back in a cast, but now he is as lively as other boys. Other crippled children are cared for by the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission.

Every year the Frontier Nursing Service makes Christmas a joy for more than 5,000 children in the territory, an evidence of Mrs. Breckinridge's very personal feeling for these people who are her neighbors and friends. Parties are held at each center, with hundreds attending. There is a tree, decorations, Santa Claus, refreshments, gifts. Carols are sung and sometimes there is a pageant. The children aren't the only ones who love the Christmas celebrations.

One great-grandmother of eighty-eight walked four miles each way to see her first Christmas tree.

Another old woman asked if she might have a doll. She had wanted one all her life.

THE END

The Senator Was Indiscreet

Continued from page 17

The Senator cleared his throat raspingly. "I'd say eight inches by five. An inch thick, perhaps."

"About the size of a book, then?" Lew said.

"Precisely."

"What sort of book, Senator?"

"I think that's sufficient, Mr. Gibson," Mr. Fahnstock broke in. "Now this is what we want you to do. There were a number of newspaper people present and they are naturally suspects. Possibly it would be a good idea for you to question them."

"About what?" Lew said. "Why newspapermen? Why not the waiters? Why not those gadget makers?"

"It might, of course, have been a waiter," said Mr. Fahnstock. "But I think the reporters are indicated."

"I don't get it," Lew said, and saw Porter Fahnstock wince slightly at his diction and presentability.

The manager said softly, "Perhaps it would be wise to give Mr. Gibson a stronger hint, Senator."

SENATOR ASHTON began with difficulty: "I want to make it clear to you, Mr. Gibson, that I entered politics with very high ideals of public service. I have striven to retain those ideals. I might say that I have always had a very high sense of sitting in on history in the making," said Senator Ashton. "From my very first days in Congress I was impressed by the importance of events transpiring before my eyes, and naturally I appreciated my position as a privileged observer. In my first term in the House I began my custom of making my observations tangible, that is, in concrete form. In other words—"

"You mean, Senator," Lew said, "you kept a diary?"

Senator Ashton's face was pink. "The historical value of Samuel Pepys' observations are well known, for instance, and we are indebted to many personal journals for— Well, sir, I naturally had no intention of making my journals public. Sometimes I have had in mind posthumous publication, or possibly use the material as a basis for my memoirs at a later date, and— Well, the fact is, I early began the custom of making complete, rather frank and—ah—detailed entries in my journals. They were meant, of course, for no eyes but mine, and should they come to light at this time it would be, to say the least—uh . . ."

"Embarrassing," Mr. Fahnstock put in.

"Political dynamite," said Sam Fuerst wisely.

"In a political way," said Senator Ashton, "an atomic bomb that would vaporize not only myself but also a good number of my colleagues and would leave the nation, I might say, a democratic wasteland. Mr. Gibson, I must get that journal back. Immediately!"

Lew whistled softly. "It covers all your years in politics?"

The Senator shook his head. "Only this year. The other thirty journals, for my other thirty years, are safely under lock and key—in a vault, in fact—but I always carry the current journal with me wherever I go."

Porter Fahnstock said tactfully, "Senator Ashton had followed this practice for thirty years without mishap, Mr. Gibson. He feels that there is some connection between the disappearance of his journal and the resignation of his secretary two days ago."

"The *sudden* resignation," said Senator Ashton.

"Then the secretary is the man to look for," Lew said.

"We *are* looking for him," said Mr. Fahnstock. "But the Senator feels the man may have sold his information to other sources. You see, aside from the members of the Senator's family, he was the only person who knew of the existence of the journal."

A set look came on Lew's face. "Senator, are you sure the diary was not stolen *before* the dinner?"

"It was in my brief case. I felt it there."

"Did you look at it?"

"Well, I had made no entries today. No, I did not unwrap it. I usually bring the journal up to date, you see, just before retiring."

"Do you mean, Mr. Gibson, that you have some sort of clue?" asked Mr. Fahnstock.

Lew nodded. "The woman reporter from the Record-Star who interviewed the Senator this afternoon was a phony, an impostor. Or maybe . . . Wait!" He snatched up the telephone and gave the number of the Record-Star to the operator. As he waited for the connection, he explained, "The reporter this afternoon was a so-so brunette. Said she was Poppy McNaughton. Tonight there was a gorgeous blonde at the dinner who said *she* was Poppy McNaughton."

"Be careful not to cut the top of Daddy's head off again"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Mr. Gibson, didn't you demand credentials?" Mr. Fahnstock asked.

"She *had* credentials," Lew said. The Record-Star operator was on the phone and he asked for Poppy McNaughton. There was a moment's delay, then a weary, listless voice said, "City Desk."

"I asked for Miss McNaughton," Lew said.

"She's not here."

Lew said, "This is Lew Gibson of the Hotel Westbrook. Let me ask you something. Is Miss McNaughton a stunning blonde with gray eyes and a figure that would wake even *you* up?"

"Not from where I sit she's not. Unless she just bleached her hair."

Lew hung up. "The *blonde* was the phony, gentlemen," he said.

There was heavy silence, then Porter Fahnstock said crisply, "You must find her, Mr. Gibson. At once!"

"Me?" Lew said. "I'm no detective."

The manager of the Hotel Westbrook cleared his throat. "You have a direct responsibility in this matter, it seems to me. You were in charge of the press table. It was your duty to ascertain that reporters there were properly accredited."

"She had a press card," Lew said. "What was I supposed to do, fingerprint her?"

"Please," said Senator Ashton. "The milk has been spilt, gentlemen. Suppose we concentrate on what steps we can take to find the young woman. I assume you have a description, Mr. Gibson."

"She uses Enchantment perfume," Lew said. "She had a black caracul coat and a run in one stocking, the left one. She's a gorgeous blonde. Regular features. About five feet three, I'd say."

Sam Fuerst said, "The key to it is that press card. How did she get it?"

Lew nodded. "Press cards are controlled by a mayor's committee, and they're pretty careful. They pass out a strict allotment to each paper."

"We got to get hold of this McNaughton dame," Sam Fuerst said. "See if she lost her card. See what she knows."

Lew picked up the Manhattan telephone directory and ran his finger down a page. "Here it is. She lives on Bank Street. Down in the Village. I'll call her."

"Wouldn't it be wiser to go down there in person?" asked Senator Ashton.

"All right," Lew said. "How about it, Sam?"

"I got to get to work upstairs," the detective said. "Maybe we can turn up a waiter who saw something."

"I might remind you, Mr. Gibson, that time is of the essence," Senator Ashton said harshly. "Why, this can be calamitous. We must retrieve that journal at once. I tell you, this could be the end of the two-party system."

LEW went out the door, and as he crossed the lobby a voice called his name. He turned, and saw Wanda Dupree standing by a potted palm, nervously smoking a cigarette.

"Is he still in there?" she demanded.

"The Senator?" Lew said. "Yes."

"It's been fifteen minutes," her husky voice said. "He's kept me waiting here *fifteen* minutes." Her heavy-lidded eyes inspected Lew. "What's keeping him?"

"He should be out shortly," Lew said, and she ground out her cigarette in the soil at the base of the palm.

"If you see the Senator," she said, "tell him that I wouldn't wait longer than fifteen minutes even for a . . . a . . ."

"Vice-President?" Lew suggested.

"Producer," said Wanda Dupree, and turned away.

Lew was leaving the hotel when he remembered that Valerie Shepherd was waiting in the bar. He hurried to her table.

"We can't seem to get together," he said. "I have to take a run downtown. Can you wait?"

"I don't know. How long?"

Lew glanced at the clock. It was eleven now. "If you want to take a taxi ride, come on with me," he said. "I'm sorry, but it's something I've got to attend to at once."

"Why not?" She stood up. "I'll come."

They found a cab in front of the hotel, and Lew gave the Bank Street address. As she settled back beside him, Valerie said, "You seem all worked up. What's happened?"

Lew laughed. "I ought to warn you to be careful."

"Careful of what?"

"Your boy friend is not exactly discreet."

"Boy friend?"

"Senator Ashton."

She smiled. "That exotic period piece in chinchilla proves he's indiscreet. Didn't she used to be a movie star?"

"Yes. Back in silent-picture days."

Valerie's blue eyes inspected him. "What kind of a mess has the Senator got himself into?"

"What makes you think he's in a mess?"

"Didn't you say he'd been indiscreet?"

Lew did not answer.

THE taxicab turned into Eleventh Street, turned right again at Fourth Street, in that presurrealist section of the city where Fourth Street can cross Eleventh and run parallel to Tenth.

"What's the mystery?" Valerie asked.

"There's no mystery." The cab stopped in front of a three-story brick building.

"Oh, please," she said. "What is it? *I* can be discreet."

He grinned at her. "You sure of that?"

"Yes."

Lew turned quickly and kissed her. Her lips were cool, but not at all reluctant. The kiss was surprisingly matter-of-fact, Lew thought—a take-it-or-leave-it kiss, like a demitasse compared to the first hot coffee for breakfast in the morning. He did not care about a second cup.

"I'll be right back," he said, and jumped out of the cab.

Lew found the name plate he was looking for—McNaughton. He pushed the bell, and waited until a buzzing noise told him the door catch had been released. He pushed open the door and went in.

"Yes?" a low voice called from the second-floor landing. Lew ran quickly up the stairs.

A door was open, and light from a floor lamp in the room beyond framed the slim figure of a girl. Lew stopped short, and his mouth opened. The girl in the doorway was a lovely blonde. He saw a run in the stocking of her left leg, and breathed deep the fragrance of Enchantment perfume.

"Well, well," Lew said, staring at the girl in the doorway. "You get around, don't you?"

She peered at him in the half-light on the stairs. "It's Mr. Gibson, isn't it?"

"It's Mr. Gibson, all right," Lew said. "Let's have it."

"Have what?"

"The brief case."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

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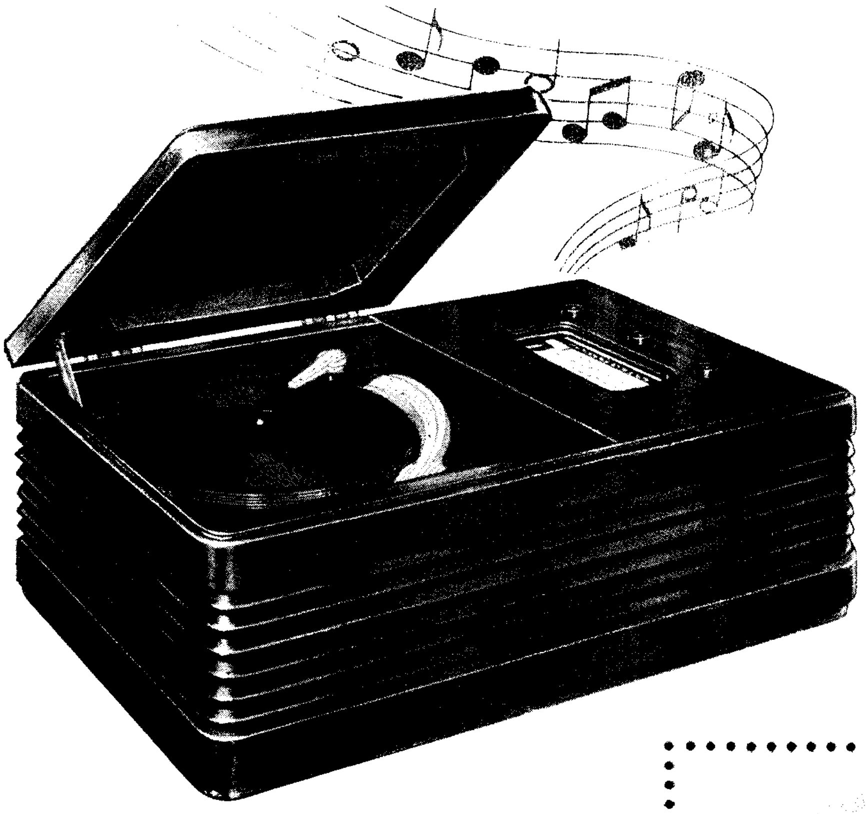

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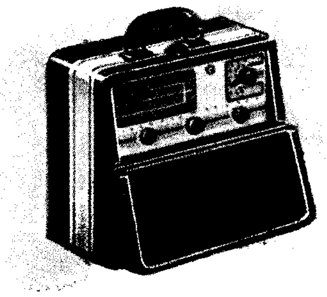

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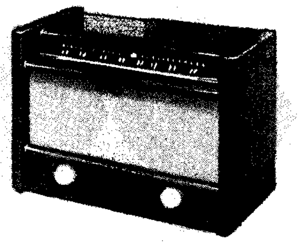

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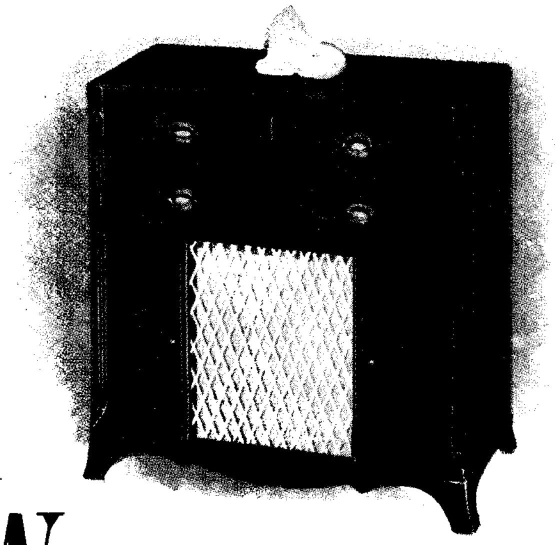

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

"Who is it, Judy?" a voice called from inside the apartment.

The girl turned her head. "Mr. Gibson, from the Hotel Westbrook. The press agent."

"What does *he* want?"

"I can't imagine." The calm gray eyes returned to Lew. "What *do* you want, Mr. Gibson?"

"Senator Ashton's brief case," Lew said. He moved forward, and the girl slipped inside the room and started to close the door. He got his foot there in time and said, "Open up."

"Oh, my goodness," the other voice said. "Let me explain it to him. Let him in, Judy."

THE girl opened the door. Behind her Lew saw a slim girl with untidy black hair and horn-rimmed glasses. He had already recognized her voice. He whistled softly and stepped through the doorway. "Which one of you *is* Poppy McNaughton?" he demanded.

"I am, of course," the dark-haired girl said. "Really, I think you're being pretty stuffy about this, Mr. Gibson. It's done all the time. It was sort of a lark, that's all."

"A lark?" Lew said. "You call larceny a lark?"

"Larceny?" Poppy threw her head back and laughed. "Now, honestly, is eating a little frizzled banquet chicken and ice cream larceny? Where's your sense of humor, Mr. Gibson?"

"I call the theft of Senator Ashton's brief case larceny," Lew said.

Poppy McNaughton looked at the other girl. "What's this about a brief case?"

"I can't imagine."

"Who is this girl?" Lew asked sharply.

"Judy? Why, she's my cousin. Judy McNaughton."

Lew scowled and met Judy McNaughton's puzzled gray eyes. "What were you doing at that dinner tonight?"

Poppy said, "Let me explain it. Now listen, Mr. Gibson, be yourself. Calm down. Judy's been in town only a few days. She's staying with me, looking for a job. I was assigned to cover that dinner tonight, but I knew nothing would happen. I already had the speech and I'd written my story in advance, and I had a date, so I said to Judy, 'How would you like a good dinner tonight, on the house?' and—"

"So you lent her your press card?" Lew broke in.

"Correct. Now, you know that's no novelty. It's been done before. Every press table is crowded with free-loaders. So why all the excitement?"

"The excitement concerns Senator Ashton's brief case," Lew said. "It was stolen during the dinner."

Poppy looked at her cousin. "Well, you didn't take it, did you, kid?"

"Of course not."

"She slipped out of the ballroom while the Senator was still speaking," Lew said. "I followed her out, and she had simply disappeared. I went on down to the lobby to look for her, and saw her coming out of an elevator. She had time to sneak into the anteroom and lift the brief case."

"But I didn't," Judy said serenely. "I made a telephone call. I told you that."

"Who did you call?"

"Me," Poppy said. "She called me to tell me the Senator was following text and she was going home because you were acting so snoopy."

"Oh, Lord!" Lew said, and sat down in the nearest chair. He looked up at Judy suspiciously. "The way you were wearing your coat, thrown over your shoulders, you could have carried the brief case underneath."

"I could have carried off the table service, too," Judy said. "But I didn't."

"For that matter," Poppy said snappishly, "she might have tucked *you* under her arm, Mr. Gibson."

"Oh, Poppy," Judy said, "don't say things like that."

"Well," Poppy said, "what would you call him? Divinely small, maybe?"

"I'm not very big," Lew said. "But I'm nasty. Tonight I'm feeling plenty nasty. I think you've got that brief case, and I want it."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Poppy said. "What would we do with that old windbag's brief case?"

"Sell it," Lew said.

"*Sell* it?" She stared at him.

"Sell what was in it," Lew said.

"Well, what *was* in it?"

Lew frowned. He did not want to answer. "I think I'll search your apartment," he said. "I hope you don't mind."

Poppy got to her feet, her face pink. "You get the hell out of here!"

"Oh, let him search it," Judy said, and Lew studied her tranquil, friendly face. Her smile was undisturbed. "I'm afraid it's kind of a mess, though," she said.

"Not on your life," Poppy said, shaking her head. "Scram, Mr. Gibson."

Lew said warningly, "I don't want to have to call the cops."

"Go right ahead," cried Poppy. "Call the cops."

"Manuel, maybe you can tell me what's wrong with it"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

"Relax, honey," the other girl said. "He doesn't mean any harm. He was nice to me tonight, really he was."

Lew considered. He did not see how he could penetrate this defense. They seemed so confident, one in imperturbable innocence, the other in outraged opposition. He smiled and said, "Let's compromise. Suppose I buy you both a drink?"

"Now that's something," Judy said. "I'd love it."

"Put on your hats and coats," he said. "Let's go."

"Go where?" Poppy demanded.

"The Hotel Westbrook."

"There's a nice bar down the street," Poppy said.

"But I can sign the tab at the Westbrook," Lew said. "Get your hat." He met Poppy's smoldering brown eyes. "And for God's sake, fix your hair."

"What's the matter with my hair?"

"You look like Medusa," Lew said.

"Stop it, you two," Judy said. "I think we all *need* a drink."

"I have a cab waiting," Lew said.

Poppy hesitated, then she shrugged her shoulders. He watched her jam a hat on her head, deliberately paying no attention to her hair. They waited at the door until Judy was ready.

"You can pay off your cab," Poppy said as they started down the stairs. "We'll go to the bar down the street."

"If you pay the tab," Lew said.

Judy laughed, and Poppy, who was immediately ahead of Lew on the stairs, lifted shoulders stiff with antagonism. As they passed through the door Lew maneuvered himself ahead of the girls and opened the door of the taxicab. He helped Poppy in first, but she balked in the doorway, saying, "Hey, there's somebody here."

"It's a party," Lew said, and shoved her elbow. "Miss Shepherd, Miss McNaughton." He helped Judy into the cab. "And another Miss McNaughton." He jumped in and told the driver, "Hotel Westbrook."

The three girls were in the back seat, and Lew sat facing them. Valerie Shepherd gave him a pouting glance and raised her eyebrows questioningly. Poppy was watching Lew with suspicious eyes. As the cab moved away, she said, "Suppose you tell us what was in that brief case."

Lew hesitated a moment. "Jewelry."

"You mean the old foghorn carried jewelry around in his brief case?"

"Apparently," Lew said.

"Then he deserves to have it stolen," Poppy said.

Valerie Shepherd's eyes lighted. "You're talking about Senator Ashton," she said. "Aren't you, Mr. Gibson?"

Lew nodded, and heard her delighted laugh. "You mean somebody stole his brief case?"

"That's it."

"Loaded down with jewelry," Poppy said. "Can you imagine that! Judy and I are the number-one suspects."

"Really?" Valerie's eyes were round.

"Leaders of an international ring," Poppy said. "Mr. Gibson is taking us to the Hotel Westbrook. The F.B.I. is waiting there to question us."

Lew stared at Poppy. Her eyes were shining.

"And meanwhile detectives are going to ransack our apartment," Poppy went on. "Mr. Gibson is pretty subtle, isn't he?"

"Poppy!" Judy said.

"Wise up, Judy," Poppy said toughly, out of the side of her mouth. "That's the pitch. Keep your lip buttoned. Don't spill nothing, kid."

He would have been smarter, Lew thought, if he'd asked Judy out for a drink and left this black-haired termagant at home.

"Oh," Judy was saying. "I don't think Mr. Gibson would—"

The cab pulled up in front of the Westbrook, and Poppy said, "Grit your teeth, Judy. Let's face it."

In the lobby, Lew said apologetically to Valerie, "Would you mind waiting a couple of minutes?"

She smiled. "Suppose we call it off tonight, Lew. You seem to have your hands full, and I'm pretty tired."

He was disappointed. "Well, if—"

"I really am exhausted, and it's practically midnight. I'd like to go on up to bed."

"All right," Lew said. "But the theater tomorrow night. Don't forget."

"You bet. And thanks for everything."

He watched her walk away toward the elevators; and Poppy's caustic voice said, "Duty calls. Do we get that drink before or after the third degree, Mr. Gibson?"

Lew looked at Judy. "I'm sorry about this," he said. "As a matter of fact, we *will* want to ask a few questions. I hope you understand that I have to do it. You see, I—"

"Oh, sure," Poppy broke in. "Duty comes first."

"It's all right, Mr. Gibson," Judy said sweetly. "I understand."

"But a drink would be a nice preliminary," Poppy suggested.

"Later," Lew said. "This way."

"Got to have *something*," Poppy said, and opened her handbag. As they walked toward Porter Fahnstock's office, Lew saw a chewing-gum wrapper drop to the floor. A look of confidence came on Poppy's face as her teeth clamped down on the stick of gum.

SENATOR ASHTON was still in the manager's office, sipping drearily from a tall glass. He put down the drink and was instantly on his feet when Lew entered with the two girls. Porter Fahnstock rubbed his hands together.

"Miss Poppy McNaughton, gentlemen," Lew said. "And her stand-in."

"Both of them?" Porter Fahnstock cried. "Excellent, Mr. Gibson." He picked up his telephone, said, "Get Mr. Fuerst down here right away." He looked anxiously at Lew. "Where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"The diary. The Senator's diary."

A bright look of interest came into Poppy's eyes, and Lew heard her murmur, "No jewels?"

Lew said quickly, "They deny it, Mr. Fahnstock. Their story is that—"

"Just a minute," Poppy said. "We'll tell our own story, if you don't mind. And I'll have you know, gentlemen—" She pointed a finger. "Who are *you?*"

"Porter Fahnstock," Lew said. "Manager of the Westbrook."

"Well, see here, Porter Fahnstock," Poppy said severely. "I'll have you know I think this is actionable. This gentleman barged into our apartment, collared us like common criminals, and brought us here against our will. You'll hear from our lawyer about this."

"Just a moment," Mr. Fahnstock said evenly. "You are Miss McNaughton, a reporter for the New York Record-Star?"

"That's right."

"And who is this other young lady?"

"My cousin," Poppy said. "Judy McNaughton."

"She attended the dinner tonight posing as *Poppy* McNaughton," Lew said. "She's the blonde I was telling you about."

"Posing?" Poppy said. "Don't be ridiculous."

"Under false pretenses, certainly," Porter Fahnstock said. "At the very least, defrauding the Hotel Westbrook of a dinner at seven-fifty a plate. Senator, perhaps we should call the police. Have this young woman's quarters searched. Or perhaps they will be willing to hand over the diary and we'll forget the whole thing." He looked at Judy, a glint of appreciation in his eyes. "I would regret having to press charges of fraud against you."

"Fraud?" Poppy broke in contemptuously. "My cousin attended the dinner as my delegate, a representative of the New York Record-Star. She went there

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to see that the Senator followed text, and called me at my office as soon as he had spoken."

"She *said* she was Poppy McNaughton," Mr. Fahnstock's harsh voice said.

"My proxy," Poppy said, and placidly chewed her gum.

Lew and the hotel manager exchanged glances, and Senator Ashton stepped forward. "Now, gentlemen, let's not be unpleasant about this affair. All we want is the return of the—uh—article. I'm sure these young ladies will be reasonable. As a matter of fact, I'm prepared to offer some sort of reward as a token of appreciation of their good will. Say a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars!" Poppy cried. "Gee, I'd like to get a peek at that diary."

Judy looked at Lew, tears in her gray eyes. "But I didn't take it," she said. "Really, I didn't."

"Of course she didn't," Poppy said. "Just what was in this diary, Senator Ashton? It sounds like a story."

Senator Ashton had a stricken look. He cleared his throat. "It seems that we've made a mistake," he said. "I hope you young ladies will accept my heartfelt apologies. Naturally, under the circumstances, you came under suspicion, but your explanation seems to clear the matter up. The diary we mentioned was a very rare manuscript, the holograph journal of an important historical personage."

"Oh," Poppy said, disappointed. "An antique."

The Senator looked bleak. "Precisely," he said.

Porter Fahnstock asked, "Do you intend to let the matter drop, Senator?"

"Yes," said Senator Ashton. He took Poppy's hand. "I'm very sorry, my dear. I hope you understand it was an honest mistake."

"Oh, of course," said Judy McNaughton sympathetically, and the Senator turned his paternal smile on her.

Lew opened the door, and Mr. Fahnstock signaled to him as the girls went out. Lew said to Poppy, "If you'll wait just a moment, we'll carry on. We'll have that drink."

"Suits me," Poppy said, and he closed the door behind her.

"Well, Mr. Gibson," the manager said, "what's your opinion?"

"I doubt if they took it," Lew said.

"I'm worried about that girl," said Senator Ashton. "Considerably worried. After all, she's a newspaper reporter. Any publicity would be most unfortunate, Mr. Gibson."

Mr. Fahnstock said reassuringly, "Mr. Gibson's duties include keeping material *out* of the press, Senator. You'd better see what you can do, Mr. Gibson. Give the girls a good time. Take their minds off this affair."

"Deluge them with apologies," said Senator Ashton. "Inundate them with—ah—"

"Champagne?" Lew put in.

"Champagne," said the Senator. "At my expense."

"I'd suggest the Constellation Terrace," said Mr. Fahnstock.

"I think I can take their minds off it," Lew said, and went out.

POPPY McNAUGHTON'S eyes still were bright. They were nice eyes from what he could see through reflections of light on her glasses—long-lashed eyes that sparkled with awareness.

"There's something very peculiar in all this business," she said. "Give out, Mr. Gibson."

"I'm going to give out, all right," Lew said. "Girls, the Senator is a gentleman of the old school."

"Just a big barefoot boy," Poppy said.

"I mean it," Lew said. "He's pretty upset about this, and he insists that we quaff a little champagne with his apologies and at his expense."

"Champagne?" Judy said. "Swell."

"I've reserved a table on the Constellation Terrace," Lew said.

Poppy shook her head. "I'd prefer the bar."

"Have you ever been up to the Terrace?"

"No."

"We're pretty proud of it. There isn't a better roof garden in town."

Poppy looked dubious. "We're not dressed for that."

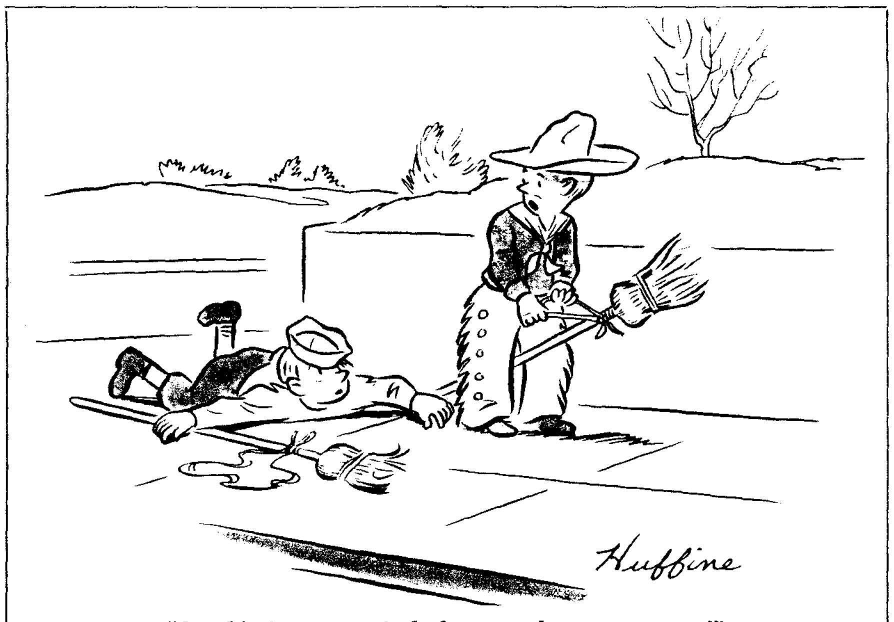
"It isn't necessary to dress."

"Yes, but . . ."

"You confuse me," Lew said. "I thought you didn't give a damn how you looked. You refused to fix your hair. You haven't had your compact out all evening."

"I'm going to get it out now," Poppy said. "Excuse me. Coming, Judy?"

The girls crossed the lobby toward the ladies' lounge, and Lew dropped into an overstuffed chair and lighted a cigarette. Thinking of Poppy McNaughton, he smiled. She had spirit. She was nobody's fool. She had taken command of the situation from the very first. He frowned. Perhaps she was even smarter than he realized. Perhaps the girls *had* taken the brief case, and Poppy had worked cleverly to throw him off the track.



COLLIER'S "Quick! Get on again before you lose your nerve!" DAVE HUFFINE

A hand tapped his shoulder and he looked up into Sam Fuerst's narrowed eyes. The head house officer's plump face had a wise look. "It turned up, Lew," he said.

"The diary?"

Sam Fuerst shook his head. "The brief case. Found it in a service closet on the ballroom floor. The Senator's papers were in it, untouched apparently, but no diary."

"On the *ballroom* floor," Lew said thoughtfully. Instead of going to a telephone booth, Judy McNaughton could have stepped into the closet with the brief case, removed the diary, and left the brief case there. She had worn her coat thrown over her shoulders, and could easily have concealed the diary underneath.

"Looks like the Senator's goose is basted brown," Sam Fuerst said, and walked on toward the manager's office.

Lew saw the girls returning across the lobby and went to meet them. Poppy had borrowed Judy's magenta lipstick. She had full, well-arched lips, and Lew liked her smile. She had done what she could with her hair, but she still needed a beautician to ride herd on maverick strands.

They took an elevator to the roof. The music was good, the champagne was dry, and the lights were unobtrusive on the Constellation Terrace. Their table was beside a railing, on a level higher than the dance floor. Poppy said as she sat down, "It will take a bucket of champagne to get the taste of that sanctimonious little manager out of my mouth."

"You mean Mr. Fahnstock?" said Judy. "I thought he was kind of cute. Kind of funny, I mean, in the way that makes you want to bust out laughing at a funeral. You see what I mean?"

"If you mean he's a creep," Poppy said, "yes."

As soon as they had sampled the champagne, Lew asked Judy to dance. She wore a pleased, interested smile. She enjoyed the Constellation Terrace. She enjoyed dancing. She loved New York, she said, and Lew thought that these two girls were giving him the business. He was sure Judy was not the naïve innocent she pretended to be.

"Look," Judy said. "Look who's with Poppy."

Lew looked. Porter Fahnstock stood at the table, smiling a little as he talked to Poppy. Lew led Judy from the floor and they went up three steps to the table. Porter Fahnstock presented his small white teeth for Judy's inspection.

"I wanted to make sure that you had the best of everything," he said. "The Senator was quite insistent."

"It's all perfect," Judy said. She gave the manager a radiant smile. "Won't you join us, Mr. Fahnstock?"

"Well . . ." Mr. Fahnstock glanced at his watch.

"Please do," Judy said.

Mr. Fahnstock sat down, across the table from her.

"It's lovely here," Judy said. "And the champagne is superb. Isn't it, Poppy?"

"Sure," Poppy said, without enthusiasm.

There was an odd look on Porter Fahnstock's face. He licked his lips, frowned, moved uneasily in his chair. Then he jumped abruptly to his feet, his face red and angry.

"Gum!" he said. "On my chair. On the Constellation Terrace!" His voice was shocked.

"Gee," Judy said. "It's ruined your pants."

Porter Fahnstock's face was anguished. He called the waiter over, called the captain. A bus boy with a damp cloth went to work on the seat of his pants, the captain whisked the chair away and brought another.

"It's the worst habit, chewing gum," Judy said. "Don't you think so, Mr. Gibson?"

"Yes," Lew said, grinning at Poppy.

Porter Fahnstock gave Judy a look of complete understanding, of awakening interest. "It's a menace," he said. "And here, on the Constellation Terrace!"

"It's such a glamorous place," Judy said. "I love it."

Porter Fahnstock was able to smile again. He sat down, after a quick inspection of the chair. A waiter set a glass before him, and the table became the object of attentive, nervous service. Mr. Fahnstock smiled at Judy and raised his glass. "May all our mistakes be such charming ones," he said. His eyes met Judy's, lingered, and Lew noticed that his smile was entirely alkalized.

"On behalf of the hotel," Lew said, "I want to offer my apologies also."

The music was playing again and Poppy gave Lew a sour look. "Does this buttering-up process include asking me to dance?"

"Tonight is yours," he said. "Come on."

AS THEY moved onto the dance floor, Lew saw Porter Fahnstock following with Judy. It was a buttering-up process indeed, he thought, as they swung past Judy and Porter Fahnstock on the floor. Judy looked radiant, but the manager danced with downcast eyes, as if he were alert to the menace of chewing gum on the floor.

Poppy said, "Constellation Terrace is a good name, all right. That kid has got stars in her eyes tonight."

"You know," Lew said, "yours could make about sixth magnitude, too, if you took those glasses off."

"Without my glasses," Poppy said, "I couldn't even see the bubbles in champagne. But even without my glasses I wouldn't be altogether blind. I'd still see that there was something behind all this magnificent façade. What's worrying you, Mr. Gibson?"

"Call me Lew," he said.

"I *am* calling you, Lew," she said. "What have you got in your hand, besides another quart of champagne?"

"A bust hand," he said. "I haven't got a thing. You and Judy were the only clue we had to work on." He grunted. "A pair of deuces."

"I'd like to know what's behind all this hocus-pocus," Poppy said. "I doubt if the Senator would know the difference between a rare manuscript and the Fourth Amendment."

"By the way," Lew said, "where did you park your gum?"

She blushed guiltily, and he thought that it was becoming to her; she was vulnerable after all. But she shrugged her shoulders. "I left it downstairs in the powder room."

"Oh, no, you didn't," Lew said. "You left it on the seat of Porter Fahnstock's pants Did you—"

"Mr. Gibson," Judy's clear voice said. She and Porter Fahnstock were beside them on the dance floor. "I just saw that little man. Remember?"

"What little man?"

"Don't you remember? When you took me out of the banquet tonight to ask for my press card, you bumped into a little man with a mustache who was going into that anteroom."

Lew stopped dancing. "That's right. I did bump into somebody. Where is he?"

"Well, he was sitting at a table, all alone, and I pointed at him and started to tell Porter and he jumped up and went out. He—"

"Which way?" Lew said.

"Toward the elevators. He—"

Lew started up the steps, ran to the entrance of the Constellation Terrace. He called to the hat-check girl, "See a little man with a mustache going out?"

She pointed toward the elevators. The indicator showed that one cab was on the way down; the doors of the other were opening. Poppy's voice said at his elbow, "A hot clue, Lew?"

Lew remembered something else. He remembered glancing back in the corridor on the fourteenth floor after he had left the Senator's suite that afternoon. He remembered seeing the closing of a door and briefly glimpsing a sallow face with a small mustache.

(To be concluded next week)

Squeal, Nazi, Squeal!

Continued from page 13

"I believed it better to attack France south of the Maginot Line," Keitel, in his crisp, formal tones, recounted. Hitler piquedly agreed to hold off the invasion until spring—though he insisted on the Ardennes, Keitel or no Keitel.

When the spring smash through the Ardennes burst France open like a paper bag, there was no holding Hitler. Just as he had come home from Munich saying, "I am the best diplomat in Europe," now he did his macabre little jig in Compiègne Forest and clucked, "I am the best strategist in history." He called his generals together and told them, according to Keitel, "I know more about strategy than any man in this room. From here on, I do all the planning."

"From June, 1940, onward," Keitel remarked, "the chief of staff simply transmitted Hitler's plans to the staff for action. No general with any opinion of his own would have lasted a day."

The one man who dared take matters in his own hands was a sorry figure in the Nuremberg jail. Rudolph Hess, like a ham playing Hamlet, shuffled around his cell weaving in and out of amnesia, gazing into space as if unable to believe he wasn't still the Fuehrer's deputy, occasionally exploding into some hysterical gesture, carefully isolating himself from his erstwhile Nazi chums.

BEACHCOMBER

He combs the beach for treasures which
Make grasping four-year-olds feel rich—
A crab, long dead, some seaweed, dried,
A starfish neatly ossified,
A stone, a shell, a sea gull's feather,
Then having piled them all together,
He hands them to his Mom to lug
While he pursues a lightning bug.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

"Why did you fly to England?" I asked him.

At first his reply was grandiloquent. He spoke of Haushofer, the geopolitician, whose ideas of an Anglo-German front against Russia had always been close to Hess' heart. Haushofer's philosophy was going by the board in the spring of 1941, Hess felt. "There was no reason for the English and German people to be fighting, with the consequent destruction of millions of helpless people and thousands of villages. If I explained to the English what we planned to do we could make peace," he said.

"The world still doesn't know exactly what happened when you landed in Scotland. How was your flight, anyway?"

"I made three flights, you know. The first two were warmups," Hess replied. "Then I took off on the 10th of May (1941) early in the morning with a brand-new Messerschmitt. It was very nice across the Channel and over England. I had a wonderful time because I hedge-hopped all the way. This was great fun—you know it was illegal in Germany. I did a splendid job of navigation. In fact, I landed thirteen feet from where I planned to hit the ground."

"Why did you parachute down instead of landing the plane?" I asked.

"I'd never flown that type of Messerschmitt before. I wasn't sure I could land it," Hess replied.

He sprained his ankle on landing and was picked up by some Scottish countryfolk. "I had on the uniform of a captain in the German air force and asked to see the Duke of Hamilton. I gave my name as Alfred Horn," Hess continued. "After I had seen the Duke of Hamilton, I was taken to a prison somewhere in England where all they did was ask me military questions. Of course I denied any knowledge of military events and demanded my rights as an emissary.

"The English would then ask me, 'Do you have anything to show that you are an emissary?' I would reply, 'Of course not, I am the Fuehrer's deputy.' They would then ask, 'Did the Fuehrer send you?' I would reply, 'He knows nothing about my mission.' So the English would say, 'Then you are a captured aviator, a prisoner of war—tell us about the location of your troops.'

"I would ask to see the Swiss envoy, and they would reply that the Swiss envoy did not see ordinary prisoners of war—and what was the disposition of our air force?

"Then I would demand that the British people take me to see the highest representative of the king. They would say that certainly this would be done in a few days—and what was the disposition of our U-boats?

"I became extremely angry and said I would not answer questions dealing with military matters, that I was on a diplomatic mission and should be rendered full diplomatic privileges. Then the English would say, 'Didn't you bail out over Scotland in the uniform of a captain in the German air force?' I would say 'Naturally, I didn't want to be taken for a spy.' So the English would reply, 'Then as far as we're concerned you will be treated as a captain in the air force. Come along now, tell us about the disposition of your troops.'"

As you can imagine, Hess was soon wishing he had simply written the Duke of Hamilton a letter. He never dreamed there were as many circles in the world as the British led him around.

Back in Germany, according to Goering and Ribbentrop, news of the Hess flight was a complete surprise. "Hitler called me into his study half an hour after he got the note Hess left for him," Goering related. "The Fuehrer was sitting in a big chair almost unable to speak and feebly fluttering the note at me. He said, 'Here, see what Hess did.' I read the letter and was dumfounded. Ribbentrop was called in and he was appalled. He paced the floor in his usual helpless fashion muttering, 'Hess did that! Hess flew to England! What shall we do?'"

Ernst Bohle, State Secretary for Foreign Affairs, knew what Hess was up to—but even he knew only part of the plan. Hess confided in him because he wanted Bohle to check the grammar in the peace terms he was carrying.

"The only one who actually knew I was flying was my adjutant who drove me to the airport, but even he didn't know where I was going," Hess told me.

Hildegarde Fath, Hess' secretary, said she had inklings of something queer when Hess told her an astrologer had named him as the man to bring peace between Germany and England. The idea was clinched when Haushofer had a dream, a geopolitical one, in which he saw Hess in England "bringing peace to two great nations." He made the mistake of telling Hess what he dreamed.

The spring of 1941 waned without any more clowning, and on the second day of summer Germany sent her *Panzer* legions into Russia. This practically broke Goering's heart. He and Keitel had been planning an all-out attack on Gibraltar. England was to be brought to her knees

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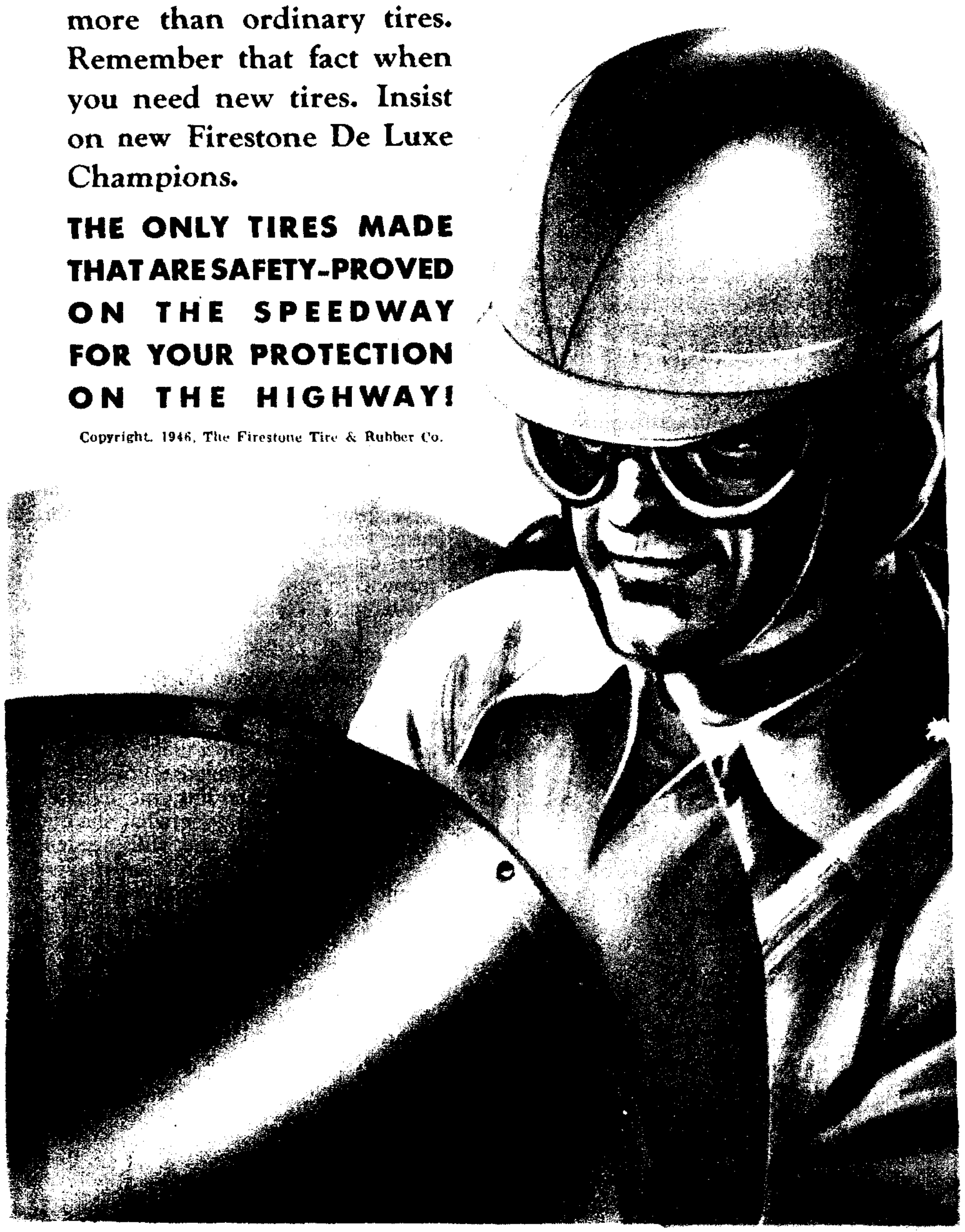

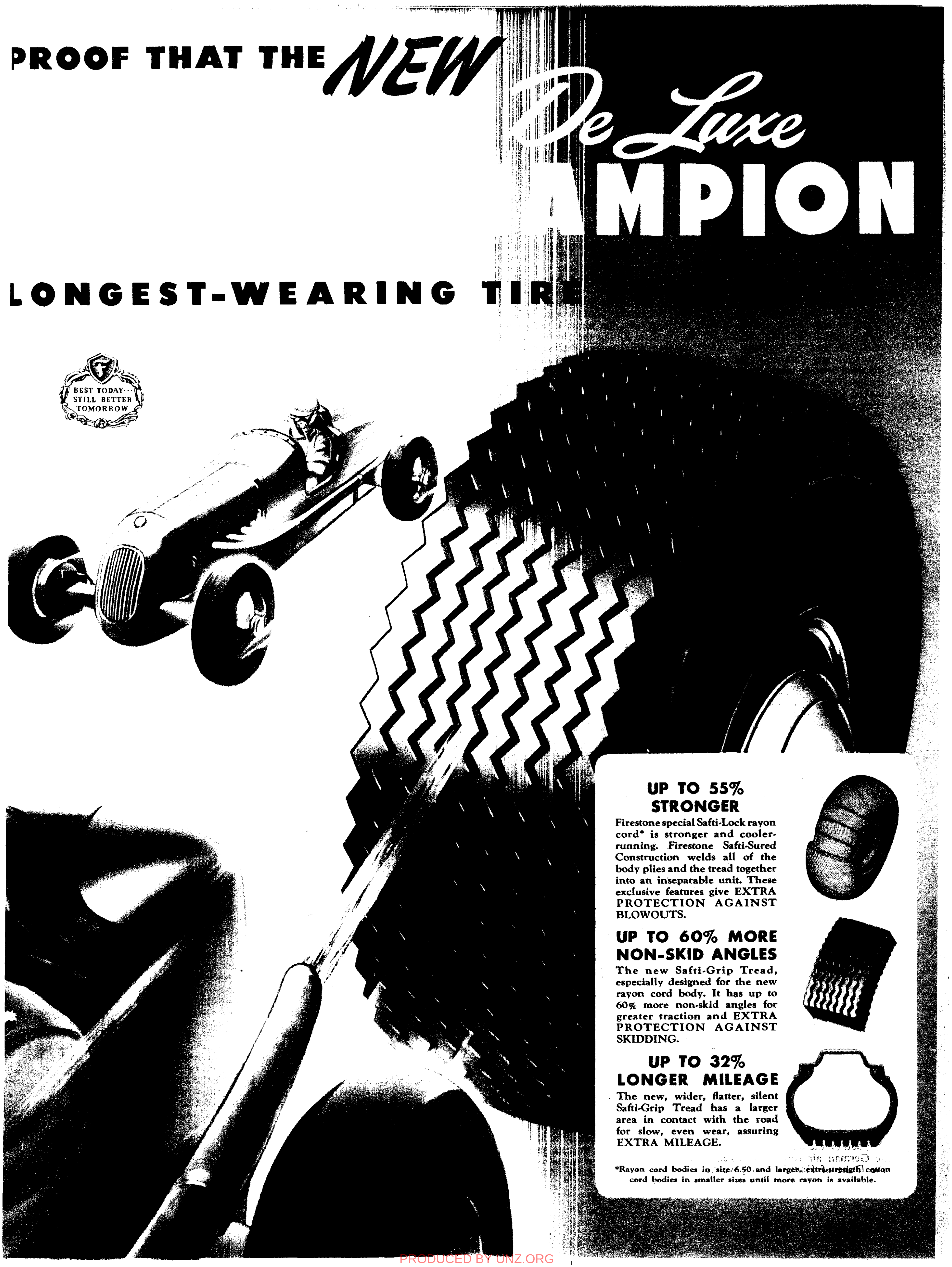

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by long-range bombing, after which her life line was to be snipped at Gibraltar, leaving her utterly vanquished. Then, and only then, were the *Luftwaffe* and the *Wehrmacht* prepared to raise their dukes to the Russian bear.

Sometimes a military move is so palpably foolish that you are unwilling to believe it is foolish at all. So when Hitler turned his back on England and threw himself upon the guns of Moscow, military observers in Washington figured that Hitler was obviously going to lick Russia in six weeks. It never occurred to them that it was just that old indigestion. But Goering and Keitel knew. They knew that Hitler was on the sprint again, hoping to break the tape at Moscow before that nasty, nonexistent stomach cancer tripped him up.

Plans for Seizing Gibraltar

His catcher's-mitt cheeks drawn in with pouting, Goering related the details. "I had a beautiful attack on Gibraltar all planned," he said. "It involved four divisions of my best paratroops. In addition we could have attacked from the sea, and it would have been easy because the English had only one poor air base for defensive flights. I am convinced we could have captured it.

"The very week before my attack was to begin, Hitler called me to Berchtesgaden and said he had decided to invade Russia the next day. I was shocked and stated that we were not ready. He said we could use the troops already prepared for the Gibraltar attack. I felt this would be suicidal, leaving us open to attack from the rear, and pointed out that we must deliver a knockout to England before we split our forces.

"Hitler was adamant. He stated that Russia would fall within a couple of months and the *Luftwaffe* could then return to the English front. I became extremely excited and asked Hitler if I could think it over.

"I went out and walked several miles around the foot of the chalet and finally returned to tell Hitler that it could not be done. He became extremely angry, stated that we would attack Russia, that we must attack Russia now, because if something were to happen to him, no one would be left to direct the offensive. I did my best to prevent it, but on his total insistence I finally yielded. We threw our *Luftwaffe* into Russia. They were swallowed up and the major striking force of my *Luftwaffe* was wiped out."

Finally, as the Russians began to turn the tide, Hitler grew so furious he refused to talk to Goering. He communicated with him only by written memo. "Hitler didn't have to be worried about me," Goering remarked. "I wouldn't have dared say, 'I told you so!' "

Keitel, too, made representations against the Russian attack. In fact, he said, every officer above the rank of major general attempted to advise against the campaign. Hitler's reply was, "I must see it through before I die."

Hitler's decisions being as peculiar as they were, it is easy to understand why Ribbentrop, the man who had to put diplomatic props under them, gradually became peculiar himself. Pacing up and down his messy cell at Nuremberg, he reminded one of a caged panther. Spiritually he was a hollow shell. Utterly unable to make a decision, Ribbentrop was now the yes man par excellence. His secretary, Margaret Blank, capsulized him in this way, "The decisive factor in his activity was his implicit and unreserved obedience to the Fuehrer. Even at the times when the decisions of the Fuehrer did not correspond with Ribbentrop's opinion he would without resistance execute them to the fullest."

After long hours of discussion with the one-time Foreign Minister, I finally put the question to him point-blank: "Why did you always obey Hitler?"

He replied, in a hollow monotone, "In 1941 I had a meeting with Hitler. We had a disagreement. It was really a very simple sort of a thing—over a decoration. I had a decoration for service in the Foreign Office, and Hitler was bringing out a new decoration which would have made mine only a second-class one.

"Really it wasn't very important. However, we argued and I lost my temper and stated that if my opinion wasn't good enough I would resign.

"Hitler looked at me, walked up and down, got white, sat down in a chair, muttered a little and then said I was killing him. He said I had threatened before to kill him and that I had given him trouble in the handling of Eastern policy.

"He seemed unable to speak for a moment, then roused himself and said I could go—but that he would have a stroke, that his ear had started to ring, that he was about to die. He said that I had been the direct cause of his death, and in killing the Fuehrer I had wiped out the future of the German Reich.

"I became extremely upset. He looked like death. He seemed unable to breathe. He was very pale and you could see the veins stand out on his forehead. I thought he would die and I seized his hand and took an oath that I would never do this again, that I would always stand behind him, no matter what he might plan or do. He rallied and thanked me and we parted not too friendly."

"Looks like you got trouble with some old shrapnel wounds here"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

Ribbentrop paused and slumped back on his cot. His eyes, so ringed with black they looked like hockey pucks, stared blankly at the cell walls as he added, "I have never been able to get over this scene. I never disagreed with the Fuehrer again for fear I might cause a stroke and kill him outright."

An Old Habit with Ribbentrop

Each time I came to his cell to talk to him, Ribbentrop was pacing back and forth and his inevitable greeting was, "Doctor, what shall I do? What shall I do?" Fearing he might be cracking mentally I consulted his secretary about his behavior. But Miss Blank matter-of-factly replied, "Oh, no, Doctor, he's always been like that. He used to pace and mutter like that for days. Then he would go see Hitler and come out with eyes gleaming, happy again."

It had, of course, occurred to me that running through the entire Nazi coterie there may have been a strain of homosexuality. I broached the subject to Baldur von Schirach, who had been leader of Hitler Youth. He said:

"It was extremely important after the purge of 1934 that no one having any question of homosexuality be connected with the Nazi Party. Any youth leader who in his early twenties was not married was viewed with suspicion."

I asked Goering, the man most likely to know and the man most likely to tell, about Hitler's own sex life. Goering replied, "Hitler was just as normal in every way as any normal man."

Discussions with the other war criminals and with Hitler's doctors indicated that Goering was almost right. Hitler did manifest less sexual energy than the average man and it appears quite likely that he is what we call the "latent homosexual type." He apparently had a deeply repressed homosexuality which he converted into unbelievably prolonged and strenuous work. Goering likewise had a low sexual potential and a similar sublimation into eighteen to twenty hours of work a day.

"Why didn't Hitler marry?" I inquired. I was told he actually wanted to marry Eva Braun some years ago. But Goebbels counseled against it and Hitler deferred to his judgment, on the ground that a single man would have more appeal to Germany's women.

All the top Nazis talked volubly about the great turning point in the war when American and English bombers began roving in force over the Reich. I asked Goering about it because of his boast that Allied TNT would never sully the sacred soil of Deutschland. It was a sore point to discuss.

Goering said he had caught enough hell from Hitler about it already. "At every staff meeting Hitler screamed and raved at my *Luftwaffe* for permitting the bombings," he pouted.

"Did Hitler see the devastation?"

"Ach, no. He disliked very much to see any of the destruction and when he would ride about the country he used to pull down the curtains on his car so he wouldn't have to look at the damage."

Probably no event of the war left as many unanswered questions as the Anglo-American thrust into Normandy in June, 1944. Why didn't the Nazis throw our five divisions back into the Channel? We know, of course, that the Germans expected another and perhaps greater invasion in the Pas-de-Calais area. Goering told me that. But there is a good deal more to the Normandy story.

"Why didn't you develop your Normandy beaches more strongly?" I asked Speer, the brilliant architect who was genius in chief of the Atlantic Wall.

Speer replied with solemnity:

"I walked over those beaches myself, with the heads of our naval intelligence. The navy men told me that landing any large body of troops over a beach of that type was an absolute naval impossibility. The navy told me the only way to mount an invasion would be through a port. So I devoted my whole activity to fortifying the ports—and you know what a good job I did there."

Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz said that he, personally, had never been consulted on beach fortifications, but admitted, "I would have considered it an impossibility to transport an entire army over an open strip of sand." To this, Erich Raeder, Doenitz' predecessor as commander in chief of the navy, added, "It was my opinion that no naval vessels could get close enough to be of any value in unloading troops." He had not counted upon Churchill's artificial "mulberry" harbors or on the ubiquitous ducks and rhinos which ferried our men and arms from ship to shore.

"And what about landing craft?" I inquired.

Reichsminister Albert Speer replied, "We believed landing craft could be used only for raiding parties, as demonstrated in the Dieppe raid."

Actually the Dieppe raid of August 19, 1942, viewed as an utter fiasco at the time, had thrown the Germans off their guard. It confirmed the German belief that no attack in force could be successfully thrown over a beach.

Goering, after acknowledging that he thought the Normandy assault was diversionary, feebly explained that he failed to hurl the *Luftwaffe* against our English ports and mounting areas at Portland, Southampton, Plymouth, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight "because of my extreme shortage of planes. We didn't know you were mounting so many troops," he added impatiently. "That would have been the best time to use our aircraft. We just didn't know you had all those troops there."

Why Monty and Ike Were Amazed

Montgomery, commanding the five invading divisions under Twenty-one Army Group, and Eisenhower, at SHAEF's forward headquarters near Portsmouth, were flabbergasted to find the Normandy defenses as shallow as they were. But defense in depth was not at all the German idea. Hitler, when finally he forced himself to view the Normandy landings as a *fait accompli*, pinned his hopes on a fantastic entrapment of as many thousands of troops as the Allies could cram into their lodgment area above Caen and St.-Lô. General Alfred Jodl, chief of the German command staff, seemed almost to blush at this notion as he related it to me.

"The German staff plan, as evolved by the Fuehrer, was to permit as many British and American troops as possible, who survived the actual landings, to penetrate a short distance and then pinch them off and annihilate them," said pint-sized, heel-clicking Jodl. "This was Hitler's basic theory. He simply missed on the timing. He waited too long before giving the order to counterattack."

A native Bavarian who went overboard on Prussianism, icy little Jodl finally admitted that Hitler's scheme was more Wagnerian than realistic. "Both Keitel and I wanted to roll the invasion back off the beaches as soon as possible," he allowed. "But Hitler had a vision of a gigantic killing zone. Goebbels backed him up because of the propaganda value. It would be better for morale to trap a large number of Americans and cut them to pieces than simply to crush the vanguard as it landed."

Schirach, who was in Austria at the time, said Goebbels' propaganda was tremendously successful. "During the entire first period of the invasion, every yard the Americans gained and every man they put on the beaches were considered that much of an advantage for us," Schirach declared. "We who were in Austria thought everything was going according to plan." Goebbels carried it to such a ridiculous extreme, Schirach said, that soon his propagandists were shouting "Hurrah for the Third Reich'

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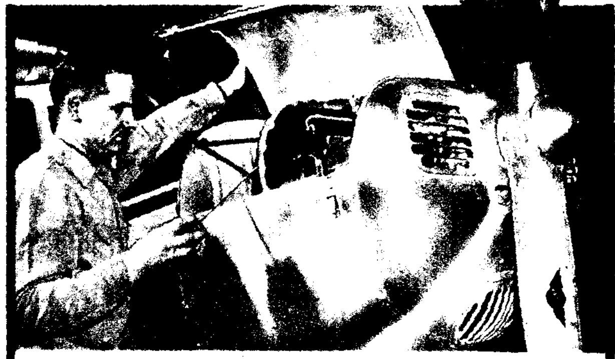

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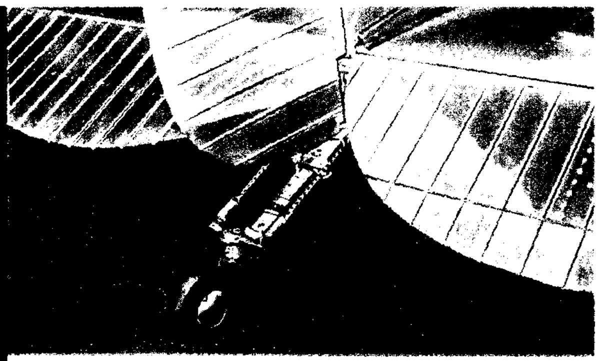

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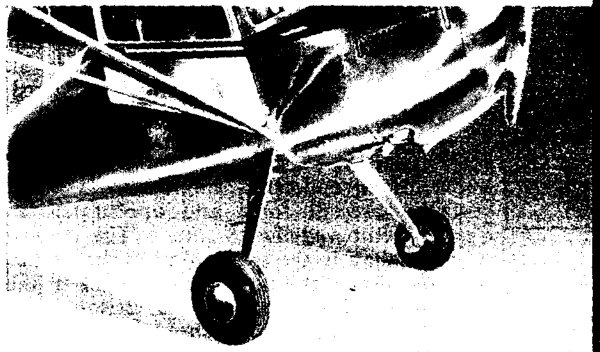

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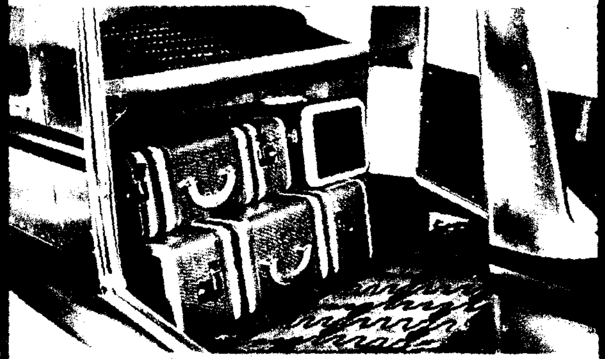

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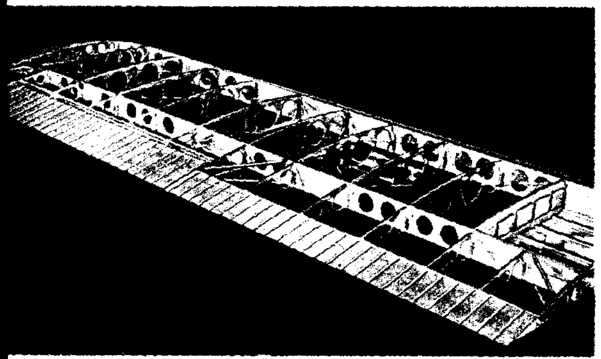

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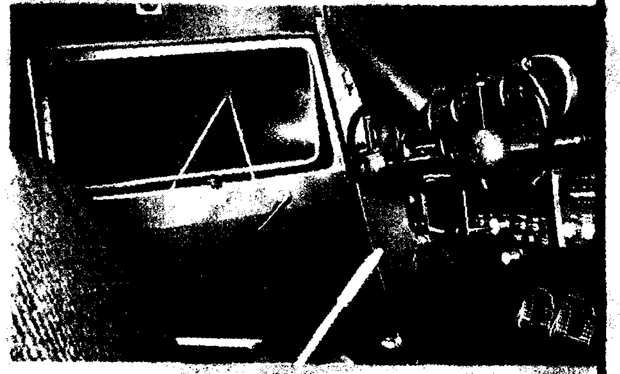

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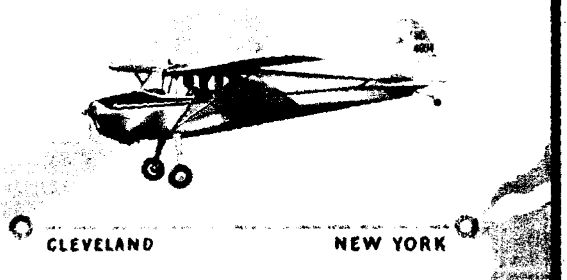

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each time a fresh American division thundered across the Omaha and Utah sands. After all, it meant 17,000 more decadent democrats in Hitler's trap.

"But the trouble was," Schirach continued, "that Goebbels oversold this idea to the point where Hitler was taken in by his own propaganda. Goebbels painted such an alluring picture of the enormous killing zone, the most gigantic trap in history, that Hitler began to believe it. He kept ordering his generals to let a few more thousand troops ashore before we strike."

This developed into a vicious circle. The more troops that came in, the more Goebbels raved of annihilating them. The more luridly he portayed the trap, the more troops Hitler wanted to "lure" into it.

Mystery of the Wooden Bullets

The major bafflement in my own branch of the Army, the Medical Corps, stemmed from a thoroughly unexpected quarter. The Germans were using wooden bullets in Normandy! In the early days of the invasion, when everything bore an aura of the unreal, the discovery of wooden bullets set up no end of speculation. Conservative correspondents cabled their papers that the Germans were so short of metal they had to shoot wood. Others hinted at a secret weapon—wooden bullets which would poison their victims.

More seriously, Major General Paul Hawley, chief surgeon for the European Theater, and Colonel Elliott Cutler, chief consultant in surgery, launched studies on the effect of wooden bullets upon body tissue. What had the Germans discovered? What was the mystery of these purple-colored pellets spewed out from the embrasures of Fortress Europe?

I carried this mystery with me all the way across Europe to the Nuremberg jail. Then one day I buttonholed Jodl and put the question to him. At first he stiffly replied, "No wooden bullets were used in Normandy."

"That's a remarkable observation," I replied, "since I have in my personal possession a collection of wooden bullets picked up on the battlefields."

Jodl was dumfounded. "It isn't possible," he said. "We used them only in training."

Then a spark of recollection came into his frigid eyes and he continued, "Ah, we did have a division in that area which was in training. Undoubtedly it had been supplied with wooden bullets. We used them for training only to save ammunition. Undoubtedly this division was caught short without adequate ammunition and simply used these bullets for lack of anything else. After all, no commander in his right mind would equip a division with wooden bullets. Except at short range they are totally useless."

Jodl got so angry I had to remind him that the war was over. But his eyes flashed rage at *dummkopf* troops which, after training for years to beat off the Allied invaders, would finally go popgunning with practice ammunition.

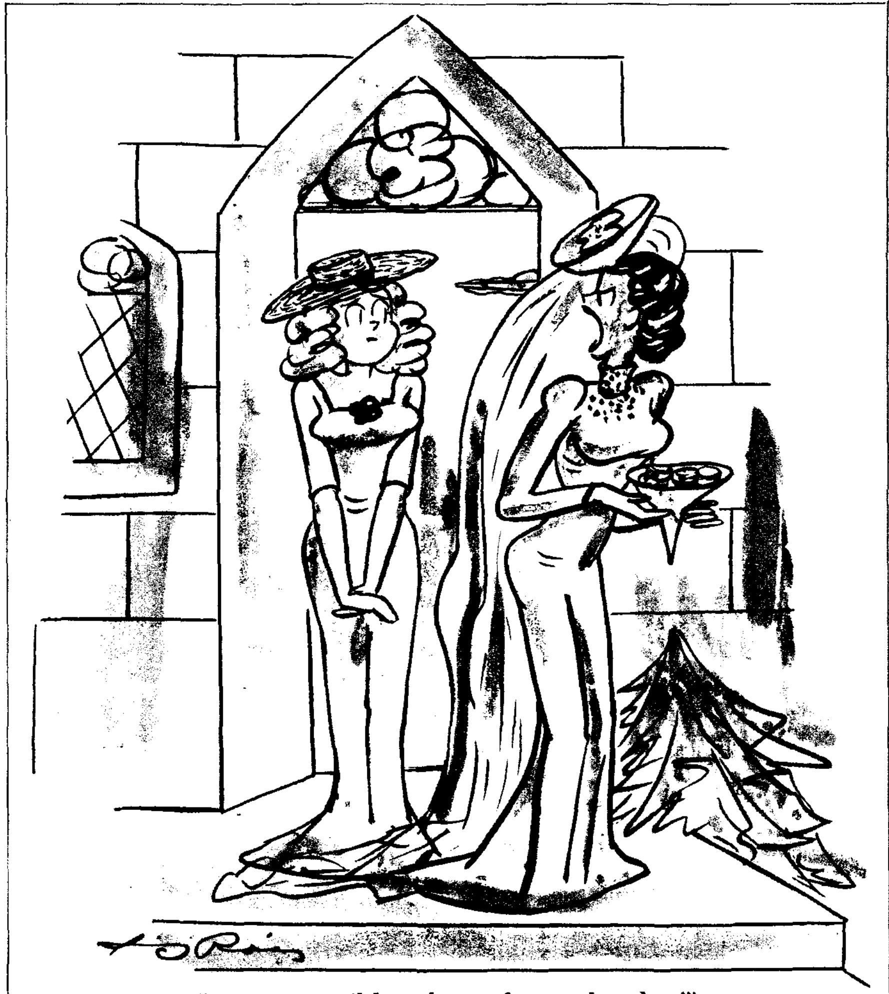
The famous Ardennes offensive, the Battle of the Bulge, over which we made such fey speculations, turned out to be an utter fizzle in the eyes of the high Nazis. It was their crowning disappointment. It never really got started.

I was interested in getting Jodl's view because I happened to be in the center of that one myself. We had set up a forward hospital at Ciney, in Belgium, and one day we awoke with considerable discomfort to find the front rolling back behind us. We asked G-2 for information. Where was the German drive headed? The answers were reassuring. We wouldn't have to pull out at all. The German drive was headed north to capture Liége and would by-pass us very nicely on the left flank.

How wrong this was I never knew until I put the question to Jodl. "If the attack had gone according to plan, your hospital and all of Ciney would have been overrun within the first forty-eight hours," he said. "I remember Ciney very well. The attack was supposed to go straight over it."

The thrust northward toward Liége was simply a feint, Jodl explained. It was balanced by a feint on the left toward Bastogne. Had we not misinterpreted these feints as the main attacks we might have allowed the drive to burst up the center in its intended sweep south of Brussels and on to the port of Antwerp. But our own miscalculations sent the Third Army dashing northward to engage the Bastogne feint and the First Army wheeling to smash the Liége feint, both with such enthusiasm that the Germans expended themselves on the flanks.

"We were supposed to cross the Meuse between Namur and Dinant and then swing in a northwesterly direction, by-passing Brussels to the south and capturing Antwerp," Jodl said.



COLLIER'S "Just wait until he asks me for another date!" IRVING ROIR

When the drive failed, Jodl was convinced Germany had lost the war. So were Eisenhower, Bradley and Montgomery. But not Uncle Adolf. As Jodl put it, "The bulge might have worked. If it had we might have won the war. Since it didn't, I told Hitler to make peace. Hitler became excited and said, 'Germany will eventually win the war! I will win it!' For obvious reasons I could not press the point. It would not have been healthy."

Hitler's reasons for prolonging the war beyond any sensible limit stemmed mainly from the attempt to assassinate him on July 20, 1944. After that trauma his mind did a somersault. Before, he had feared he was going to die at any moment. Now he was sure he was indestructible. His physician, Dr. Karl Brandt, told me, "After his miraculous escape, Hitler developed a sense of unswerving belief that Providence would always step in and save his life or carry out his purpose at the last minute."

Goering, apparently sensing his Fuehrer's new trust in last-minute miracles, played up to it at every turn. Long before Hiroshima he told Hitler the Reich would soon have an atomic bomb. When I questioned Speer about this, he sneered, "We weren't within years of developing an atomic bomb; Goering was always talking through his hat."

Speer, as the Reich's production chief, had the unpleasant job of implementing Goering's pipe dreams. He recalled his embarrassment over the jet plane, which Goering prematurely advertised to the Fuehrer.

"We had produced one jet plane, just a single model for trial purposes," he related. "Goering had a look at it. He was tremendously enthused and went rushing off and brought Hitler down to see it, telling Hitler that here was the secret weapon that would win the war. Hitler wanted to know how many we had. Goering waved his arm and said, 'My Fuehrer, we can have 500 within a week!' Hitler was enthused and went back to his headquarters to plan the use of this new weapon. He was profoundly disappointed when he found it wasn't even in production."

At the end of March, 1945, Hitler, absolutely certain of a last-minute miracle, called a meeting of top Nazis and *Gauleiters*, including many whose cities had been bombed from under them. Schirach, who at this time was doubling as Reichsleiter of Vienna, attended.

Never Lost Hope of Victory

"Everyone came to the meeting expecting to be notified that Germany was quitting the war," he said. "Instead Hitler got up and talked enthusiastically about secret weapons and preparations which he could not reveal but would be used at the crucial moment.

"He then said that certain cities might have to be defended to the death as part of the plan. To be sure the *Gauleiters* would not surrender their cities, he gave each of them a medal in advance. Thus they went away from the meeting with decorations for bravery in defending cities which had not yet been attacked."

In April, 1945, with the Ruhr fatally encircled, Hitler probably wanted to pinch himself to see if he was still indestructible. But in this dark hour, according to Dr. Brandt, came the biggest lift of all. Franklin D. Roosevelt died on April 12th. Hitler was ecstatic. "You see, it is just as I told you," Hitler told Dr. Brandt. "Providence has killed Roosevelt to demonstrate my rightness!"

But only ten days later, Hitler was contemplating suicide. American troops had knifed all the way to Czechoslovakia, the Ruhr double-encirclement had sapped the last strength of resistance, and Russian guns were pounding at Berlin. A messiah complex could not stand up to this kind of reality. With the radical change such a personality is prone to, Hitler the Indestructible called Jodl to his Berlin headquarters on April 22d and said he planned to commit suicide that night. He told Eva Braun to prepare herself—*Der Tag* had arrived.

This was strange talk for Hitler, who in the early days had said, "No one but a weakling or a fool ever would commit suicide." His secretary, Christa Schroeder, told me he would not permit anyone to speak of suicide in his presence and once had remarked to her, "No one should ever commit suicide because there is always a way to restore oneself to his position in life." But toward the end, Fräulein Schroeder recounted, Hitler changed his view on suicide. He remarked, "I can easily understand how *someone who no longer thought himself healthy* could do away with himself."

But Hitler reneged on the suicide plan of April 22d. A momentary success on the eastern front buoyed him up at the last moment. He told Eva Braun to go home, all was forgiven. Eight days later, on April 30th, he summoned her again and—as far as scores of investigators have been able to discover—shot himself in a Berlin bunker.

Blueprint for a New Nazism

Dr. Robert Ley, the Reich's Minister of Labor, before he committed suicide in the Nuremberg jail, harped to me for hours on his own peculiar plans for postwar world-saving. When I suggested he put it down on paper, Ley divested himself of a 3,000-word document advocating a revival of Nazism under joint German-American auspices. To sneak up on the world and catch it off guard, the new order was to be hatched secretly in Nuremberg while the world trials continued as a deceptive front.

"Our leadership should remain under the present form and appearance in Nuremberg," Ley wrote. "The American staff in the front office in the Palace of Justice, the German staff back in the internment wing of the prison. . . . Solitary confinement should of course be abolished. I do not ask any other favors."

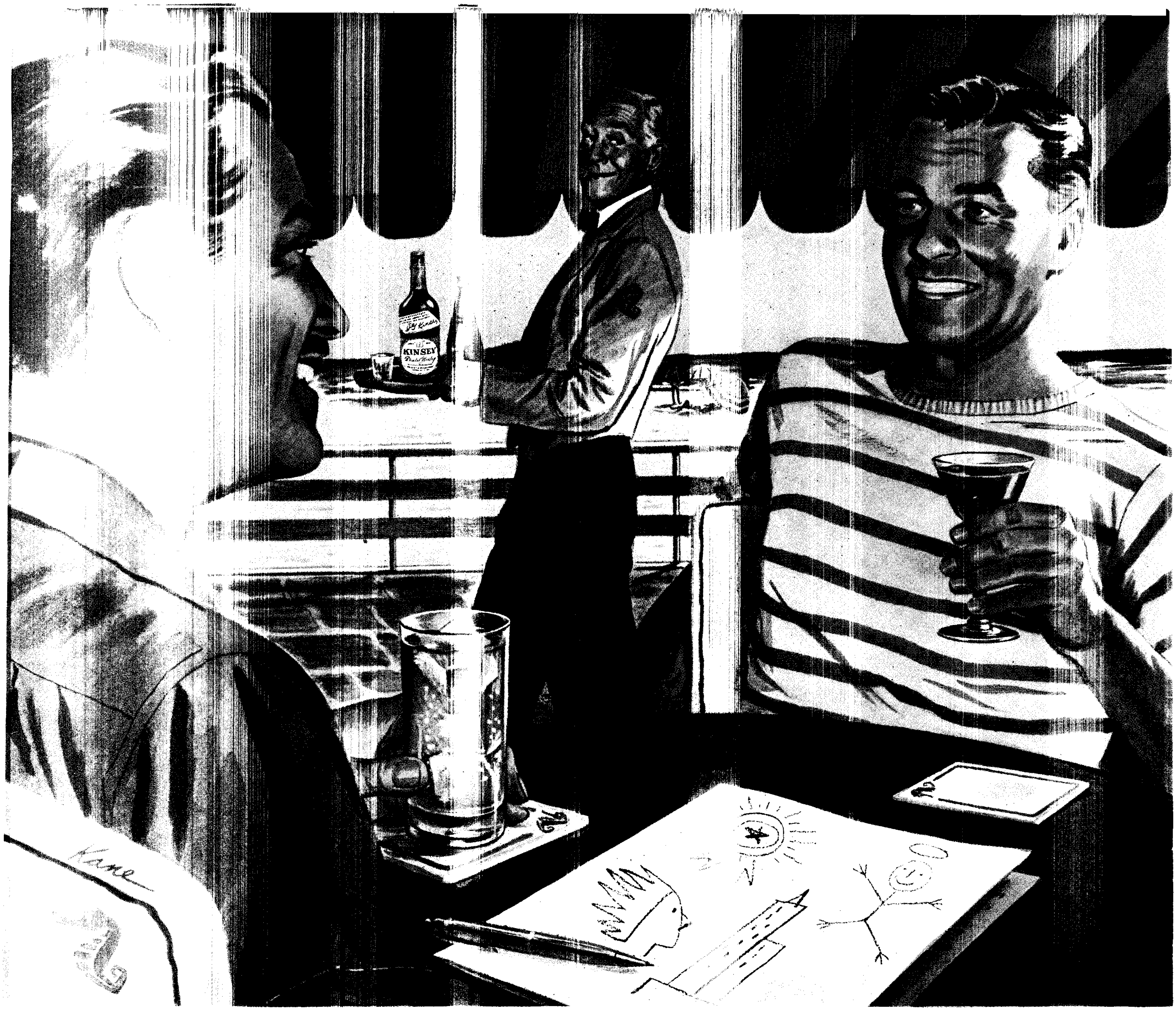
A few days later I was summoned to Ley's cell posthaste, to find him exceedingly dead. He had hanged himself on a towel draped over a toilet fixture. We turned his body over to his fellow Germans for burial. It gave us a revelatory preview of a Nazi's return to his own people.

Two German truck drivers stuffed Ley's body in an open box lined with butcher paper and carted it away to a cemetery. They methodically dumped the box on the ground beside an open grave. Two elderly gravediggers arrived. One looked into the box and said, "*Ach*, so that's the great Robert Ley."

The other shrugged, seized a corner of the box and said, "Let's go."

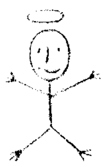
They tilted the box until Ley's body rolled head downward into the grave, then kicked the box aside and took to their shovels.

THE END



Can you guess what these doodles mean?

Well, this medal reveals that subconsciously the doodler is thinking of the friend who recommended superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey to him.



This is the waiter. He earned the halo by his promptness in bringing the gentlemen those delicious drinks made with full-bodied Kinsey.

The skyscraper obviously stands for Manhattan, which the Indians sold for $24. Our man is thinking that when it comes to cocktails, Kinsey Manhattans are unmatchable for flavor, and absolutely priceless. *He's right, too! If you like a whiskey that's light and mellow . . . and full of rich flavor . . . Kinsey is for you.* Try it tonight!

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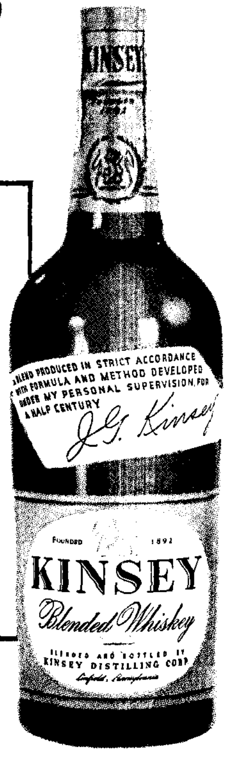

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

Bo McMillin's a great family man, but his job doesn't permit him to be home very often. The photographer was in luck on this picture. Here's Bo, his wife Kathryn, and four children (from left to right), Mike, Nuge, Janie and Jerry, aged 4, 11, 12 and 14 respectively

Indiana's Bo

BY ASHTON REID

Grid coach of the year is legendary Bo McMillin who tutored the Collegiate All-Stars for the game with the professional Los Angeles Rams

MOST American athletic heroes have a peonylike quality, which is to say they arrive early, bloom brightly and disappear quickly. In baseball a few ancient warriors linger about in the shadows but in other sports there are only rare cases where a great name remains puissant. This makes Mr. McMillin of Bloomington notable. He is literally a picture of a legend walking.

He is now a compact-looking gentleman of uncertain age with a poll of white hair and an ingrained sentimentality of such character that he might easily be caught weeping at charades. As the fabled "Bo" McMillin of Centre College, he was almost solely responsible for the democratization of college football. At that juncture he was most evidently a tough and cocky youngster successfully playing the role of David against the entrenched Goliaths of Harvard and elsewhere. He is now the slightly dignified coach of the Indiana team that won the Big Ten championship last year and finished the only undefeated season in Indiana's history.

The idea that Indiana might ever win a Big Ten football championship is obviously nonsense. The mystery is how Indiana ever stayed in the conference. Chicago has recently taken its marbles and gone home, having had enough of contusions and shame, but for what seemed hundreds of years Chicago was a giant and a bully where Indiana was concerned. Indiana of course never considered resigning but it was common knowledge that the big boys often wished she would go on away and quit being a nuisance. Bo has changed all that but his old friends were horrified when he left a cushy thing at Kansas State to take the Indiana job.

"I'm not going down there to run a graveyard," said Bo, talking loudly to hide his uneasiness, but he must also have been told something encouraging by E. A. Clevenger, Indiana's athletic director, because he arrived in 1934, planned to win the Conference by 1936 and was only thwarted by unkind fate. In view of the fact that Indiana had gone through many dolorous seasons in which they had won nothing from nobody, this was confidence of unexampled temerity.

Now, this is a line of reasoning that is distasteful to Mr. McMillin because he has been followed through life by the suspicion that he is an almost too-engaging Pied Piper. The bluenoses were inclined to sniff at the strict amateurishness of the great Centre College teams and the feeling was not dampened later when he turned up as coach at Centenary, Geneva and Kansas State with more material than seemed possible.

A Football Success Formula

However, we have looked into this matter with attention, have carefully taken the depositions and direct testimony of Mr. McMillin and are prepared to give him a clean bill. As has been said, he is a legend and he is also a most personable Irishman. All other things equal, he will get his share of material. After that he will coach it within an inch of its existence and he will win games.

We can say flatly that McMillin's success at Indiana during the war years was sensational. His teams were made up entirely of boys under eighteen and 4-Fs. In 1943 his team had two lettermen, twenty freshmen and a handful of 4-Fs. They happened to turn up with seventeen-year-old Bobby Hoernschmeyer, the great passer, and got two victories and a tie out of six conference games. They almost upset Purdue, their traditional rival and that year's national champions, holding them to 7-0 and being stopped three times within the five-yard line.

The 1944 eleven started out by whacking Michigan's Marine-studded team, 20-0, and taking Northwestern, Iowa and Purdue. They finished with seven wins in ten games against all comers, the best season record in the league outside of Michigan's eight-of-ten.

Hoernschmeyer had become a Navy plebe by the time the 1945 campaign started but Bo came up with a great back in George Taliaferro, the Negro speedster from Gary, Ind. He ran all over Michigan, and Indiana won again, 13-7. Three days later, young Taliaferro had the help he needed. Back from the wars came Pete Pihos, All-America end of 1943, who was now placed at fullback and Howard (Goon) Brown, a guard who became the bulwark of the Indiana line two days after he checked in at Bloomington with his Purple Heart and assorted battle stars.

They managed to salvage a tie at Northwestern, 7-7, when Pihos in the fourth quarter carried four men over on his back from ten yards out, and after that it was a romp. They finished by

(Continued on Page 44)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN—PIX

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1. Wide Flat Tread...for better load distribution, improved non-skid protection, longer wear.
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Indiana's Bo

Continued from page 42

plastering Purdue, 26-0, and were handed the conference title on a platter, undefeated for the season.

But since this is less a recital of Indiana's deeds and more a historical treatment of the fabulous McMillin, we retreat to those days in North Fort Worth when the McMillin family was asking the wolf at least to stand out of the doorway and let people pass. The chances were good that Alvin Nugent (Bo) McMillin would end as an associate of Bonnie Parker and other celebrated thugs of the Southwest, because the family was destitute and the children were mavericks ripe for evil influences.

What saved Bo was football; that must always be kept in mind when assessing him as a personality. He got his full growth at twelve and was in the fifth grade when one day he wandered onto the field where North Fort Worth High was practicing and was impressed into duty at left end in lieu of a larger party who had proved brittle. Bo's older brother played on that team and its coach was Robert L. "Chief" Myers.

Myers was a graduate of Centre and felt sincerely that heaven was situated in close proximity to the hills around Danville, Kentucky. He filled the boys with Centre lore and it was a certainty they would end there if they ever got through high school in Texas. This wasn't at all certain in Bo's case because in the end he was struggling through his arithmetic in a military school in Kentucky even when his other Fort Worth pals, Red Roberts and Matty Bell, were matriculating at the college.

When Bo finally did arrive in the Myers paradise, he took a practice or two and was forthwith addressed by the Chief himself.

"I can't teach you fellows anything. You know more than I do now. I'm getting a coach."

Breaking Into the Ivy League

They got Uncle Charlie Moran, the National League umpire, and Bo coached the team every fall until Charlie could get away from his baseball chores. They began to make a reputation from the start, having already played together almost ten years, and it was then that the democratization thing came. Harvard booked Centre for a game. Call it sportsmanship or commercialism or a mistake; anyhow it was a break with tradition. Centre was the Wonder Team and the American ideal of the masses in revolt.

Harvard evidently decided it would be pleasant to fill its stadium with the help of this publicity lather and the step was taken. Harvard won the first game in 1920, 34-14, but Bo and Weaver of Centre made Walter Camp's All-America that year. In 1921 Centre licked the lofty Cambridgians, 6-0, on Bo's run of thirty-five yards that started to the right and ended at the corner in the left. The Ivy colleges have never been the same since in football and are snooted quite nastily by ruffians from other parts. In one respect, McMillin may be responsible for rending the fabric of the Republic.

Bo had a whirl at professional football, manipulating his team through five games in eight days and picking up eight grand for his share. He had eleven men on the squad and anybody complaining of a broken leg was snubbed as a sissy. In addition to being a great quarterback, Bo turned out to be a close man with a kopeck. He insisted on having his money in advance and once in Richmond, Va., was given it just before the kickoff. Having nowhere else to put it, he stuck it in his football pants and was thrown into a state of terror shortly thereafter when a fierce tackle half disemboweled him and spread fifty-dollar bills all over the sward.

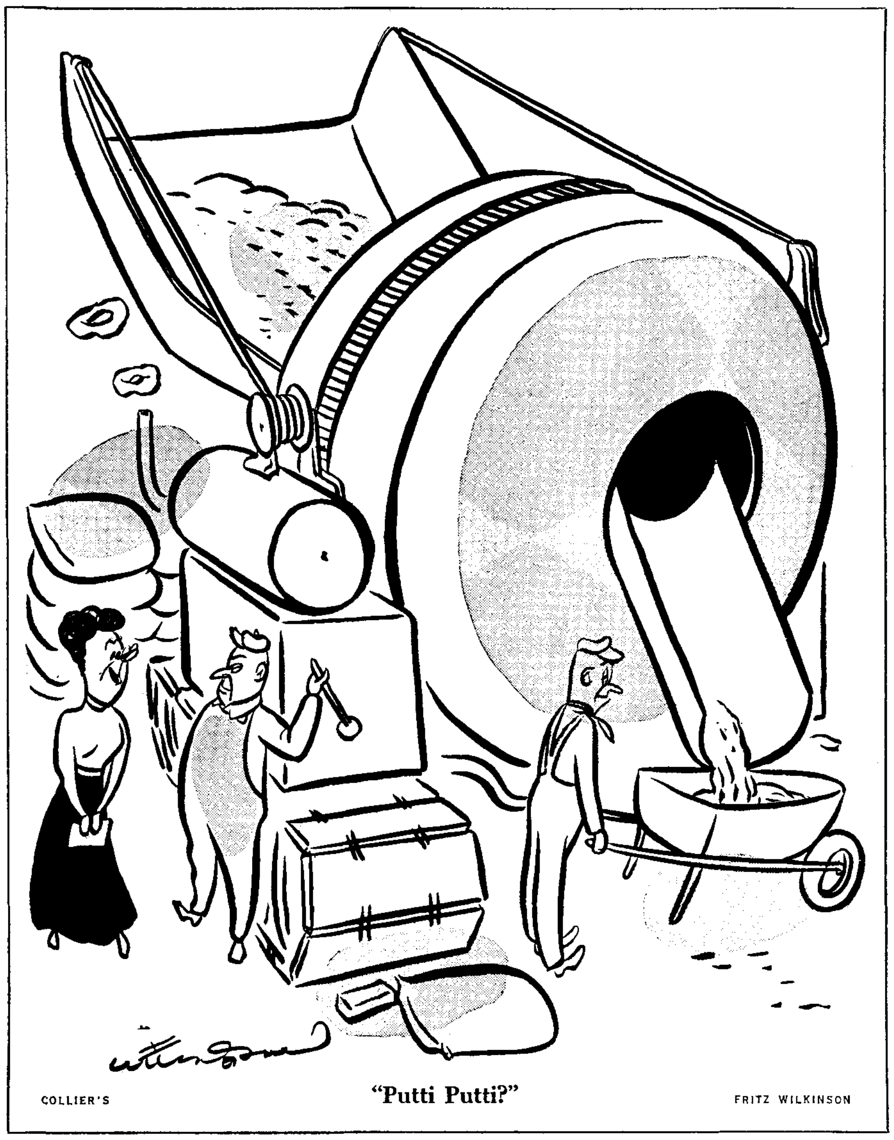
"Lock the gates!" bellowed Bo in panic. "There's been a raid."

His first coaching job was at Centenary in Louisiana and the Pied Piper tradition stems from this. It was always a source of wonder to his enemies how he got such stalwart citizens to follow him so far. This hurts Mr. McMillin and he takes pains to explain the process.

"I was at the University of Missouri for a track meet," he says, "when a big fellow came up to me, almost wrung my hand off in admiration and said he heard I was going to Centenary and by golly he was going too. That was Cal Hubbard, who was then on the team from Chillicothe, Mo., Business College. He came and brought others and I never had much to do with it except to get the boys a job when they showed up."

"You mean you were kind of romantic then and people were attracted to you?"

"Yes, sir; kinda romantic," says Mr. McMillin sadly. "I wisht I still was."



COLLIER'S "Putti Putti?" FRITZ WILKINSON

At any rate, Bo's Centenary team won twenty-five and lost only three and then he was approached by Geneva in Pennsylvania, a strict Covenanter college which was slightly shocked when it found it had hired a Catholic. Cal Hubbard took up the trek again in the rear of Bo but had to sit out one year at Geneva before getting in his final college football. At Geneva, McMillin won twenty-seven, lost five and tied one. He had one undefeated season there but lost twice to Charley Bowser's Grove City team, the hated rival.

"Always something to make you want to take sleeping pills," says Bo.

His next move was to Kansas State where his teams won twenty-nine, lost twenty-one and tied one. They liked the Texan out Manhattan, Kansas, way and he was settling down to a quiet old age when the Indiana offer arrived. The only good thing about it was that Indiana couldn't get worse. Situated in a state where basketball is a form of marijuana, he knew he would have a tough time squeezing talent from that unproductive soil. Most high schools had basketball courts seating 5,000 and no football at all. If there were any good young players around, they certainly wouldn't waste their talents on Bloomington. Notre Dame and Purdue had first crack and if there were any left over, Michigan and Northwestern kindly consented to grab them.

"You gotta have the horses," comments Bo, which is his way of saying that without material no coach gets far. But he counted on the friendships he had been building up for years to get his share of available Indiana material. He had long since become a good speaker and he knew he would have to hit the hard-roll banquet belt with something like fury, a thing he has been doing ever since. He has averaged as many as a hundred and fifty speaking dates a year.

McMillin from the beginning has spoken up to the Indiana alumni. "You got to ship, haul and drive," he told them when he first arrived, meaning that unless they helped him he wouldn't get anywhere. They have helped him very little. On certain occasions during his Indiana tenure, there has been rumbling from the old boys, and Bo has always met that by getting up before the alumni meetings and charming them and bluffing them out of their discontent. He was born with the "tongue" and knows how to use it. However, it wouldn't get him far if his record didn't support him. Given any break at all, his teams have been a credit to the college, and besides they have no golden memories to cast up to him. In the thirty-four years before he arrived, Indiana won only twenty-seven conference games. Bo has won twenty-eight in twelve years and is getting them in large gobs now.

He had things nicely arranged so that 1936 would be his first big year but somebody cast the evil eye on him. He had counted on the combination of Vern Huffman, the great passer, and Corby Davis, the runner; but Davis got an arm infection during the summer that put him out for the season, and when he got back the next year Huffman by that time was in pro football with Detroit.

He thought he had the title again in 1937 when Davis and Frankie Filchok upset Ohio State, but Purdue turned up with Cecil Isbell, and another opportunity was gone. Isbell caused McMillin's hair to turn entirely white during his playing career at Purdue and is now coach there, but the business has altered and future dermatological changes may come exclusively to the Isbell thatch. McMillin has been giving him what-for consistently and has no plans for a change.

This rivalry for the Old Oaken Bucket has had considerable blather written about it, but in truth the Bloomington citizenry is more eager to see Michigan and Minnesota smacked than Purdue. The conference title is the big stuff out that way and traditional games tend to become hazy in the face of it. There was once a time when an Indiana coach could keep his job if he beat Purdue but now he will be greeted more amiably by the Rotary Club if he causes anguish to Fritz Crisler and Bernie Bierman.

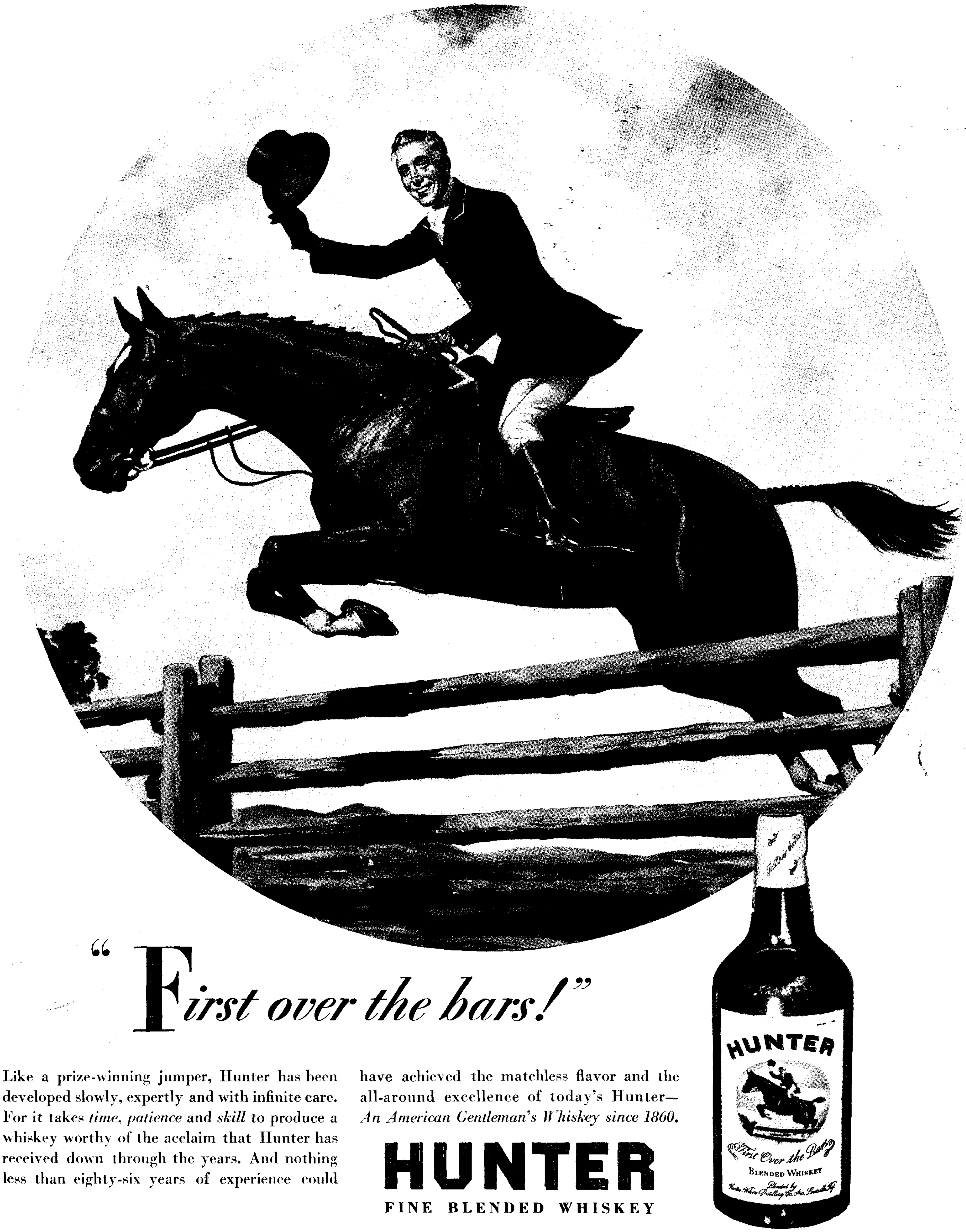
A Massacre for Minnesota

Bo has caused them downright grief the last two years. Last year at Minneapolis there was a long delay before the team could get on the field, and the team, according to Bo, was "as tight as Dick's hatband," but he loosened them up by unwrapping his repertoire of funny football stories and they went gaily forth to slaughter Minnesota, 49-0. In a noble effort to be charitable, Indiana toward the end was using men whose previous experience had been confined to the tennis and track teams.

McMillin is full of quaint Texas conceits and turns of phrases and for years he has guilefully misled the opposition by references to his "pore little boys," a phrase that has become a red flag in the Middle West calculated to get the user hit over the head with a plate. Indeed, Bo is a cutey in the best sense of the word. He is not only one of the soundest football men that ever walked but he is a master of psychology, both on his own players and others. After two straight shellackings from the pitiful Hoosiers, Fritz Crisler has announced publicly that he wishes to hear no more expressions of grief over these tragic figures and in fact will refuse to meet Mr. McMillin socially or otherwise until their next contest is decided.

McMillin learned long ago that there is no disgrace in getting beaten and as a consequence his teams will play anybody. He failed last year to get a game with Oklahoma A & M because both teams wanted to play at home, and he was sincere in wanting to tackle the great Army team. From a teammate at Centre named Gilroy, a 118-pound tiger, he got the phrase often credited to him, "They're just like anybody else; they pull their pants on one leg after the other." When Indiana was about to meet the devastating Ohio State team in 1937, Bo said, "They might beat us but they won't eat us." Indiana won that game, 10-0.

He's full of quaint country phrases, such as he used when he came to Bloomington, "I've seen a sicker cat than Indiana get well." The odds were heavily against Indiana when they played Minnesota in 1942 but Bo said, "They'll know they've bin stayed with," and Indiana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Blended Whiskey
Blended by Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co. Inc. Louisville Ky.

"First over the bars!"

Like a prize-winning jumper, Hunter has been developed slowly, expertly and with infinite care. For it takes *time, patience* and *skill* to produce a whiskey worthy of the acclaim that Hunter has received down through the years. And nothing less than eighty-six years of experience could have achieved the matchless flavor and the all-around excellence of today's Hunter—*An American Gentleman's Whiskey since 1860.*

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DIXIE BELLE

There's personal satisfaction in knowing that your own particular favorites are equally preferred by others. DIXIE BELLE for instance . . . is preferred everywhere because it's a better tasting gin . . . distilled from selected fruits, herbs and berries and choice grain neutral spirits.

A Favor-ite because it's Flavor-right!

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA put on a Hillenbrand-Pihos pass that won the game, 7-0.

Although he thinks his modern teams are fine, Bo still has a warm feeling for the old-timers. He considers Bard Farrell of Albuquerque, New Mexico, who played for him at Centenary, one of the greatest backs of all time, and he thinks Cal Hubbard was the finest player who ever stepped on a gridiron. Since the professionals concur in this almost unanimously, it is hard to see how Hubbard could be kept off an all-time All-America team. Hubbard played offensive end and defensive fullback, and the pros say there never was a player like him. He was able to murder a team singlehanded, and did it often.

On the field, McMillin has a jargon all his own. To avoid profanity, he yelps, "Well, I'll be a dirty name." He urges his runners to be "loosy-goosy" and his ends that can't hold passes are "rock-fists." When somebody misses an assignment, it's "Oh, my side and body." He doesn't drink or smoke. At Centre he was banker for the team and also its conscience. When anybody broke training nothing was said to Charlie Moran about it but Bo went out himself and chastised the offender, once bending a pool cue over a tackle who dallied too steadily with the ivories.

That Old Centre Prayer Custom

He is sensitive to criticism and wounded by cynics who feel football is anything less than noble. When recently a writer hinted that the stories about prayer at Centre before a game were a publicity stunt, he went into a state of funk for weeks.

"Why, we never prayed out where anybody could see us," he protested. "We did it in the dressing room and because Charlie Moran suggested it. One boy got so excited about it, he jumped up and yelled, 'Damn it: I want to pray.' He meant it the right way and we all did. We believed in it."

He is loyal to his friends and they worship him. His line coach is Timmy Temerario, who played for Bo at Geneva, and all through his career he has preferred men he knew from the old days. This policy seems to have paid off because he is now probably the only football coach with a lifetime job. He got his first ten-year contract in 1935 after dumping Purdue twice in succession. At the start of last season he got a new one giving him the job through 1955. This calls for $9,500 a year but there is an added clause by which he is promised a lifetime position as "professor of physical education" when he quits coaching, whether by choice or otherwise.

During the present week Bo has been coaching the collegiate All-Stars against the Los Angeles Rams (formerly the Cleveland Rams, champions of the National Professional League) in the annual game in Soldier Field, Chicago. The last time he had this honor was in 1938 when his collegers (Cecil Isbell pitching spectacularly) shellacked Sammy Baugh and the Washington Redskins, 28-16.

The Indiana schedule includes Cincinnati, Illinois, Iowa, Pittsburgh, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Northwestern and Purdue. Nothing really much to worry about except annihilation. He will have Pete Pihos, whom Bo considers the best player of the present era he has coached, but he won't have the wispy Taliaferro, who is now in the Army. But as he said when the newspapers asked his opinion on the Louis-Conn fight, "Always stick with the champion, boys," and Bo was the champ last year.

One thing he has absolutely resolved to do next year is lay off the speaking dates. They wore him out so badly last spring that his friends feared for him and rushed him off to Fort Worth to recuperate. He is a great family man and was definitely in a weepy mood last summer when his daughter, Bo Peep, was married, but he previously had felt he had to keep up his eating contacts and that has not pleased the household much.

His attractive wife, Kathryn, has a sense of humor equal to his own and she has handled the children (Jerry, 14; Janie, 12; Nuge, 11 and Mike, 4) under the handicap of papa's frequent absences. With Mike she had a good system. "This is your father," she would say to him. "Look at him well and try to remember the face. He is going out talking to the boys."

Bo has held his hand high and vowed to change, but Kathryn is quite aware that it "takes the horses" to have a football team. She knows that Bo will soon have to hit the trail again. When friends were commiserating with her last year after the Purdue game, saying, "Well, now that the season is over, Bo can settle down and enjoy his home for a while," Kathryn said, "Yes, he doesn't leave again till tomorrow at three."

Which means that a legend doesn't only walk but he eats and talks. This can get boring but victory never is.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

—entertainingly offensive and even informatively so, but offensive. When this magazine reaches that point where it offends nobody—ah, well, that's the day we shall part from this murmuring telephone and those five—no, six push buttons.

OF COURSE we shall not neglect any little really entertaining bits of intelligence that land in our lap. For example, a friend of ours now in the Philippines has just notified us that the United States Navy on Guam recently went without water for three days before a board of inquiry discovered that the enlisted man whose duty it had been to turn on the main watercocks had been demobilized and hadn't been replaced.

AND the editor of a great and powerful newspaper has just telephoned to tell us that a terrible fear has crept into his mind. "I have read the great Russian journalist, Mr. Ilya Ehrenburg's, impressions of the United States. He had looked us over for two months before setting down his analysis of America and Americans. I'm just wondering whether our correspondents abroad—modest men who make no pretensions to Mr. Ehrenburg's stature—are as inaccurate and have as little understanding of what they're doing as he is about us?"

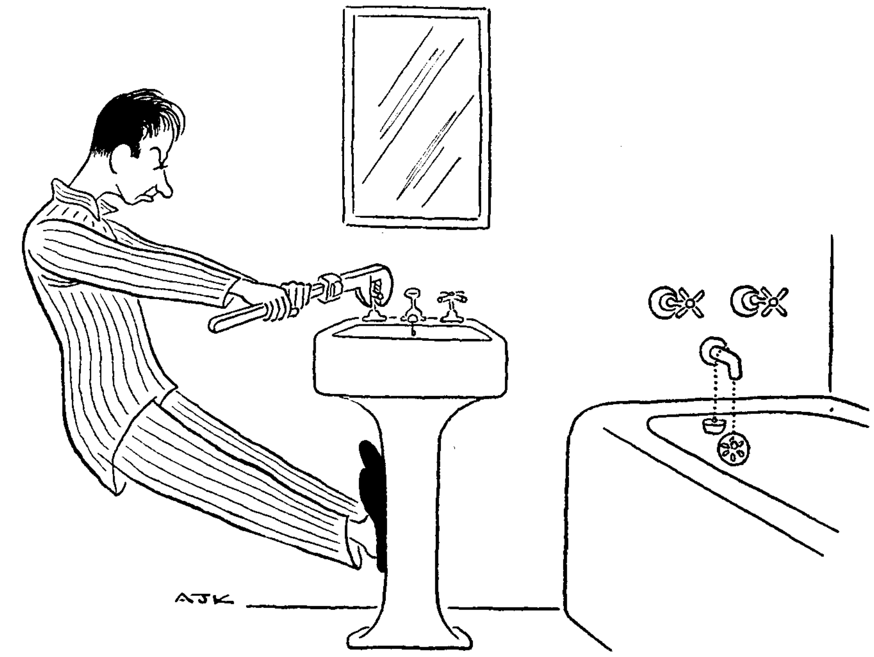
PORING over the Fairbanks, Alaska, News-Miner, we were rewarded with a classified ad: "For Sale—One dilapidated 1½-ton truck. Seven no-good tires. Motor about shot, clutch slips, burns gas and oil but plenty. Rattles and shakes but will run some."

FROM Texas, we have received an invitation to a dance. The music will be furnished by the Polecats Band. But it's the prospect of "A Hot Half Hour" that hooks us: "Thirty Minutes of Mad Massacre."

BUT we shan't be able to get there. We've got to learn to operate these push buttons. There's that telephone murmuring again. The deceitful, two-timing wench! Mr. Truman, we know exactly how you feel. . . . W. D.

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



A. JOHN KAUNU

Touch-and-Go Faucets

You have struggled for years with faucets that never quite turn off, or else must be jammed so tight that you get a burst of water when you wrench them open. But the routine of the dripping faucet will be history as soon as you get the new type of valve that works as easily as a radio dial, that can't stick or drip. Produced by Henry Dreyfuss, noted industrial designer, in collaboration with engineers of a large plumbing manufacturer, the new faucet can be turned on—or off—by any child, and will be smart bit of dressing up for your kitchen or bathroom.

The mechanical secret is a new design of valve in which the water in the pipe pushes the washer down against its seat instead of working against it, as in conventional spigots. In addition, the valve-stem threads are lubricated so that they can't jam. A third trouble-saving feature is that the entire mechanism is enclosed in a "cartridge" that can be removed in one piece from the faucet body and replaced with a new one. Only one model of cartridge is to be made, fitting every water outlet in the house. With a spare on hand for emergencies you will never have to hunt for washers or get along with the drip.

The faucet will have a plastic handle that is cool to the touch, even with the hottest water.

Glass Fish Story

For a hundred years the best fly rods for trout fishing have been made of bamboo split into strips and carefully bound together, to give the utmost in flexibility but great strength. Now, a plastic-and-glass fly rod has been invented that promises to be superior on both counts, yet weighs even less than bamboo.

Dr. Arthur M. Howald, a glass technician, is an expert at fly-casting. While designing airplane parts of glass and plastic during the war, he was struck by the similarity between this new structural combination and bamboo. The natural wood, he found, consisted of closely packed parallel cellulose fibers held together by lignin and other chemical binders produced by natural growth. An almost exact duplicate of the structure could be made by laying up long glass fibers and binding them with plastic. Strength ought to be greater because glass filaments are stronger than cellulose fibers and plastic binder beats lignin. Howald made such a rod by surrounding a light tapered wood core with glass threads, binding them together with a thermo-setting plastic.

Glass fly rods are now being tested in use. They are more elastic than bamboo, will not take a permanent "set," and can be made in any taper desired for particular fishing needs.

This Lens Is Bent to Shape

An important forward step in television receivers soon to be available will be the use of the famous Schmidt camera principle in projecting the pictures on a good-sized screen. The complicated lens or "correction plate" in this instrument, borrowed from astronomy, was featured in this column two years ago, made of plastic. Now comes the release of a secret method of forming these plates of optical glass. Thousands of special wartime lenses for military equipment were turned out, by a technique now made available for civilian use.

The new process, developed by Dr. E. D. Tillyer of the American Optical Company, will soon be used in making television correction plates of glass, said to be more permanent, and producing clearer images, than plastic. Tillyer worked out a ceramic mold with a surface carrying an intricate double curve. He then laid a plate of optical glass on it and heated it. As the glass softened, it sagged slowly into the mold, forming its top exactly to contours needed. After cooling, the back, or bottom side, of the glass was polished flat again and the plate removed, ready for use.

A single correction plate for a Schmidt camera often required months of hand grinding. Tillyer's method of "forming" has cut the job down to a few hours, made it cheap enough for high-grade television receivers.

Watch for This . . .

A duck hunter's decoy made of rubber and filled with helium or hydrogen gas, so that it can be flown on a light string. Clever design will make the "bird" lifelike. ★★★

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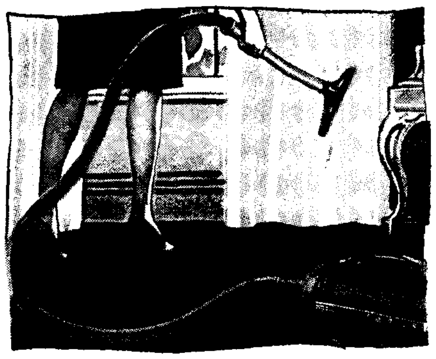

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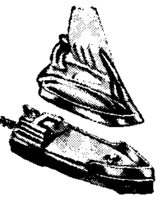

It's Cordless

It's Electric

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Factory authorized service and genuine Eureka repair parts are available nationally to all Eureka users. Check your Classified Telephone Directory for your local Eureka dealer or nearest Eureka factory branch.

A Deal With the Devil

Continued from page 21

trouble was he hadn't any money. And that trouble kept him in London for a long time. He managed to borrow a pound each from several friends, and he saved a little more, and waited till he could find a horse that was going to win at ten to one. That horse was Methuselah at Kempton Park. And away went Tifferley one Saturday afternoon to Kempton Park, with ten pounds in his pocket and a return ticket.

This time he paid no attention to the race, for he knew Methuselah must win, and he attended strictly to business, which he now realized that he had neglected to do last time; and, as a banker's clerk, he was rather ashamed of it, for he saw that he ought to have been watching the bookie, whose movements were not controlled, instead of wasting his time in gazing at the race, whose results he already knew. This time he indulged in no such absent-mindedness; and this time everything was all right. Methuselah won at ten to one, and Tifferley collected his hundred pounds. He had almost begun to have some uneasy suspicion about his deal with the Devil; but this bet dissipated all his suspicions, so far as this world was concerned. Well, there were three more races to be run, and Tifferley was delighted to notice that the winner of the next race was at five to one. A horse called Garia. So he handed his hundred pounds back to the bookie to put on Garia, and stood close beside him. A look of surprise came over the bookie's face when Garia won; the surprise of pure ignorance, as it appeared to Tifferley. And the man was perfectly honest and handed his winnings to Tifferley in fifty-pound notes.

AT LAST he felt that he was getting started, and decided to spread his next bet over as many bookies as possible, putting all he had got on Caraway, that was going to win at evens. Fifty he left with the first bookie from whom he had just received it, and with the rest of his five hundred pounds in his pocket he set out to look for more. As he approached a second bookie, a man came up to him with a pipe in his hand.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man. "Could you let me have a light? I'm not asking you for anything except a match. I've nothing except this pipe and a bit of tobacco, but I don't beg. Wouldn't even take money if you offered it to me. But a whiff of tobacco is a solace, when you're down and out."

Tifferley felt in his pocket for a shilling, which was about all he had except his £500; but the man would not take it. "No, sir," he said; "only a match. I don't beg. I was kindly given this fill for my pipe, but I can't afford a match. The thing to do, sir, if you're ever down and out like me, is just to bear it. And I find I can do that better with a pipe in my mouth. So, if I might trouble you for a match, it's all I'll ask you for, sir, and be very grateful for that."

Well, of course, Tifferley got out his matchbox; it was a little silver matchbox that had been given him by an aunt, and the man asked him if he would be kind enough to strike the light, "Because you shouldn't trust anybody at the races with a nice matchbox like that, and I wouldn't ask you to trust me."

So Tifferley lighted the match as he asked, and the man held the bowl of his pipe in both his hands while he got it lighted. Tifferley seemed sure of that, sure that he could see both the man's hands all the time. Well, Tifferley went on to the second bookie and said that he wanted to back Caraway for a hundred pounds; and he put his hand into his pocket, but there was no hundred pounds there, or any money at all.

"Changed your mind, have you?" said the bookie, as Tifferley stood there looking foolish.

"Yes," said Tifferley, "I've changed my mind."

There seemed nothing else to say. So he walked away from the bookie, and didn't go near any more of them. Sure enough, Caraway won the race. One good thing was that his fifty pounds had won with the other bookie, and not only that but he went and collected it. And with his hundred pounds in his pocket clutched firmly there by his fist, he expected to win enough on the last race to make his outing very well worth while. So he got out his race card and turned to the last race, but things were oddly blurred: at one moment he saw two names darkly gleaming at him, and then one and then the other.

THINKING things over he decided not to risk his hundred pounds on that race at all. So he went down to the railings and watched the race, instead of watching the bookies. And a very interesting race it was, two horses nose to nose, and a third hovering very near as they passed the post. The judges gave it a dead heat, and there was talk and argument all round Tifferley, and suddenly his own mind became quite clear about the whole thing, as a remark that floated up from a group beside him came to his ears, "The Devil himself couldn't tell which was first."

On his way back in the train, Tifferley began to think of his soul for the first time since he had done his deal with the Devil. Now that the dazzling part of the contract was bringing him as yet no advantage whatever, his imagination had leisure to perceive occasional glimpses of what may be called the Devil's side of the bargain. He began to be rather uneasy, but he could not yet have had any proper view of the horror of the situation, as he was still mainly concerned in his mind with getting the Devil to pay. And another thing, absurd though it may appear, that somewhat dimmed his view of the loss of his soul, was the £10 he owed to his friends. It wasn't that there could be any comparison between the two things; but the £10 was still so very much more immediate of the two.

Well, he bought an evening paper and looked up the winner of the first race that was to be run in the following week, and went round that very evening to see all his friends who had lent him a pound apiece. He had little bets with each of them, and on the next Monday evening, when the race had been run, he had of course won all his bets, and everything was settled up. He had not lost anything, but he had not made one penny, and he was down to the extent of his railway fares and the cost of his four telegrams, not to mention a good deal of entirely profitless work. But next morning he turned as happily as ever to the papers, and there were the winners of next Saturday's races glowering at him as usual with their strangely luminous frown.

Saturday came at last and, arrived at the racecourse, he went straight up to the first bookie, to put his hundred pounds on the third race, for which there was still time, on a horse called Melanesia at three to one. But the bookie looked at him with intense disgust, and turned away to another customer. Tifferley did not stop to argue, for there was not much time, but went up to the next bookie. But the bookie's clerk nudged his master, who looked up from his book and rudely told Tifferley to get out of there. Tifferley would have liked to have asked the reason of this extraordinary behavior, but to delay any longer would have cost him three hundred pounds, and he hurried on to another bookie. But it wasn't any use, for the news had now slipped round ahead of him and, strange though it appeared to this obscure bank clerk, he was recognized wherever he went. This part of the story Tifferley told me later on with astonishment.

"I had had one or two bets," said Tifferley. But to be precise it was four bets with bookmakers in London, and more on the racecourse, all of them winners, and, in addition to that, the announcement of a winner to a bookie with whom he had intended to bet, but had not done so because his pocket was picked. Nine predictions in all, every one of them accurate, and no record of any failure. And that was leaving out the ten bets he had with his friends. It seemed a small thing to Tifferley, but to the men who lived among mugs, and lived upon them as a horse lives upon grass, it was the most interesting event in the history of the world. And now, once he appeared on a racecourse, there were as many as half a dozen men who never let him out of their sight.

FROM bookie to bookie went this obscure, unknown clerk, but a finger picking a nose, or a raised handkerchief would give the sign behind him, and he was met by bookies as though he had been the social outcast, the miserable pariah, of the crudest kind of fiction. "Been sneaking round the stables again, have you?" said one of them, as Tifferley tried to back the winner.

"What dirty work have you been up to now?" said the next.

And, after all, he'd done nothing worse than spot the winner, so far as any of them could know. But then suckers aren't supposed to do that. And, if he wasn't a sucker, what was he doing hanging around bookies, among those that were? That's what the bookies felt. To them he was what a bull in a sheepfold would be to a shepherd; a large and dangerous animal among a lot of quiet sheep just waiting to be turned into mutton.

They treated Tifferley as a criminal. He went from bookie to bookie, and wherever he went he met insults.

It took him all the afternoon to realize that he would have no more bets at a race meeting, but by the time the last race was over he understood. All the way back in the train he sat very thoughtful, and he came to the point at which a man asks for advice.

I was the man he came to. I knew him because I cashed checks at his bank, and often saw him when I went in. One doesn't as a rule talk very much to a man while cashing a check; there's hardly time for it. But it happened once or twice that I wanted a bit of an overdraft; quite a small affair. And we sometimes had a bit of a talk over that. Well, he came round to me and asked my advice. Of course he didn't tell me then about the Devil; but he told me the little he thought it was good for me to know and asked me what he should do. I saw from what he told me, whatever the reason might be, that the bookies were evidently watching him. So I said to him, "My dear boy, it's perfectly simple. Bet with me instead of the bookies."

"Will you really?" he said, delighted.

"I'll be glad to," I said. "Save me the trouble of going to a bookmaker."

Well, he was very grateful, and to tell you the honest truth, I didn't so much believe in his infallibility in picking winners. I had seen too many young men, and they all had the same idea. It seemed to me that by betting against any one of them I might make more money than by using my own wits. Not that I haven't made money at the races. On several occasions I have done very well indeed.

"Did you have a bet with Tifferley?" I asked.

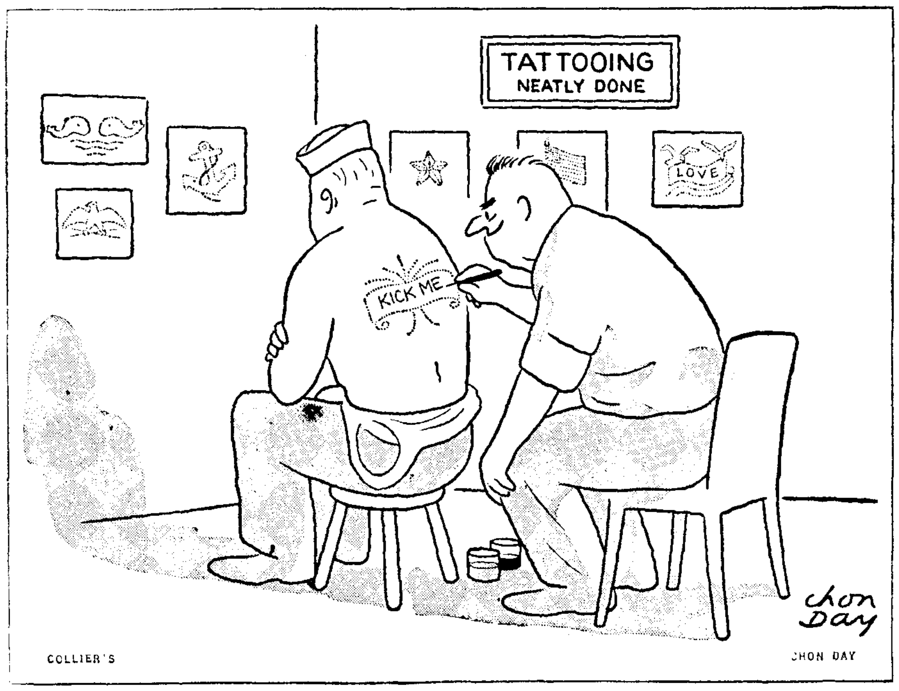
"Yes," said Jorkens, "I had a bet. He put on his hundred pounds at three to one on a horse that was in a race that was coming on in a few days time. And I said that that would suit me very well. It didn't, as a matter of fact, because the horse won. Of course I knew nothing then about the Devil. Well, he came round smiling next morning, and I tried to smile, too. But, as things were just then, it happened to be one of the times when I couldn't readily lay a hand on three hundred pounds."

You know how it is—sometimes you can, and there is no difficulty whatever. And sometimes you can't; and then what are you to do? Well, I told Tifferley how I was placed, and said I was very sorry, and that I hoped the difficulty would blow over in a very few weeks. Do you know, a most ghastly look came into his face, and he said, "You're like all the rest."

And I am sure it was at that moment, and for the first time, that he realized that the Devil wasn't straight. It seemed to come to him all at once that the deal wouldn't work; not at his end, I mean. Of course it hadn't yet been working at all, but I don't think Tifferley had realized that, as yet, for one moment. He saw each case separately, a damned pickpocket, a welshing bookie, a disobliging one, and one thing and another.

"I see what it is," he said. "Don't mind. It's not your fault. I know you'd pay your debts to the last penny. But the Devil is in this, and there's no way of getting round him."

I had begun to see by now that there



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was something more in this than met the eye, something more than Tifferley had told me.

"Yes," I said. "It looks bad, I admit. You know, I'm as sound as the Bank of England. But it's odd about the other fellows, and I see it looks queer to you. There may be something at the back of it all. Hadn't you better tell me the whole story?"

And with that he did. Shilly-shallied a bit, and said I would never believe him, and then told me the whole story. What he was doing in that wood at night he never told me, or whether he was alone. Up to the time that the Devil joined him, I mean. But he told me the wind gave one great sigh in the wood, and the thunder came up behind it and then the rain, and one great flash of lightning down through the trees, and there was the Devil in front of him. And the Devil had said to him: "Is there anything that you want?" Which is, of course, a pretty good opening for anyone out to buy souls.

And Tifferley told me about the signing of the parchment and everything else I have told you. I saw how it was at once. And I saw that it wouldn't work for me either, however good my intentions. And I thought it best to give him fair warning. "I always pay," I said, "like the Bank of England. You know that. But weren't you betting on a bit of a certainty, old boy?"

And he had to admit that that was so. Well, that put his bet with me on the same level as all the rest. What I advised him then was to cut his losses, to realize that the Devil had outwitted him, as he had done with others before, and to give up all idea of ever making anything out of it, and to concentrate on trying to get back his soul. But Tifferley had not yet given up hope, and wouldn't be bothered about his soul until he had been finally convinced by sheer facts that he had no chance of making any money.

Those amateur sleuths, he said, were not very sharp and could be easily fooled by a little disguise.

"Quite so," I said. "You may easily get past them and lay a bet, but the Devil will only get you in some other way; and besides that, however stupid they are, they'll find out in the end."

But I couldn't argue him out of going back to the bookies: it was too big a thing for him to give up. And he got back to them; his disguise worked that once. He was back on a racecourse the very next Saturday. I know that he knew it was no good, but he went. He got past the bookies' sleuths and laid a bet, and won as usual. But there was an objection, and the objection was upheld, and so he lost his bet.

HE CAME and told me about it that evening. He was frightened then. But there was another feeling in him besides fear: he felt that he was being cheated; and when he hadn't made a single penny out of the bargain, he didn't like the Devil to have his soul. But he was certainly frightened too, for when I said, "Damn it, it's not fair," he winced at the word damn.

At one moment, he was talking in a loud voice abusively about the Devil, in a way that can do no good, and at another he was imploring me to tell him what on earth he could do, so that I could see he had been drinking a little. Well, who wouldn't? And then I asked him if he had quite given up the idea of trying to make any money on the deal he had had with the Devil. And he said that he had. So I said: "Then let's get on to your soul. That's what you have to concentrate on now."

And he agreed that that was the thing to do. Whether I was right or wrong to do so, I gave him another drink, and waited for him to light a cigarette and get calm. And then I said to him, "I've got an idea. You want to get your soul back; and quite right too, for you never got anything in exchange for it, which is not fair. Now, take your last bet; you lost that by an objection."

"I did," said Tifferley. "It was a perfectly sound objection. He ran right across the other horse, under his nose."

"Very well," I said. "Now if the Devil can lodge an objection, you can lodge one too."

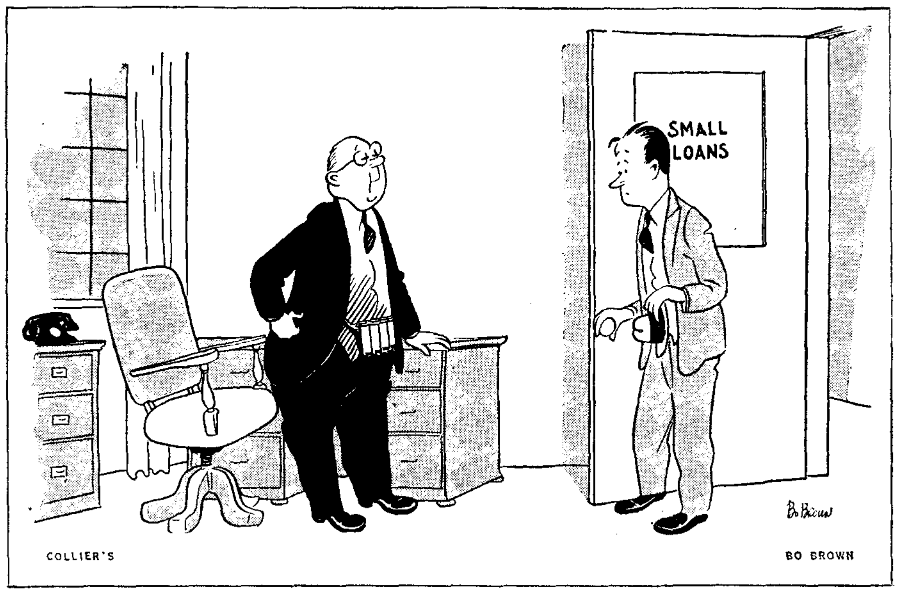
"An objection?" said Tifferley.

"Certainly," I said. "You had an agreement whereby you parted with your immortal soul on account of very considerable advantages; and, however he may have kept the letter of that thing you signed, you had nothing whatever in exchange for your soul, and aren't likely to. On the contrary, you've lost money. That's the grounds of your objection, and very good grounds. Now, how shall we lodge it?"

"I don't know," said Tifferley.

"But I know," I said. "It's not a sporting matter. It's nothing for the stewards of the Jockey Club. It's not their affair. It's a religious matter. And you want to go to the proper authority. You want to go to the bishop of your diocese."

"He's an archbishop," said Tifferley.



"So much the better," I said. "Well, all you have to do is this: Take this strip of paper to him and ask him to sign it."

And I wrote on the paper, "Objection lodged."

"You needn't trouble to write out what the objection is," I said. "It's a perfectly valid objection, and they will know all about it somewhere. Only you must have it handed in; and the bishop of your diocese is the right man to hand it to."

I was glad to see Tifferley's face light up, and there seemed hope in it for the first time since he had lost his earthly hope, which had left him without any at all, for the case of his soul seemed hopeless. But the light went out of his face as quick as a gleam of the sun on a rainy, windy day, when it flashes between two clouds that are almost touching; and he said: "It will be no use. He'll never sign a thing like that for me. He isn't a racing man, and he won't understand it."

"Don't you bother about that," I said. "It concerns your immortal soul, and it's his business to understand it. You've had a deal with the Devil and he hasn't kept his side of it. Any sportsman can see that. And surely an archbishop can see what a sportsman can see. You get him to sign it, and the objection's raised."

"He's kept to the letter of it," said Tifferley. "I can spot the winners. And that is all that he promised. I can spot every winner in that paper now."

"I know," I said. "You parted with what in the eye of the law is a valuable commodity. And I'm not implying it isn't. And you got nothing whatever in exchange for it. That's surely good grounds for an objection. Anyway, get it lodged."

"I will," said Tifferley, "if I can get him to sign it."

"Of course he will," I said. "It's his job to save poor devils like you."

Well, Tifferley went mournfully away and, as a glance of mine fell on my newspaper and I remembered his recent words to me, I wondered for a moment if I should call him back and ask him which were the winners; but I realized that I should get no more out of them than he had got.

NO, THE Devil might or might not get Tifferley, but I didn't want him to have any dealings with me. I know what you are going to say, Terbut. Well, Tifferley went to his parson, and managed to get an introduction to the archbishop, without, I think, telling the parson what it was all about, but only telling him that it was sore spiritual trouble. The archbishop had refused to have anything to do with my strip of paper at first, and Tifferley had some difficulty in persuading me that he had actually signed in the end. For after I had written it out and given it to Tifferley I saw how unlikely it was that the archbishop would take it as seriously as poor Tifferley had to take it.

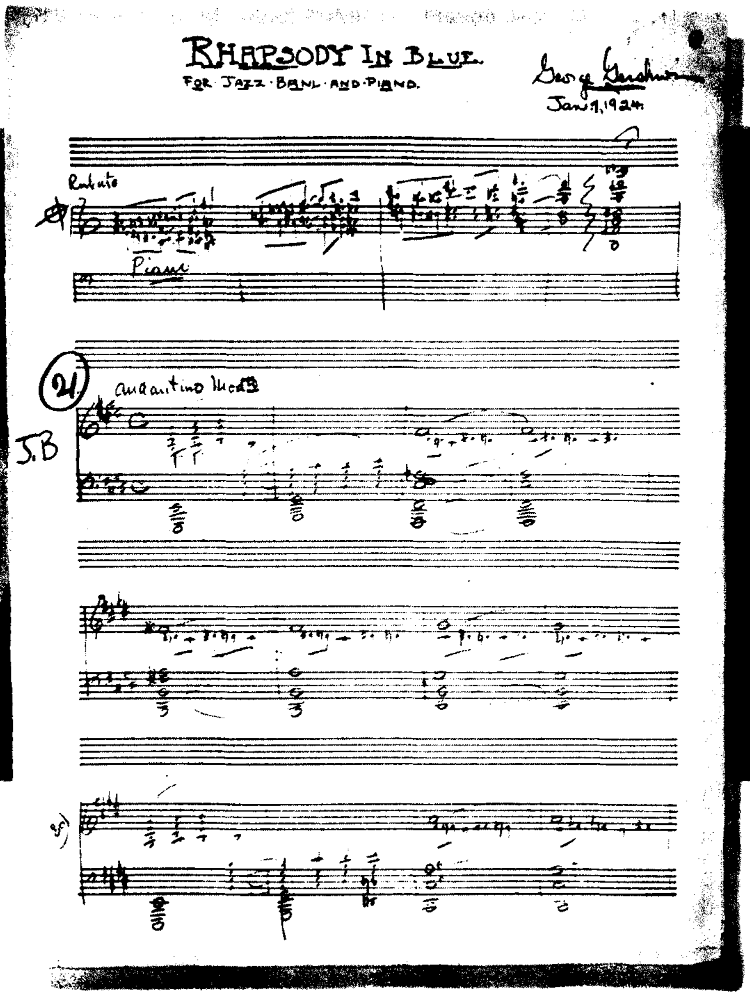
I gathered that Tifferley, who was at first kindly received, had sat a long time in a room at the palace, where the archbishop sat at a desk—a room with high mullioned windows through which light from a gray day shone in Tifferley's face, dim as his hopes of salvation, and yet shining. The archbishop gave him kindly attention. I think my bit of paper appeared to him pure nonsense. How could he have known otherwise? But the agony of Tifferley's mind was a real thing to him.

The archbishop was kind and consoling, but refused to look a second time at the strip of paper; and the more he looked away from it the more Tifferley's despair grew, and this was in the end, I think, the deciding factor. Tifferley said he gave a slight smile and signed it suddenly, and he thinks that he had convinced him of the whole story as easily as he had convinced me. But I don't think it was that at all.

I think that the archbishop saw, if not a lost soul, at least a mind straying lost very near to the edge, over which, if it went any further, it would lose the footholds of reason. And so he had smiled and signed and said goodby, and the chaplain had shown Tifferley out, clutching his absurd bit of paper; and Tifferley had hidden it somewhere in the cathedral. He wouldn't tell me where. Well, anyhow the objection is lodged; and how it will go we shan't know yet, if ever. I had done my best for poor Tifferley.

THE END

American Originals


Rhapsody in Blue
For Jazz Band and Piano
George Gershwin
Jan 7, 1924
Rubato
Piano
21
Andantino Moderato
J.B

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Twenty to One It's Love

Continued from page 15

collar-ad face—smiled too slyly, not very attractively. "This young lady is a career girl. I have spoken with her. She is not interested in the boys. She is strictly business."

"Ah?" said the young man named Edgar Anderson Brooke. "Do you really think so?"

"I know so."

"You seem very positive."

"In this life," the purser said, "I have been mistaken several times. But I am not mistaken about Miss Heath. She won't tumble."

Here was the appearance of direct personal challenge; Edgar Anderson Brooke rose to it. "No man," he said, "has a right to be that certain about anything. Would you," he asked, "care for a little wager?"

"On what?"

"On the young lady who will not, in your excellent phrase, tumble. Miss Heath stimulates me, in a mild way. I may decide to cultivate her. One hundred dollars says she'll take dinner with me, cozily, at my table, before we reach New York."

Mr. Hansson's mouth again contributed the sly smile. "I warned you, Mr. Brooke. You're covered."

"Thanks. Maybe you'd also like a chance to get your five-spot back? You can have even money it rains sometime between noon and 6 P.M."

Outside the sun shone on a sparkling sea. "Covered," said the purser.

Edgar Anderson Brooke walked away across the expensive green-paneled lounge. His feet stepped lightly; his lips pursed in a merry soundless whistle. *Miss Nancy Heath,* he said to himself, treading airily on the lush carpet. A sweet and lovely name. Like music. Like the song of a fountain in a garden. But could she indeed be without heart and difficult to know, as the vulgar Hansson said? "Nonsense," the young man whispered. It was clearly a matter of approach, of timing. What, then, should he say to her? Should he start by saying, "I hope you'll forgive what must seem a frightful impertinence. But haven't we met somewhere? At a party in Philadelphia . . .?"

She would laugh lightly. (One hundred dollars' worth of party in Philadelphia!) She'd laugh lightly and her warm rich mouth would smile. Lips like cherries in the sun. He could see it all plainly. Her lovely mouth would smile and she would say, "At a party? In Philadelphia? Well, perhaps we did. As it happens, I live in Philadelphia, and I have, naturally, been to many parties there. It's sweet of you to remember. Shall we walk about the deck and talk of the parties we've been to, Mr. ——?"

"Brooke," he would say. "Edgar Anderson Brooke. Of the State Department. Lately third secretary of embassy at Madrid." She'd say "Really!" and be impressed; and he would chuckle modestly and assure her that the title was a *lot* more impressive than the job, actually. (But he'd not carry the modesty business too far; after all, third secretary at Madrid at twenty-four . . .)

THE vision grew firmly in his mind. She would offer him her slender white hand, they would shake hands solemnly, abruptly laugh together at their solemnness. And she would take his arm and they'd stroll down the deck side by side, close together, chatting of small gay matters—and he would suggest dinner.

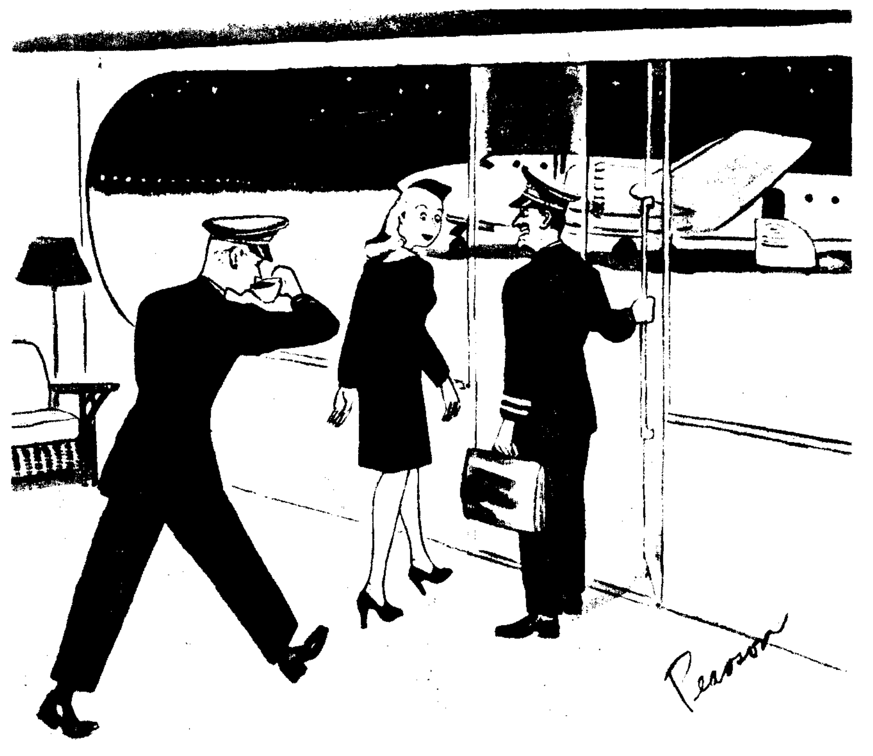
That was the way it would be, he assured himself. Now he would accomplish a brisk turn around the ship before breakfast, and after breakfast seek her out and—

Just then he raised his eyes. He looked up and the breath stopped in his throat. She was coming through the doorway at the far end of the lounge. She wore a dress of palest yellow. Sandals of a shade that was almost gold. Bare legs, golden too. Bit of yellow ribbon in her hair. The effect was magnificent. A dream of fair women! He was momentarily stunned. By conscious effort he caught hold of himself. He drew a deep breath and the pounding of his heart became bearable again.

Let it be now, he said. *Now!*

He walked forward until he stood where she must pass, and his eyes were fixed entrancedly upon her. Then she saw him.

This was the moment. He said, "Hello!" The word rang out with too much emphasis. But he rushed on, the phrases tumbling from his lips. "I hope you'll not *think* I'm *impertinent*—but tell me, haven't I met you in Philadelphia? Perhaps at a party in Philadelphia . . . ?"



"Miss Gould, will you please stop referring to our organization as a fly-by-night outfit?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Her face was serious, and she altered the direction of her head (her hair shone like fair ripe grain) and she said to him, "You're mistaken." Her voice was perfectly controlled; there was no warmth in it. She looked at him and through him, briefly, without curiosity, and turned her eyes away again and continued walking.

"But," he said loudly, in a tone of protest, "I'm not mistaken! I remember quite vividly—at a party in Philadelphia . . ."

His voice pursued her urgently; but she went on walking.

Then she was gone.

His hands dropped to his sides. His mouth hung a little open, somewhat ridiculously. He had a distinct impression of having been doused with cold water. The situation was so icily clear. She was not interested! The girl with the lovely eyes, the beautiful mouth—she simply preferred not to talk with him.

Her attitude said, "To hell with you!" Just like that!

Misery sat on his shoulders and he said, "Damn!" He repeated the word, with an embellishment. He went down to breakfast with a face like a winter sky, and on the stairway passed the purser. "Fix up your dinner engagement, Mr. Brooke?" said the purser, bland as a baby. Brooke said, "All in good time, my friend, all in good time." But he was painfully aware that there was much less than one hundred U.S. dollars' worth of conviction in his voice.

AS HE sat in his chair on the sun deck—this at eleven-thirty—he fell into musing about princesses. This was frivolous, if you like, but he was a young man on his way home from assignment abroad (a thing to stir the blood, this homecoming) and he gave a free rein to fancy. He wondered, with a quiet elation, whether there had ever been a princess with eyes like Nancy Heath's. A princess with hair that shone like fair ripe grain. It solaced him to think about this, and he forgot some of the sting. After a few minutes he decided, arbitrarily, that no princess had ever been born with a gift of beauty like Nancy's (he called her Nancy now, in his thoughts). There were, after all, only so many authentic princesses—a small number. The odds were against them.

A stout and red-faced man, fortyish, in an amber sweater and caramel slacks, wandered across the deck and nodded amiably and sat. "Been swimming yet?" he asked.

"Not I," Edgar Brooke said, uncordially.

The stout man, undeterred, spoke in an intimate voice: "I was just down on the afterdeck watching 'em swimming. Golly, there was this girl in the pool I never saw the like of. Blue eyes, golden-brown hair, see? What a face! What a fig—"

"Look," snapped Edgar Brooke in the chill, level accents of extremity. "If you don't mind, I prefer not to discuss the figure of the young woman. Is that clear?"

The stout one lifted his eyebrows. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't know I'd offended. You a reverend?"

"I am not a reverend." Edgar Anderson Brooke, tight-lipped, shifted his gaze. He looked at the sea. He observed, without much interest, a billowing cloud on the horizon. Then his eye was taken by a child, a boy of six or seven, standing at the starboard rail. "Mister," Edgar said, "I like a bit of a wager now and again. You see the boy at the rail across there? I'll give you two to one he leaves this deck and goes below within five minutes. Five dollars against your two-fifty. Are you on?"

"Why not?" The stout man pulled out a watch. "I'll time it."

In a little less than four minutes the boy turned away from the rail and disappeared down a companionway.

The stout man held out two dollars and a half. "Here," he said acidly.

Brooke fished a coin from his pocket. "Care to make it double or nothing?" he asked. "You can toss or you can call."

"I'll toss."

The coin hit the deck, bounced, rolled, and—"Heads," Edgar Brooke said. The coin came to rest head uppermost. The stout man bowed curtly, paid and walked very rapidly away.

Edgar Anderson Brooke grinned. He relaxed again. He was close to dozing when the deck steward shuffled up and paused before his chair. "Would you want a chance on the ship's daily run, sir?" the deck steward asked.

"What happens?"

"Well, you pick a number, sir. Zero, or from one to nine. Then if the last digit of the distance steamed in the past twenty-four hours—noonday to noonday—is your number, you win. Two gets you twenty."

"Fair enough," Brooke said. What number? He thought for a minute; he thought of Nancy Heath in the stateroom down the corridor—Stateroom 6. A hunch. "Is six open?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll take it."

A LITTLE later, soon after noon had been announced by eight bells on the bridge, a gray-and-white puff of cloud passed over the ship, obscuring the sun, and for twice sixty seconds rain spattered on the deck. Then it was clear again. Edgar Brooke glanced at his wrist watch. "Five dollars' worth of rain," he murmured. "This will kill the purser." As he entered the lounge he saw the slender golden figure of Miss Nancy Heath moving away from the purser's cage. The face of the purser wore that bland look. Edgar Brooke distinctly did not like it. He crossed the lounge and rapped somewhat belligerently upon the purser's wicket, making mention of the five-dollar rainfall.

He saw Nancy again at luncheon, sitting alone at her table in the vast dining saloon. He stared at her intently but did not capture her eye. When she looked up from her plate, coolly, almost aloofly, it was not in his direction. He felt awful. His food tasted like sand.

After a while the girl left the room, and he gulped his iced coffee and hurried after her. In the doorway he encountered the deck steward. "About the ship's pool, sir," the steward said, barring the way. "Thought you'd want to know. Run was 394 miles. Number four's the winner—held by a Miss Heath."

"No!" said Edgar Brooke.

"Fact, sir," the steward said.

Brooke rushed up the stairs three at a time, but the girl had disappeared. He circled the main deck. She was nowhere in sight. Then he went to his cabin and stretched out on his berth for a nap. He was aware of a great depression. He dozed, but fitfully. He thought of Nancy, and he felt awful. Melancholy bored into him like an auger. He wished he'd never boarded the ship; should have held out for a plane seat; it was all a wretched mistake. He said aloud, "I hope we hit an iceberg." But he realized instantly that there were no icebergs so far south, and he pushed his face into the pillow and brooded.

Dinner was a nightmare. He dressed carefully—black tie. He peered into the mirror and combed his hair with attention. He looked very nice. There was nothing the matter with his face. Or, he wondered suddenly, *was* there? Did he need a long talk with a psychiatrist? *Hell,* he muttered; and went down to dinner.

Nothing tasted right. He shoved his plates away disgustedly. He saw Nancy; she was radiant in a sea-green dinner dress, a soft shimmering of flowing color, and she seemed to be eating heartily. For all she noticed him, he might have been in the middle of Death Valley. In fact, he felt as if he were in the middle of Death Valley. Without any water.

The voice of the deck steward intruded, coming harshly over the ship's loud-speaker system to declare that horse racing would be offered on the veranda deck at 9 A.M. Edgar Brooke tapped the shoulder of a Portuguese dowager at the next table. "What's this horse racing?" he asked.

"Little wooden horses," said the dowager, flashing a smile. "You bet on them. Each has a number. They move according to how the dice fall."

"A mockery of the sport of kings."

"Yeah," said the dowager, colloquially.

Edgar Brooke went up to the bar and toyed with a double brandy. At nine o'clock he stepped out on the veranda deck. The sky was clear, the moon bright. It was a lovely night. A lot of people were clustered round. Six wooden horses a foot or so high stood in separate lanes on a strip of canvas stretched on the deck.

At the far left, near the finish line, Nancy Heath sat in a reed chair. Moonlight glinted in her hair. Edgar Brooke's heart flopped over. He took a step toward her; then confusion gripped him and he fell into a seat near the starting line. He studied Nancy covertly, and his face was flushed and he knew it. If she had seen him she gave no sign of it.

"First race," said the deck steward.

Edgar Brooke's eyes were on the girl from Stateroom 6. He turned his head. "Dollar's worth of tickets on No. 6 horse." *It's the hunch again,* he said beneath his breath, *the real thing.* No. 6 started well. The three dice in the basket turned up a double six on the first roll, then a single six, and another double. Then No. 1 horse moved out in front with a couple of quick doubles, and for a few minutes it was neck and neck for six and one. But No. 4 horse got under way, breezed up its lane, took the lead, held it. No. 4 finished by a margin of half a dozen spaces on the canvas track, paying eight to one.

"Five dollars on No. 6," Brooke said with dangerous calm.

No. 4 horse won in a walkaway.

Edgar Anderson Brooke shifted in his chair. His face assumed a look of grim exasperation. "Ten dollars on No. 6," he snapped at the steward.

For a while it was anybody's race. Six moved out fast but struck a lull. Three, two, and one came up even. Five showed a sprint. Then four forged ahead and slid through the field like a shooting star through a flock of pelicans.

"No. 4 pays five to one," the steward announced.

EDGAR BROOKE muttered to himself. This was not the old Brooke luck. Inwardly he boiled. He stood up, kicking his chair back viciously; he turned away from the colored lanterns, away from the chatter and all the damned bright faces. The faces revolted him. He went down the companionway to the main deck, then forward to the bow; he leaned on the rail and glared at the silver moonpath. He felt rotten. His mind was in a turmoil. Was he, Edgar Anderson Brooke, to be so distraught over dropping a few measly dollars on a chipped wooden nag . . . ?

He did not hear the light footfalls. Only when he smelled the scent that was subtly like a spring morning did he realize that the girl was also on the foredeck. She stood at the weather rail, looking earnestly at the sea. The moonlight made a clear white oval of her lovely face. Certainly she was unaware of him—but then, turning, she saw him.

Then, altogether surprisingly, she smiled.

"I heard you betting on No. 6 horse," she said. "Too bad."

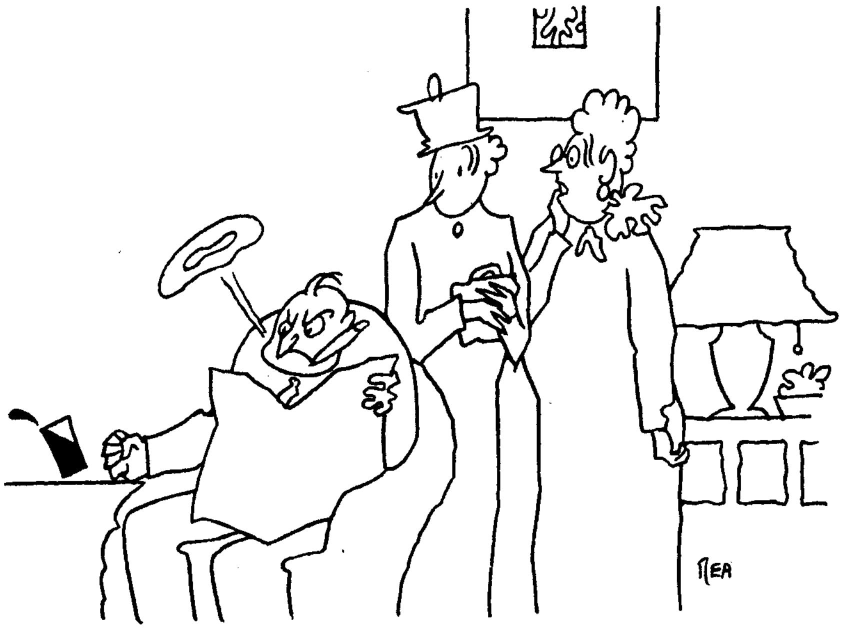
His tension snapped and he went limp. He had no voice and could not speak.

"Too bad," the girl repeated. "You really should have shifted your allegiance after the first race. I'm very much afraid No. 6 was voodooed." She hesitated. "I hope I'm not wrong," she murmured. "You were thinking of Stateroom 6, weren't you?"

Edgar Brooke jammed his fingers through his yellow hair and struggled with his voice. "How," he said hoarsely, "did you know?"

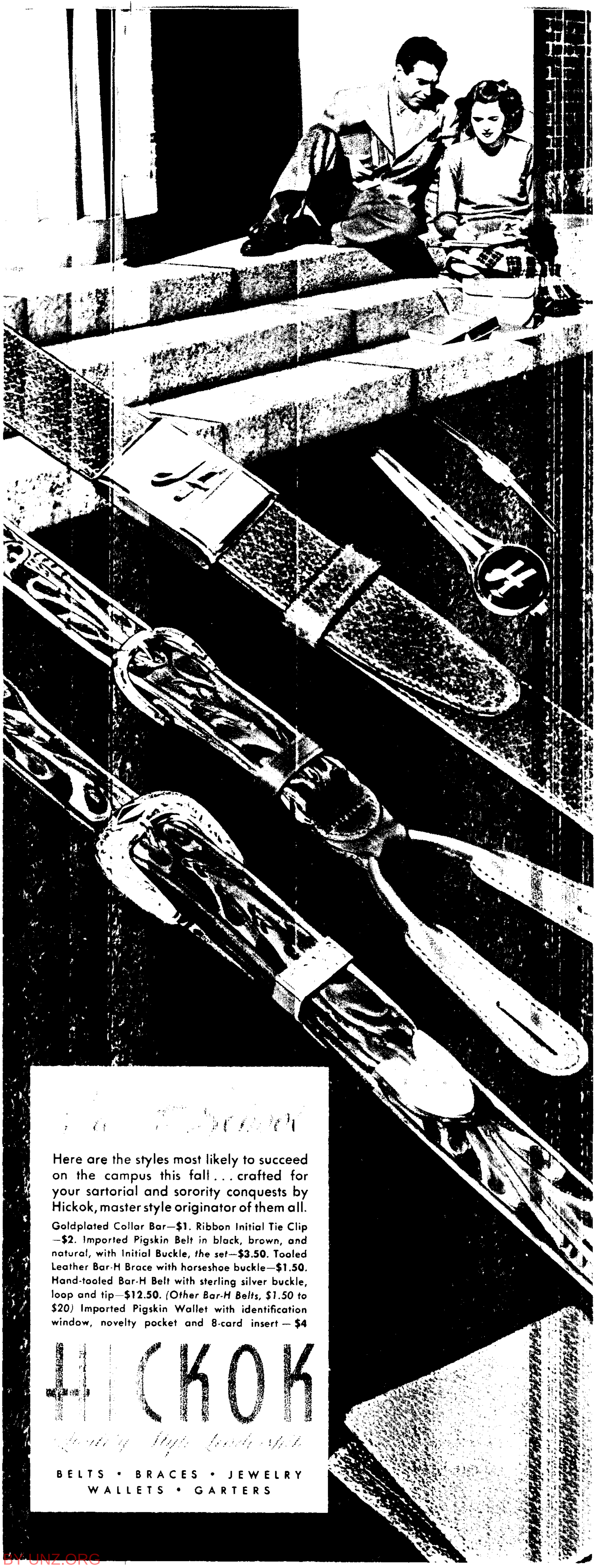
"I have hunches too. I was backing *four,* you see. My hunch paid off."

The young man from Stateroom 4 ad-



"Oh, dear! I did so hope he'd be happy with President Truman"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA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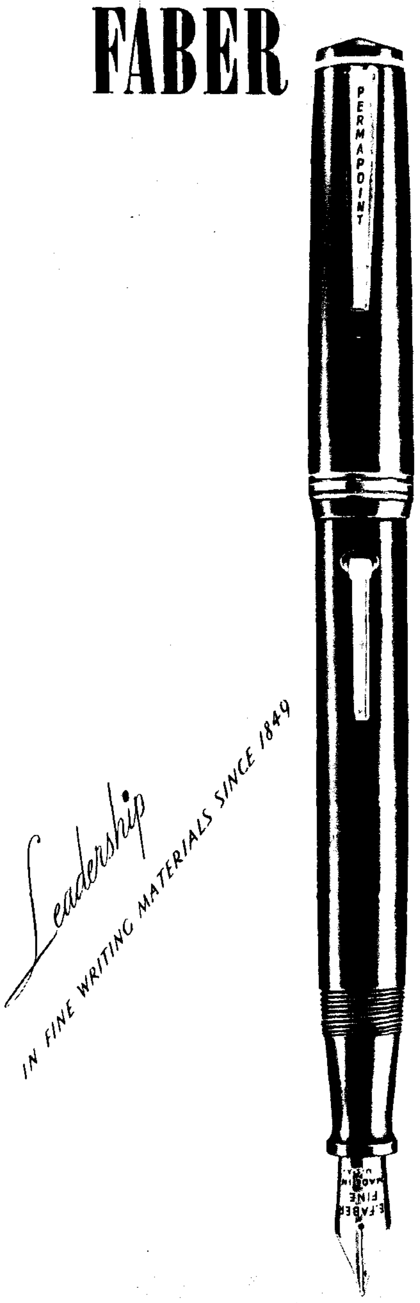
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justed his shoulders, standing straight. Suddenly the blood was circulating again. Suddenly he knew he could control his legs and his voice and his mind, and he was sure of himself.

The girl's eyes were on his face. "I was terribly rude this morning," she was saying (and even the sound of her voice had moonlight in it). "I want to tell you I'm sorry—"

"Listen," Brooke said urgently, "couldn't we go sit down and have a cordial or something in the café lounge . . . ?"

"And talk about the party in Philadelphia where quite possibly we met?" The glorious smile was still there. "Well, if you like. But you must let me pay. From my winnings on No. 4."

"Out of the question," said Brooke.

"I'll flip you," Nancy said. "Winner pays."

She took a coin from her evening purse and tossed it in the moonlight. "Call."

"Heads."

She opened her fingers. "You see?" she said. "Tails. I win. I pay."

"Sure," said Edgar Anderson Brooke. "Sure." Vast astonishment was written on his features. "How do you do it?"

"I don't know," the girl said. "I never won a thing in my life before today. I guess I've hit a lucky streak."

"I guess you have," Brooke said, and, in an awed voice, "I believe I feel a lucky streak coming on, myself."

Then they were laughing together, and they went up the companionway toward the café lounge, side by side, and the girl took the arm of Edgar Anderson Brooke.

The girl sipped a curaçao triple sec. Brooke said, "Miss Heath, may I call you Nancy?"

"If it makes you happy."

"It does. Will you take dinner with me tomorrow night?"

"Well—" Nancy said. She hesitated.

Brooke smiled at her warmly. She was a splendid girl. For a moment he concentrated on the lips like ripe cherries. "Please," Brooke persisted. "Say dinner at eight? I'll knock at your stateroom."

"Well—" the girl said again, low, "all right. I—I'd like it."

Brooke pushed the dish of salted peanuts toward her, spilling half of them in his enthusiasm.

Hansson, he said to himself, *open up your safe. Hansson, you're buying a dinner and the cost will be one hundred bucks.* Aloud he said, "It's very good of you."

Nancy Heath rose from her chair. "I'm afraid I must turn in now."

"But of course I'll see you in the morning. Maybe some deck tennis—"

"Oh," she said, "I think not. I've so many letters to write. I may be busy all the day."

She held out her hand. Brooke pressed it tenderly. "Until tomorrow evening," she said.

HAD he not known better, he'd have thought she was deliberately avoiding him next day. True, at breakfast she gave him a quick, friendly wave, but she was up and out of the dining saloon before he could approach her table. She did not appear for luncheon. In the afternoon he caught a fleeting glimpse of her in the bridge wing talking spiritedly with the ship's chief officer, a red-headed Britisher with a certain muscular charm. Writing letters . . . ? Well, maybe she'd finished her letters. But it did not please Brooke at all that she should give herself to conversation with the chief officer when she might just as well have been playing deck tennis with Edgar Anderson Brooke.

He had, under the spell of the past hours, completely forgotten the hundred-dollar wager with the purser. Now, remembering it again, he found that he darkly regretted it. It seemed somehow ignoble, coarse—a defilement of the girl's sweet innocence. But of course there was nothing he could do about it.

From five to seven he napped in his cabin, and at seven rose and bathed and dressed. He was uncommonly careful about his shaving. At the minute of eight he inserted a fresh handkerchief in the breast pocket of his white silk dinner jacket and stepped into the corridor.

Nancy was ready when he tapped on her door. Her low-cut black evening gown was a triumph of sheer brilliance. She was (and Brooke, in his mind, chose the word carefully) beautiful.

"You're lovely," he said. He gave her his arm and they went down the grand staircase into the carpeted foyer of the dining saloon. And here, abruptly, she tugged at his elbow and stopped.

"Oh!" she said. "Your shoes."

"I beg your pardon?" Brooke said, smiling.

"Your shoes—"

Brooke glanced down at the glossy black leather of his shoes. There was nothing wrong with his shoes. They looked fine. "What about my shoes?" he said.

The girl's voice was weighted with astonishment. "You mean you haven't heard?" she said.

"I have," Brooke said, achieving the light touch, "been told about Santa. A year or two ago I got the straight dope on the bees and the flowers. But nobody has ever told me a thing about shoes."

"It isn't a joke," the girl said quickly.

Her mouth, her eyes, were, in the dim amber light of the foyer, grave. She said, "Edgar, let's face it. There are people who think I'm odd—I know word of it's gone 'round the ship. Odd—because I can't bear to dine at table with a man in *shoes,* in dirty, clumsy shoes!"

"Great Scott," Brooke said. "Can't you? Why not?"

"It's a—a prejudice, if you like." She spoke low, intimately. "You see, Edgar, my father worked with an English bank in China. I was born there. Till I was thirteen I lived in China. Those were my formative years—you'll appreciate that the East left its mark on me. I was brought up to abhor *shoes* at table."

She paused. A look of pleading came into her eyes. "Can you understand?"

"I don't know," Edgar said, trying.

"You must!" Nancy said. "Think! Would you wear a hat at table? Or an overcoat?"

"Well—only if I was cold," Brooke admitted.

"Exactly," Nancy said. "And shoes if you were walking at table. But you do not walk at table. You sit, relaxed, composed. Oh, you *do* understand."

She tilted her face up to him with a completely ravishing smile. She was like a sensitive flower, Brooke could see that—a sensitive, shy flower. Hardly of this vulgar world. Like a misty figure in an old Chinese painting.

BROOKE made to touch her hand; she drew it back, but slowly, and he was suddenly ashamed of himself for his boldness. "Listen," he said earnestly, "I don't mind dining without shoes."

"And socks," she said.

"Didn't they wear socks in your section of China?" Brooke asked.

"Never at *dinner,*" the girl said. "Carriers of germs."

"I suppose so," Brooke said thoughtfully. He watched the girl's face. Fact is, he told himself, everybody's got a peculiarity of one sort or another, and Nancy Heath's quirk about germ-bearing footwear, however preposterous, might have been worse. He assured himself that for Nancy he'd go to dinner in his shorts if she requested it.

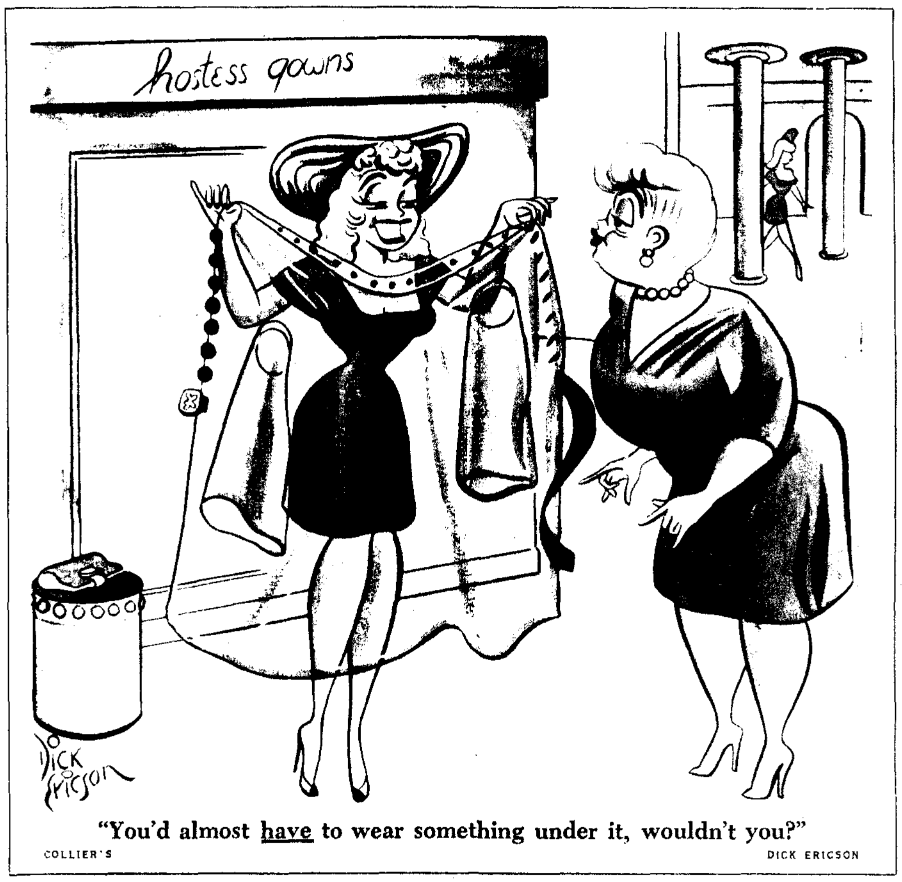
But a new thought struck him. He indicated with a finger the toes of her satin slippers, beneath the hem of her gown. "If shoes are an abomination at table—"

She widened her shining eyes. "Men's shoes," she said.

"Ah," said Brooke. "Then the ladies, where you grew up, were permitted—"

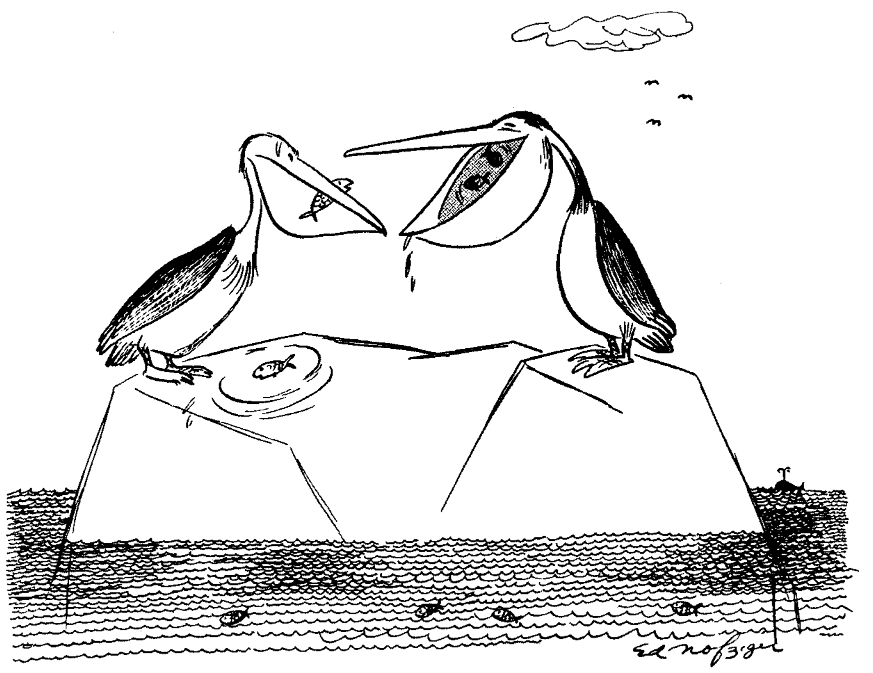
"Oh, but of course," she interrupted. "A woman's foot is *always* concealed," she whispered. Brooke could have sworn she blushed. It was charming. He shrugged, and stopped to undo his laces. He stacked his shoes in a corner of the foyer. Then, as he passed through the swinging silver doors and crossed the dining saloon with Nancy on his arm, if a dozen people saw Brooke's bare feet, and if one or two sniggered, Brooke gave them less than a thought. . . .

The dinner was good—*potage au vermicelle,* artichoke with drawn butter, *côtelettes d'agneau à l'Italienne.* Brooke expanded. He spoke with enthusiasm of Switzerland's climate, expressed his admiration for the novels of Jane Aus-



"You'd almost have to wear something under it, wouldn't you?"

COLLIER'S DICK ERICSON



COLLIER'S "Goldfish! They're pets!" ED NOFZIGER

ten, discoursed with considerable wit on the cookery of New England (deploring *it*), weighed the advantages of yawl rig over schooner rig for pleasure cruising. Nancy said little; she was an admirable audience, her lips slightly parted, she listened. It was all very agreeable. There was no discordant note. This, Brooke said to himself, is a girl in a million.

He overlaid one bare foot with the other. The air-conditioned dining saloon was cool, even chilly. At one point, surreptitiously, he rubbed his feet together under the table to restore circulation. With the demitasse he grinned contentedly and said, "We might have a brandy in the bar, don't you think? And when may I put my shoes back on? It takes a little time, you know, to become accustomed—"

ABRUPTLY Nancy's attention strayed, and Brooke, following her glance, observed the entrance of the redheaded chief officer into the dining saloon. The chief advanced across the room and, with a brisk nod to Brooke, lifted a corner of the tablecloth. He peered beneath the table. Then he frowned.

"You win, Miss Heath," he said.

"Thank you," Nancy said. Her face was without expression. The chief officer nodded again to Brooke, and went away.

"I don't get it," Brooke said.

Nancy lowered her long-lashed eyes. "It's nothing important."

"I *still* don't get it," Brooke said.

"It's just a little bet," Nancy said.

"So I gathered. About what?"

"I wouldn't bore you with it—"

"I don't bore so easily," Brooke said stiffly. "Please enlighten me."

"Well, it's rather silly, really. It's just that the chief officer and I got to talking about you yesterday. And he—well, I thought he was most unfair."

"How?"

"He called you a wolf in a stuffed shirt. He used such words as stuffy, conceited, cocksure. He said you were typical of the worst product of a chain of circumstances—Boston, Harvard, State Department, striped pants and a cup of tea . . ."

Nancy shook back her hair. "I said he was wrong. At least, wrong about the stuffed shirt. I said I could prove it. I bet him a hundred dollars you'd come to dinner tonight in your bare feet."

She gestured lightly with her hands and smiled again. Brooke sat rigid. "I see," he said coldly. "Then that elaborate story of your girlhood in China—"

"A lie," she said, looking away. "The fact is, I was born in Akron."

"A disreputable trick," Brooke said. His voice was wintry. He rose from his chair. There was a great deal of injured dignity in the movement. The girl brought her eyes back to him. And her eyes snapped.

"Disreputable?" she said quickly. "Oh, I heartily agree with you. Base, vile, disreputable. A device to win a bet. But we've both made a little money tonight, haven't we?"

Edgar Anderson Brooke sat down again.

"Both?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"I mean your bet with the purser. Do you think I was flattered?"

"Ah," said Brooke. "*That.* The purser told you?"

"Yes."

"Very unsporting of him."

"Wasn't it? And I suppose you can drum up a handy excuse for yourself?"

"No," Brooke said, and the tightness of his voice surprised him. "No. I'm afraid not." Suddenly a surge of repentance washed over him. He found that he was tremendously, urgently anxious to explain. It was necessary to say that his wager had been made before he actually knew her—

But the girl interrupted him. "You can skip it," she said.

"No! I—do you mean you're not actually angry?"

"I was. Terribly. But I don't nurse a grudge."

"Darling! And you'll resign your job?"

The lovely face of Nancy Heath revealed a basic incomprehension. "What does my job have to do with it?"

"Everything," Brooke said. "My next post may be anywhere from Budapest to Rio. You can't be married to me and hold a job, too."

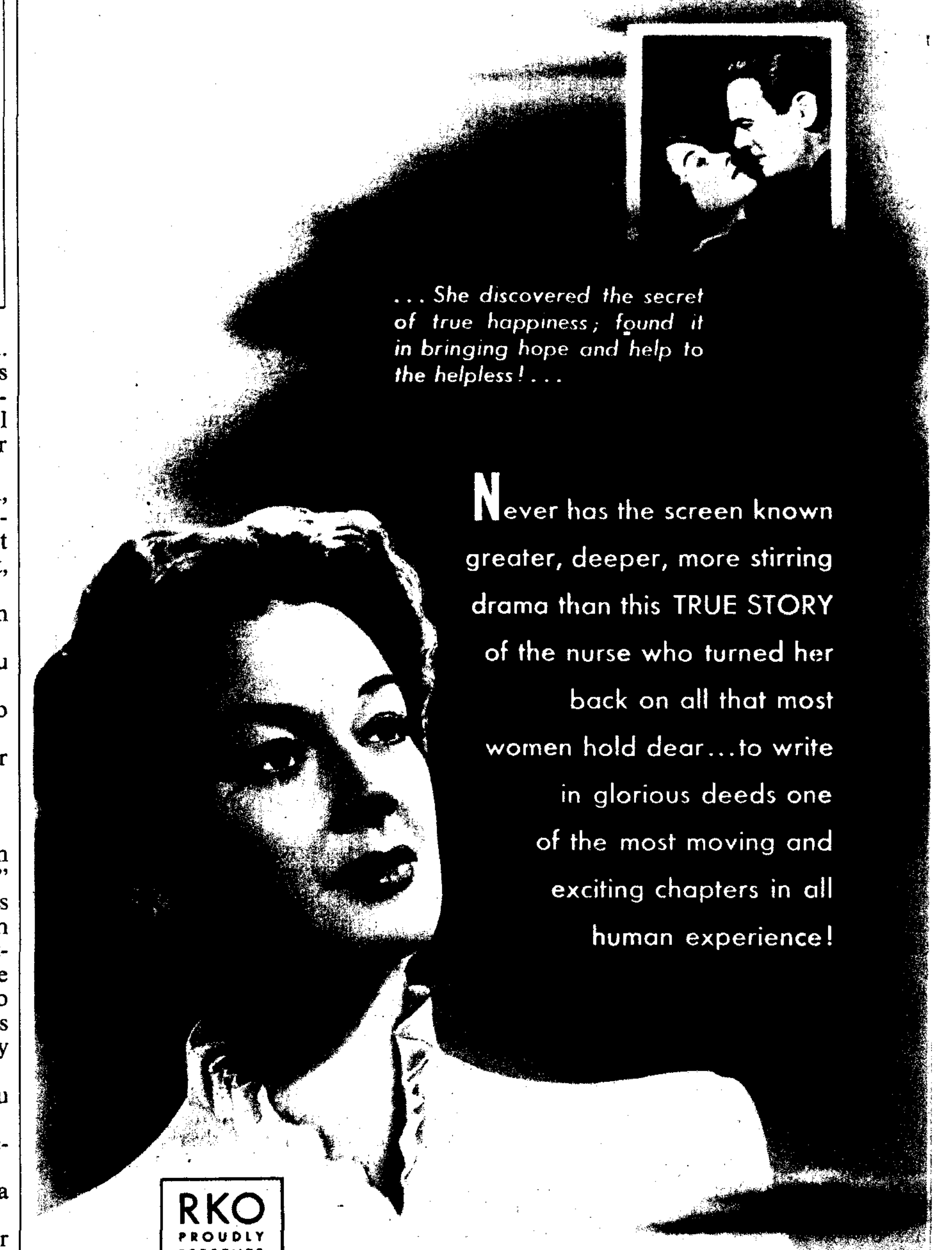
"Oh," Nancy said. "Yes, that's clear enough. But what makes you think I'm going to marry you?"

There was a small silence.

"Want to bet?" Brooke said.

And after another small silence, Nancy Heath slowly shook her head (with the hair shining like fair ripe grain), and Edgar Anderson Brooke felt his senses dimming. He stood up; he caught the girl's hand and drew her from her chair. It was with some surprise that the forty or fifty diners in the well-lighted and expensively appointed saloon observed the nicely formed girl being publicly kissed by the barefooted young man in the white dinner jacket. As several took occasion to remark, you never know what to expect on shipboard.

THE END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Sister Kenny
with
DEAN JAGGER · PHILIP MERIVALE
BEULAH BONDI · CHARLES DINGLE
Produced and Directed by DUDLEY NICHOLS · Screenplay by Dudley Nichols, Alexander Knox and Mary McCarthy

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Strange Woman

BY WILLIAM HOLDER

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

a short short story

complete on this page

THE pier was warm and pleasantly crowded. The big ship had been tied up for more than an hour, and the passengers were coming ashore. There was present none of the hysteria that had attended his own homecoming months before, George noted. It was much nicer this way.

"I hope she doesn't get lost," Alice said. "I hope she doesn't get confused and wander off."

George looked at his sister, well dressed and getting just a bit too stout. Her chatter, he knew, was a cloak hiding the fear she'd been trying to conceal for the past few weeks. He said, "She won't get lost. Why should she get lost?" He glanced again at the line forming for the customs inspection under the letter B, but Helen was not there.

"Do you think she'll like us, George?"

And he knew that wasn't what his sister meant. What she really wanted to know was, "Will we like *her?*" It was something he really couldn't answer. That, and all the unspoken subsidiary questions. "Is she nice-looking? Does she speak correctly? Will she fit in with the family? Will the Simmons, and the Trents, and the rest of the crowd we know like her? Does she dress nicely?" And he didn't know. He actually didn't know whether or not *he'd* like her.

So he said, "Certainly, she'll like you. Bound to."

"It's all so romantic," Alice said. "You being married to a girl we've never seen. Who would ever have dreamed that you'd marry an English girl?"

There was nothing much to say to that. He hadn't thought it very probable himself, a few years ago. He said, "Many Englishmen do."

"You'll have to point her out to me," Alice said. "That snapshot was awfully cloudy, George."

He nodded. "I'll point her out, of course." And he wondered if he'd be able to do it. The snapshot was certainly cloudy, but hardly as cloudy and vague as the picture of Helen he held in his mind. When you haven't seen a person for almost two and a half years, things happen to mental images. He honestly did not know whether her eyes were blue or green, whether her hair was light brown or dark brown. He could not quite catch, in memory's ear, the timbre of her voice. He really did not know what sort of person his wife was.

Her letters had continued to project the quality of her personality as he remembered it. Or as he had *wished* to remember it. That was the catch. He had in his mind a tall, gay girl, rich in warmth and laughter and love. A girl who danced well, who walked through a beautiful English spring with an easy, free stride, a girl whose eyes above her glass blanked out the noises of a pub.

"Were her mother and father . . . nice?" Alice asked. "Did they like you?"

Again the inverted question. He said, "They were fine. They thought I was all right."

Mr. Haddon, Helen's father, was a clerk in a bank, a lean and quiet man who had looked upon him with a polite lack of enthusiasm.

"What was their home like, George?"

"It was very nice," George said. A bomb had hit across the street, a month before he had visited it. The Haddons lived on the first floor of a two-family house. The small rooms had been badly shaken, and when it rained, moisture showed through a crack in one wall.

Mrs. Haddon had been a small, plump, shy woman. She had apologized for the wall, as if it had been her fault.

As if she had been reading his thoughts, Alice said, "It was too bad about her mother."

George said, "Yes. It was a shame." Helen's mother had been very ill for the past six months. Because of that, she had not come earlier. Mrs. Haddon had died three weeks ago.

Four months, he had been in England. After that France, Germany. When that was over, they had put his outfit immediately aboard ship for the Pacific. Over two years to hold in your mind a picture of the woman you had married. More than two years for it to fade, then be recolored by your factual memories and your wishful thinking, until the mental portrait you held of her now was composed equally of parts that were real and parts that were false.

He wondered now, as he had wondered so often recently, if he had made a mistake. You were quartered in an English town for four months, and in that time you married a girl you had come to love, or who was a lovely defense against a soldier's loneliness. At this moment, he could not tell which it had been.

Would she like his family and his friends? Equally important, would they like her? Would she fit into his scheme of things freely, or would there be an awkwardness or ineptness on someone's part? It was important, and he didn't know the answer. While he had been away, there had been no question in his mind. But he had been home for eight months. He was part of the old routine again, and doubt had grown heavy within him.

AND then he saw her. She was almost at the foot of the gangway, and she had a suitcase in each hand. She wore a gray wool suit that fitted gracefully her tall, slender figure. A slanted red beret jauntily topped her light brown hair.

She walked to the customs table, looking for him but not finding him in the crowd, and his eyes became acquainted with her again. The doubts started to wash from his mind slowly, then swept away with a rush like a receding wave.

This was she. This was Helen unmistakably, and whatever she was, she had not changed. The picture in his mind had been a true picture, and only the doubts had been false. This was the woman he loved and would always love, and it didn't matter a damn what anyone else in the world thought.

He stood unmoving until she was in the line under B, and then she saw him. She raised her hand and called, "Hello, there!" and her voice bit into him and awakened sweet and sleeping echoes. Her face was very lovely and there was great happiness in it.

He moved toward her and a guard said, "Afraid you'll have to wait a few minutes, mister."

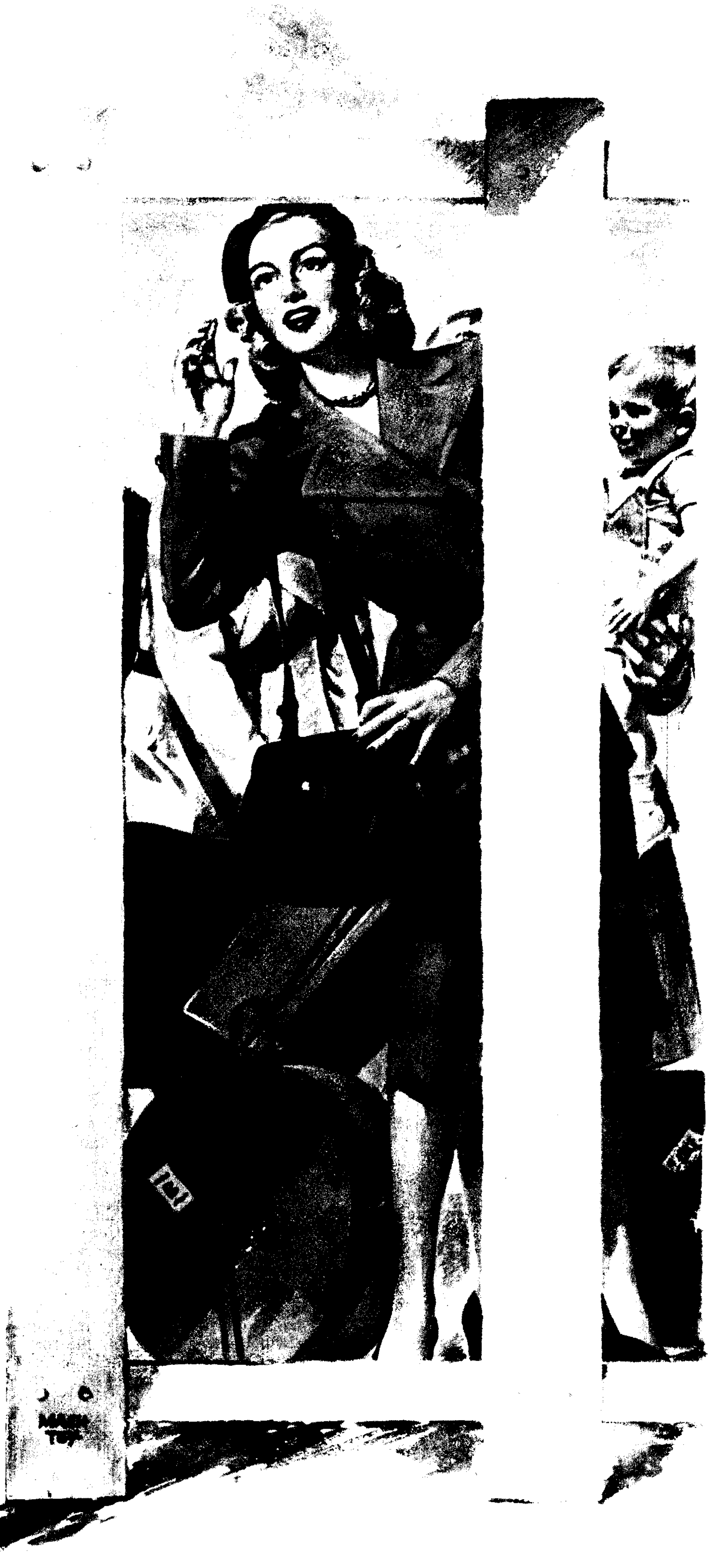
She saw he had been stopped, and suddenly she winked at him.

And the wink meant that everything was all right with her, too. It was her way of reassuring him. She'd winked at him the night they'd told her father they were engaged, when his attitude had made it plain that he wasn't exactly hilarious about the prospect of his daughter marrying an American sergeant. She had winked at him in the town hall in Bristol when there had been some minor but irritating trouble about the ceremony. And she had winked at him the last time he had seen her, on a railroad platform, when his outfit had been moving, and when they had known where it was going.

The wink was a confident and personal talisman. It laughed at outside disapproval, laughed at the absurdity of red tape, drew the claws from the terrifying prospect of separation. It said, "Don't be impatient, darling. Everything is going to be all right with us."

He grinned at her and felt wonderfully happy and a trifle idiotic, and beside him, Alice said, "Why, George! She's lovely!"

He looked at her in some surprise. "Helen? Of course, she's lovely. What have I been telling you?"



"Hello, there!" she called when she saw him. Her face was lovely and there was great happiness in it

Big Marty

Continued from page 11

cattle and horses in the pastures, money in the bank—instead of all this which meant little to him, he'd have his Sonja, and a Vickie whom he knew and loved.

"We're here," he said abruptly. The white house was big, with a large screened-in front porch, a sprawling lawn and evergreens all around. And this was stupid, too. A big, beautiful empty house—for one man. But he had shown them he meant what he said about the farm. After the first year, when he just brooded, when he spent every cent he made on liquor and grew bitter and aloof, when his friends stopped calling him Big Marty and he became just Martin or—worse—Mr. Letovaski, he had finally come to his senses. There was nothing worth while in his life now unless it might be a farm. His wife's relatives took Vickie away and he hadn't protested. If he couldn't take care of his wife, then he couldn't take care of a daughter either. He had lost the most important things because he had wanted a farm. So, finally, he had put his back to the task of getting one.

The next few years he worked hard in the mine until he became a foreman. He saved his money like a miser. After years of work and struggle and bitterness, his chance came. When Old Jackson died, his wife sold the farm and house, with all the furniture, and he bought it and moved into his castle, a bitter king with nothing to live for.

VICTORIA got out of the car, carrying her large bag. She shook her head when he offered to take it, and he felt as if she had struck him.

"The house is big," she said as they climbed the steps. "Aunt Anna talked as if you were poor."

He shook his head without answering. Aunt Anna had probably said many things, and again bitterness filled his mind. He felt curiously old and beaten. He had hoped that Vickie would come back to him one day, that she would learn to love him in the old way. Sometimes when he had worked like five men gathering in the shocks of wheat before a threatening storm, he asked himself why. Why should it matter if the rain drenched the cut yellow grain? He was scarcely conscious of a thought then but it was there: Maybe someday he could still do something for Sonja by doing something for her daughter.

Vickie walked lightly through the house, tall and slim and straight. His eyes followed her. He realized he was feeling proud—proud and humble and wondering that once she had been his. He sensed curiosity growing within him and recognized a challenge to know this girl better, to understand and help her.

"Who takes care of the house for you?" she asked, as they walked from room to room. "It's all so clean and neat—and very lovely." Again, she looked at him out of those forest-green eyes, as beautiful as his evergreens.

"The Rumsticks," he told her. "They're tenants who live very close. Mrs. Rumstick does the cooking for us."

"You're rich," she said, almost in an accusing tone, and he smiled wryly.

"Yes," he said, "I guess so."

For a long moment they looked at each other, as if they were each trying to see into the other's mind to read the thoughts there. Suddenly the girl laughed, for the first time.

"Golly, I wish Aunt Anna and Jo and Stella and all the rest could see you now. And here they've been feeling sorry for you, they've been saying you were—" she stopped abruptly, and her cheeks turned a faint pink. He was surprised. He didn't think that anything could make her unsure of herself or of her words. "They're all sort of silly," she dismissed them. "But I guess they did try. . . . You did send Anna money sometimes though, didn't you? Only she was sure you stole it or something."

"Sometimes," he said, not thinking to tell her that in the last few years he had sent enough money to take care of two daughters. "Maybe you're tired—or hungry? Mrs. Rumstick will be here soon. Just make yourself at home, Vickie." He said her name hesitantly; it felt strange but good on his lips.

"Sure," she said carelessly, but he saw her mouth twitch a little and he turned quickly toward the door.

THE next days were strange and awkward. He saw the girl at noon and in the evenings and they talked politely, like two strangers. She insisted on eating with the help, and he was jealous as seeing her laugh and joke with the men who with him were quiet. He paid them well and they worked hard, not because he demanded it but because he himself worked so tirelessly. That was the way he wanted it, or was it?

It had been a long, long time since anyone had called him Marty, let alone Big Marty. He wasn't such a big man, not even six feet, but he was strong and in the mine he had always filled more cars with coal than any of the others. He had gloried in being called Big Marty. There had been affection, too, in the men's voices when they had spoken to him. Now there was only respect.

That night they were both more restless than usual. The radio was silent, although on every previous night Vickie had dialed as if she could not bear an instant of silence. But there was nothing warm between them to take the place of words.

"You don't like the farm," he said.

"What did you say?" she asked. He knew she had heard him, but he repeated carefully.

"Oh? I don't know really. You're not giving me much of a chance to find out." Her voice seemed accusing and flat.

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"You haven't taken me around the farm, for one thing," she said, digging the toe of her shoe into the rug. "Jackson told me there was a river and a small falls where the fishing was good, and Benny said you had some fine horses." She paused, and he felt a great tide of relief come over him.

"I didn't know you wanted to see the farm." He got up suddenly and took a few nervous steps across the room. "What else have they told you?"

For a moment a cool silence hung between them. "What you think," she said. She must have seen his face whiten because she smiled then and her eyes seemed more friendly. "I think they could like you though," she said softly. "You don't try, you know."

He sat down again. God, what a strange conversation to have with your daughter! Her words were as frank, as damn' young and fresh as she was herself. He shook his head in confusion. If only Sonja could be with him now. If only she could help him to say the right things, help him understand Vickie. If Vickie left now, even after these few, strange days together, the house would seem emptier than ever. And his life, too.

"Would you like to get up early tomorrow?" he asked. "I'd take you all around the farm. We could ride. One of the horses, Sport, is very gentle. You won't be afraid of him." He could swear that for a moment her eyes lighted up; then she was looking at him coolly again.

"But how could you take the time from your work?"

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"I'm well caught up," he said. "There's time."

"I'd like to," she said then. "Sport." she smiled suddenly. "We used to have a dog named Sport, didn't we?"

Something new crept into the room at her words, something alive and gripping. That was the first mention of the past, and he couldn't understand the strange feeling within him, the fear and at the same time the terrible joy.

"Yes," he said recklessly, eager now to go back, to gamble with his daughter for her friendship and forgiveness. "He was a big black hunting dog, remember?"

"Yes," she said softly. "He used to scare the rabbits when we went fishing. Do you ever go fishing?"

"No. But we will if you'd like."

"I saw some poles in the barn?" There was a question in her voice.

"Yes." He grinned sheepishly. He had hoped that Jack Rumstick would see them and invite him to go fishing with the boys, but he never had.

"Let's go Sunday. You don't have to work Sunday, do you?"

"Not this Sunday," he smiled.

"I remember I used to fish with you on Sundays. Mama said I was awful because I wouldn't go to church with her and you were setting a bad example for me." She laughed quietly. "What did I call you?" she asked, her eyes large and curious. "Not ta-ta, I hope? That's what the Sitzka kids call their father."

"Buddie," he said, pronouncing the word "Bo-dee," as she had.

"Oh—I think I remember," she said, her eyes warm and smiling. She hadn't been calling him anything since she had come to the farm, not even at the station. All she said on meeting him was hello.

THEY didn't go fishing Sunday after all because it rained. One of the cows was sick and he spent most of the time in the barn. When he came into the house, Vickie had her head buried in a book and some of the new warmth that had come into their relationship was gone again. If only he could think of something to do for her. Maybe if he gave a party . . . still he didn't know the young people well. There was the Collinses boy who seemed nice but the Collins were in another class from him. A farmer could be rich and still not fit to associate with the high-class families. In their eyes, he was still an immigrant—or so he thought.

One morning while they were horseback riding, they met Steve Collins. Martin was still a little afraid to let Vickie go by herself and she insisted on a ride almost every morning. That was the best part of the day for him now, when the air was fresh and still cool, the sun just a pink spot in the light blue sky, and Vickie beside him. They rode out to the falls on this particular morning, and there was the Collins boy on his horse, resting under the large weeping willow. "Hello," Marty said cautiously, hoping the boy would remember him.

"Hi!" The boy's eyes were on Vickie.

"This is my daughter, Vickie . . . Steve lives on the next farm," Marty said.

"Hello," she said. "Do you ride in the mornings, too?"

"Every day in the summer," Steve said, smiling, "and week ends. I'm attending Ag.School at the university," he added. "Staying long?"

"I don't—for the summer," she said, and Martin felt that old, worn-out feeling creep into his body.

"Would you like to go to Stanville—that's the nearest good-sized town—to a dance tomorrow night?"

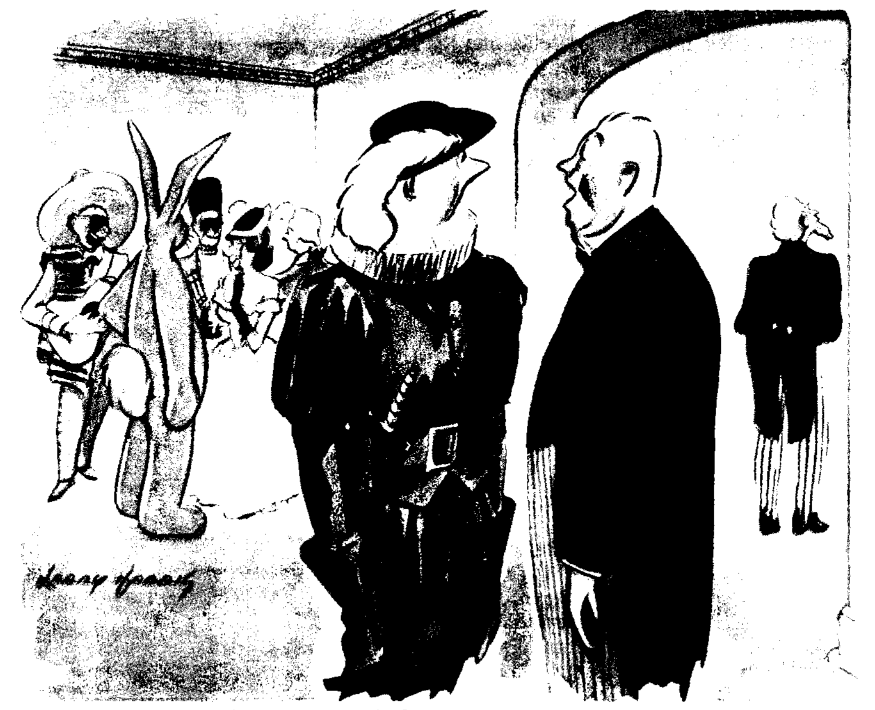
Martin felt awkward and in the way. Young people did things so fast these days. He knew he should leave them, let them finish the ride together, but he stubbornly remained. And then the girl turned her head to him and was looking at him, and there was a question in her eyes. She was asking him, not in actual words, if it were all right to accept the invitation.

"He's a good boy," he said.

"All right," she said, and struck the horse lightly to go. He galloped after her, smiling, because he knew that the Collins boy would be watching the gold hair until it disappeared beyond the turn.

The weeks passed quickly enough. There was much work to do. He seldom rode with Vickie in the mornings now. She still asked him, but she met Steve almost every day. The wheat was ripe and needed to be threshed, and he knew that the next couple of weeks would be the busiest in a long time. He worked until dark and went to bed exhausted soon after supper. . . .

He was seeing less of Vickie, because she was usually gone in the evenings. He tried not to think that summer would soon be over and she would be gone from him again. Once he asked her about this married man Anna had mentioned, and she smiled and said, "He was very unhappy, and I felt sorry for him. And I got a kick out of getting Anna mad."



"But he's not one of the guests, sir. He's here to ask you some questions about your income-tax return"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

Many nights when he should have slept, he lay awake thinking. Vickie should live with him. She could attend the university and be home week ends. She could bring her young friends with her, have parties sometimes. But there was no reason for her to want to stay. Although the weeks had made them friends, he noticed she never called him "Bo-dee." She seldom called him anything; when she did, it was "Daddy," spoken in a light, meaningless way. No, he told himself, she wouldn't want to stay and he couldn't ask her. He would give her money and hope that she might at least be happy somewhere.

TWO of his regular men were sick next day and something went wrong with one of the threshing machines. He spent most of the day tampering with it himself without success. He was a poor mechanic. To make up for the lost time, he redoubled his efforts to get the wheat in. The heat was terrible. A stickiness lasted through the night and made sleep impossible. Another man took sick. Now he was desperately shorthanded. But he couldn't take time off to drive into town to find help. He thought of appealing to Vickie, then discarded the idea. She couldn't drive into a strange town and pick up any stray man she happened to see and drag him back with her. But he must have help. If it rained, and he knew a rainy spell was bound to come after the terrible heat, the crop would be ruined. He himself wasn't feeling too well either; he knew necessary work was not being done.

Maybe he ought to give up, he thought. This was the richest harvest he had ever had. Maybe that's the way it had to be . . . Maybe the wheat and the hay were supposed to rot, maybe the corn stalks were supposed to break in a storm. Why should he kill himself trying to save them? He didn't need full barns of grain. Vickie didn't want anything from him. All she had on her mind now was Collins. If only Vickie would stay to make his life worth while again. No, he couldn't just give up. There was a will inside him that didn't let him give up.

He tossed restlessly throughout the night, scarcely sleeping, and only knew it was morning because the sun beamed like a hot stove in his window. The air was sultry. He wiped sweat off his face as he struggled into his pants. He couldn't expect much work out of the men today; he wouldn't be able to do much himself. If the rain held off, if only a few more men could help him, most of the hay would be in the barns by nightfall. Were all the farmers working as feverishly as he, he wondered.

He was surprised to find Vickie in the kitchen. "Hi," she said, "everything's ready. I couldn't sleep . . . Do you think this heat will last much longer?"

"No," he said. "But we're in for a rainy spell when it comes, and that's not good either." He gulped the hot coffee while the perspiration continued to trickle down his face.

"You're awfully short of help, aren't you?" she asked, watching him.

"Two of my best men are sick," he said shortly.

"Rumstick told me," she spoke in an unusually quiet voice. "Steve would help only they're pretty busy, too. He said he'd ride over later though if he could manage it. I don't think they're as bad off there." He was tired and sleepy but he realized they were talking man to man, like in the old, old days. He smiled wearily at her, his eyes noticing only then that her hair was piled on top of her head and tied down with a bright handkerchief. "I'm going to help you today," she said.

"No."

"Yes. I can drive the horses anyway. That'll let another man help with the pitching."

"It's too hot," he protested.

She shook her head. "I'm helping," she said stubbornly, "so it's no use arguing. I only wished you had asked me sooner. I didn't realize how bad things were until Rumstick told me."

Again she was accusing him. Why did she use that tone with him so often, as if he had failed her somehow? Had he? But he was afraid to show her how glad he was to have her there.

"It's hot and heavy work," he said finally. "I couldn't ask you."

"But I still wish you had," she said. She walked out beside him, tall and eager, and some of his own tiredness seemed to leave him.

MARTIN would never forget that day. They worked without resting. Mrs. Rumstick brought them sandwiches and coffee and they stopped a few moments under the tree to eat them hurriedly. The sky grew darker and the wind whistled around them, seeming to grow stronger with every hour. Shortly after noontime Steve rode up with two other men to help them. His eyes rested briefly on Vickie, steadfast and confident, and then he was working alongside the others.

"We've about finished at our place," he told Martin. "The others will come as soon as they can. If the rain's not too bad, maybe we can finish before the stuff gets too wet." His eyes were blue and friendly and he had a nice smile. He was a nice boy, Martin reflected. Too bad he hadn't become friends with him before, he thought, and with all these men. They worked quietly and hard. No one was holding back. They had put their shirts on after the sun had disappeared and now the wind tore through them. Martin's eyes rested worriedly on Vickie but she smiled back.

"The storm will break any minute," he called to her. "You'd better go back to the house."

"No," she yelled back through the rising wind. "No, I'm not afraid, Bo-dee. I love storms, remember?" He looked at her incredulously. "I'll be back for another wagonload," she called out again. "Don't worry, Bo-dee," and she was driving away toward the barn.

He smiled as he turned back to work, suddenly strong as he had never been before. All the tiredness had left him. He whistled softly. The sound was drowned in the wind, but he did not care. He could hear the tune in his mind, and that was enough.

The rain finally came, big cold drops that teased them for a while. He was scarcely conscious that someone had thrown him his raincoat and that he was putting it on. It had happened, he thought. Vickie and he were friends again. She had called him Bo-dee. Maybe—maybe things would be differently now.

Martin had never seen such a beautiful storm. The lightning flashed gorgeously. Trees swayed and their branches bent to the ground, and then the rain lashed wildly at them. They stopped almost immediately because most of the hay had been safely gathered. They were tired and drenched but exultant.

"Vickie," he exclaimed as they reached the barn, "you're all wet," he touched her bare arms and saw that she was shivering. "And cold," he added.

"I'm all right."

He suddenly chuckled, proud and happy. "You did a good job, Vickie. A very good job."

Her eyes brightened, like stars, and she took a step forward. "Like a man?" she breathed, waiting quietly as if his answer were very important to her.

"Like a man, Vickie," he said fondly, and he knew then that she was home to stay.

THE END

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Maybe life on the Higher Plane is beautiful but Hilda decided that where Winslow was, things were chummier

I Like Your Nirvana

BY ED MC NAMARA

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

HILDA tottered on the brink of a momentous discovery. Its nearness caused her to stop sweeping and lean tensely on her broom. Why had success, health and beauty mysteriously turned to ashes in her mouth of late?

Hilda's blue eyes disdained her brownstone house, chock-full of grateful roomers, plus her smart beauty parlor on the first floor. She brooded on her broom, oblivious to her other worldly possessions, to wit: One hundred and sixty pounds of roseate flesh, distributed in Junoesque proportions, five feet of blond hair thickly plaited about her classic head; the face of a cheerful cherub and the appetite of an overworked boa constrictor.

Crack! Hilda awoke from profound thought as the broomstick snapped under the stress of her mental effort. She stared down at the pieces.

"The third one this week," she muttered. "I hope I find out what's wrong with me before I buy every broom in town."

At that moment, a tall, debonair figure sauntered up sunny Charles Street.

"Hola! Landlady!" Winslow Athlone called in his resonant voice. "I would a few words with thee!"

Hilda steeled herself against the professional charm of her most persistent suitor. By now she had learned that Winslow's poetic pallor came from a penchant for the Daily Racing Form rather than for food. Hilda suffered Winslow's hand-kissing and remained impervious to the distinguished gray hairs beneath the actor's battered Homburg.

Winslow's gray eyes smiled at her. "Your beauty soothes the whips and scorns reserved for aging matinee idols," he said. "Now what of the poems I late did send thee?"

Hilda blushed at the remembrance of them and snatched her hands away. "A man of fifty writing poetry!" she scoffed.

"A widow of for—" Winslow caught himself. "A mature girl like you pretending to be insulated from the language of love!"

"You only pretend to love me," Hilda said. "You really love my money and my cooking."

Winslow stepped back and placed his hand over his heart. "Ah! I see! Merely because I am a penniless actor, five weeks behind in my room rent, I have not the right to love you!"

Hilda was about to reply when her stomach reminded her forcibly that it was time for two o'clock coffee and Swedish pancakes. Then she was aware of a slim, turbaned figure standing on the brownstone stoop beside her. The swarthy stranger slipped a business card into her hand and she read: *Swami Chandra Rikkikanandra.*

When Hilda gazed into Chandra's handsome face and smoldering eyes, the great void in her life was suddenly filled. It burst upon her that here was the man she had been intuitively waiting for through ten years of widowhood and Winslow Athlone. She ignored her stomach for the first time in thirty-nine years of pleasant co-operation.

"I have come to rent a room," Chandra explained melodiously. "You have a beautiful soul."

Hilda's burly frame quivered. Her being rocked to its foundations. Many men had said many things to her but none had ever mentioned her soul.

"Mr. Athlone, here, has been paying single rent for a double room," she said. "I'll close the sliding doors and you'll each have privacy."

Winslow's mustache bristled. "You have a beautiful nerve," he said. "I'll fight this to the highest court in the land!"

Chandra bowed impassively. "Meanwhile I shall be honored to share your abode. Perhaps I will be able to help your turbulent soul."

"I like my soul the way it is," Winslow growled. "It's my body that bothers me right now. I have not dined since breakfast."

Hilda usually shared her two o'clock lunch with Winslow but now she ignored him. She watched his aristocratic nostrils twitch as an odor of hamburgers floated up Charles Street from Morley's Tavern on the corner.

"Farewell," Winslow said haughtily and strode away.

Hilda led Chandra up the stairs of her rooming house, feeling as though she were ascending to a higher realm of existence. Her newly discovered soul reveled in the peace which Chandra seemed to radiate.

She felt like the time she finally beat Lars Johannesen at the shot-put, after trying for three years.

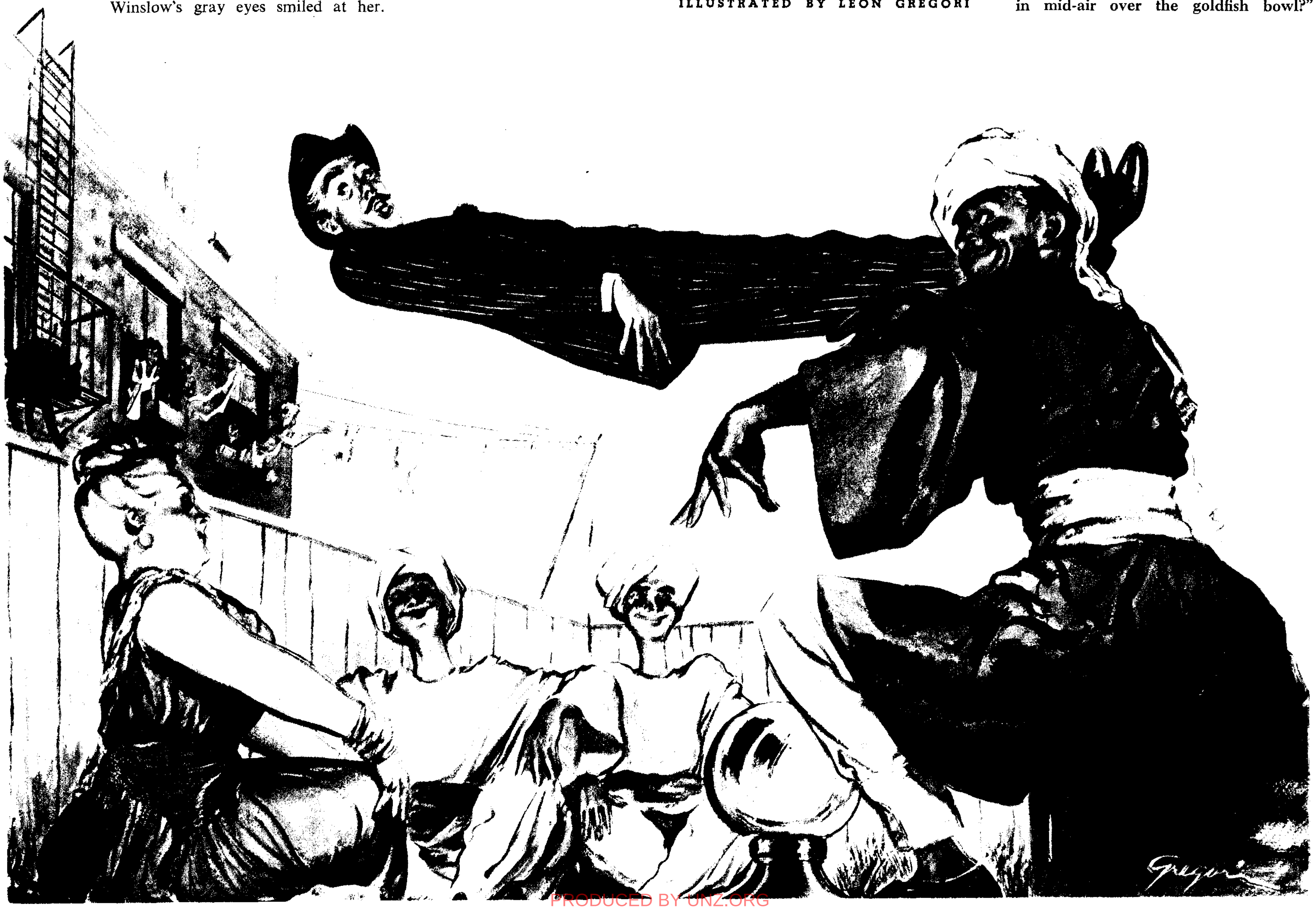
She halted before Winslow's room, and Chandra said, "I will notify my students to bring my few worldly possessions from the temple."

His words evoked a spell compounded of temple bells, incense and splashing fountains. Hilda wondered at the strange fortune which brought Chandra to her doorstep.

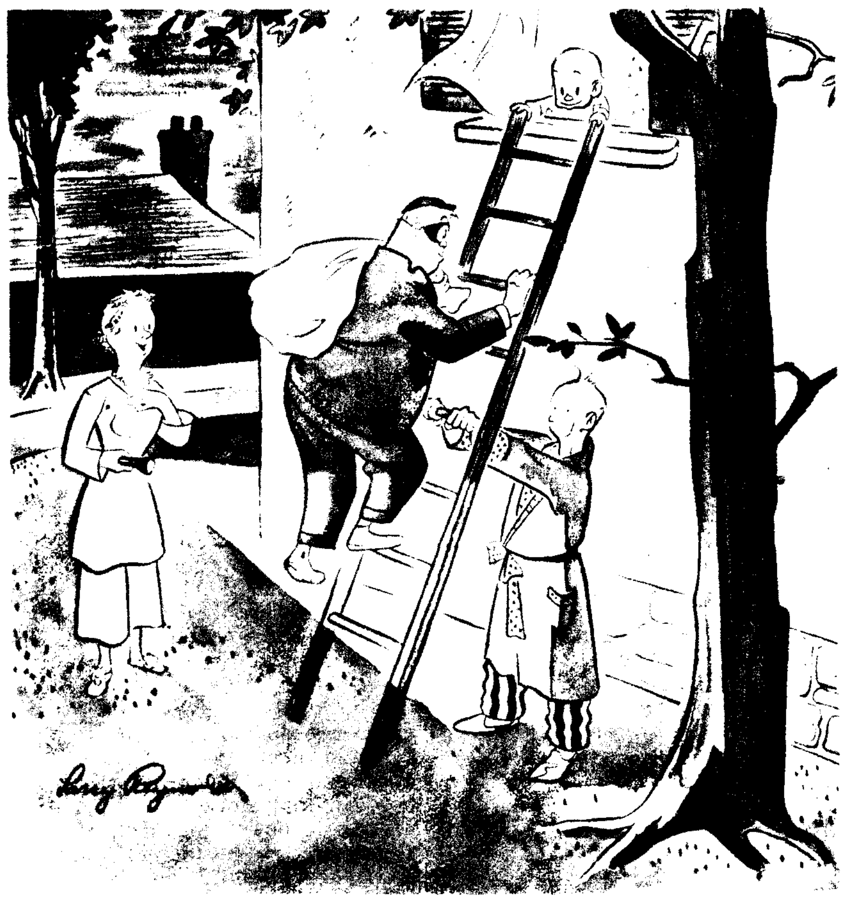
"It was Swami Bose Rocipulgor, when

(Continued on page 64)

Hilda had suggested that Winslow sit at Chandra's feet. "What!" he roared. "And find myself in a trance or suspended in mid-air over the goldfish bowl?"



BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Isn't that wonderful, dear? He's promised to keep his eye open for an empty apartment for us"

COLLIER'S

Papa's Dream Girl

Continued from page 14

even if he did see her because she was opening that night in a play by George Abbott, who is known almost exclusively for Broadway hits. Her agent sent the script of Rice's play around and she got it at noon the day after the Abbott opening. She was living in a one-room apartment with another girl at the time, so the only place she had for literature was her dressing room. She gathered up the morning papers with the reviews, got a carton of coffee and retired to her cell.

"I was through with the reviews and the script by three o'clock," says Betty. "I used up the coffee exclusively on the reviews."

At four o'clock she went over to read for Rice and got the part. Then she went back to her apartment to celebrate Thanksgiving with her roommate, who was cooking dinner that night.

"I don't care what you have so long as it isn't in the chicken line," said Betty. "I had my turkey last night."

The Abbott show lasted two nights and she went into Two on an Island. After that came marriage and pregnancy and another Rice opus called A New Life. Whether Betty's pitiful plight or the play itself frightened the critics, they would have none of it. She was six months pregnant when it opened but got by fine because most of her scenes were played in bed. The hardest thing was the curtain calls.

"I'd bend away over and draw back simultaneously," says Miss Field. "I guess that fooled somebody."

Betweentimes she had one of those Hollywood commitments. They had begun years before when Paramount brought her out to play Boy Meets Girl. She had trouped up and down the back alleys of America with this masterpiece for over a year and was glad enough to reach a permanent base. It is to be feared that Miss Field is one actress who is never going to keep the theater alive if it means one-night stands through the Dakotas. She remembers one five-day period when they slept in railroad berths instead of beds and saw fresh water only in trickles. The other trouble was that the hinterland viewed Boy Meets Girl with something akin to reverence.

"It had been a howl on Broadway but nobody laughed at all on the road," she reports.

She had a terrifying experience in San Francisco, where her mind went blank while she was on the stage.

"I didn't know what hotel I was staying at, what theater I was playing in, what city it was," she says. "I thought I was going nuts."

Hollywood was little better for her, because Boy Meets Girl typed her, and the photographers immediately posed her for a series of pictures in which she looked exactly like every other Hollywood actress. Theater audiences took her precisely at the studio's valuation and for all the impression she made, she might have been playing in a mask. She saw that was no good, the studio hurriedly agreed and next she was a native Javanese girl playing beside Fredric March in Victory.

"I wore a sarong but not the Lamour sarong. Oh, no. This was a Java job and they had a Dutch expert wrap me up in the thing every morning. I was authentic but not alluring. That was another thing the audiences caught on to pretty fast."

Then came the first accident that accounts for whatever cinema reputation she possesses. Lewis Milestone had bought John Steinbeck's Of Mice and Men and was breaking his neck trying to get sundry important ladies interested in the girl's part. It was an independent production and even if the lady in the book hadn't been a bit too crass for general distribution there was hesitancy in getting mixed up in a disaster. Putting on the benign expression of a happy Russian muzhik, Milestone crept stealthily from coast to coast in an effort to trap an unsuspecting maiden and got nothing for his pains but gigantic restaurant bills incurred in toasting actresses who were willing to listen and eat but not to sign. It was then that Miss Field was given a test and got the part.

This was daring casting because hitherto the lady had done nothing but light-comedy parts. She had been with the London company of She Loves Me Not, the play about Princeton undergraduates that struck the British as a dire form of academic misbehavior, and had followed that with Room Service, Boy Meets Girl and various Abbott productions on the farcical side. Betty Field in Of Mice and Men was comparable to Judy Canova in Antigone.

Trying to Live Down the Sarong

The picture was never a great smash, but Miss Field was regarded with awe by critics who had not really been enthralled by her figure in a sarong. Much the same thing happened with King's Row. Bette Davis wanted the part of the neurotic girl who commits suicide, but the role was brief and the studio was not going to waste Miss Davis on trailers. With several others it was a case of approach-retreat-flight. They wanted nothing of it. Miss Field made a test with Robert Cummings that was so satisfying that it was used in the picture.

"That's the way to make pictures," says Miss Field happily. "I get paid good, and for ten days I sit there and watch everybody else act."

She was in Hollywood making Tomorrow the World when Alfred de Liagre started pestering her about taking over Margaret Sullavan's role in The Voice of the Turtle. Betty tried to duck this because she could see no percentage in following another star's success, but De Liagre was a tough customer. He enlisted Rice in the pursuit. Rice was in New York and not averse to having his wife back.

"It was a wonderful arrangement," says Rice sourly. "De Liagre calls me in Stamford and I call Betty in Hollywood."

Betty had three other plays, new productions, under consideration and was particularly interested in one of them, but De Liagre finally won out. She came back and started rehearsing with John van Druten, the author and director of the play. She didn't want to see the Sullavan production for fear of copying it, but Van Druten finally prevailed on her to see it just once to get an idea of the "business."

"That was the night Maggie and Elliott Nugent weren't speaking to each other," says Betty. "The 'business' was great but it certainly surprised Van Druten."

Miss Field is sensitive on the question of her health. She suffers from an allergy that can't be determined by the doctors. At intervals she catches a slight cold with the result that her nose and face swell and her eyes close. This happened in The Turtle and happened again in Dream Girl, with Haila Stoddard filling in. After looking with jaundiced eye on anybody who suggested it might be better to retire to the ranch, Miss Field finally took a summer vacation, and Miss Stoddard ascended the throne.

However, after a summer consisting almost exclusively of cricket chirps she was ready again for Broadway and is now about to renew her acquaintance with the treadmill known as Dream Girl. In the meantime, she has taken every preventive shot known to medicine and is in a threatening mood.

"If this doesn't work," she says with a glower, "science had better look out."

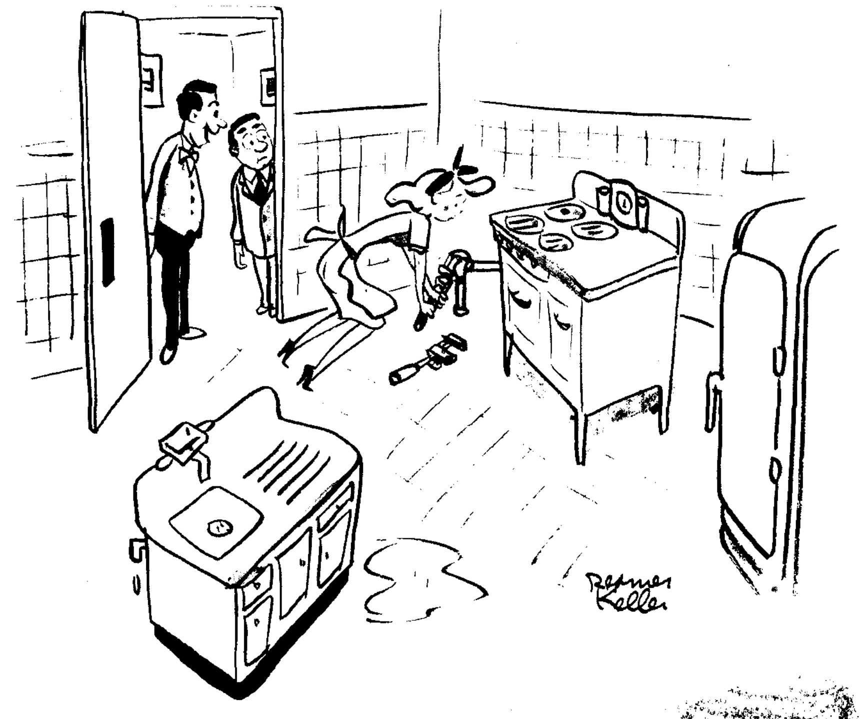
The Rices are a quiet family who do little entertaining and are generally content to loaf around the house playing with the children. Betty has reached a point in her career where she is regarded as one of our finest actresses and has her choice of important roles. She has been approached by the American Repertory Theater and may appear in their productions next year.

She takes the theater seriously and works in it like a good artisan. Even if she hadn't possessed that attitude before, she would have picked it up from Mr. Rice. He is held to be a genius at casting, which he thinks is the secret of directing. Before he allows an actor to read for a part, he insists on him knowing what the play is about. This irks some applicants.

"Why, in radio the actors just walk in on a program and read the script cold," they protest.

"Yes," says Rice sourly. "It sounds like it." This would even be a tip to his wife, if she needs it.

THE END



"Every so often Mary likes to change the house around."

COLLIER'S

The Roosevelt I Knew

Continued from page 19

country. Politics had been Roosevelt's primary interest, and she saw in it something he could build on as he began to recover. Even so, he was not fully prepared for his next political move when it came.

Roosevelt was at Warm Springs, Georgia, when the New York State Democratic Convention opened in Syracuse in 1928. Governor Alfred E. Smith had decided that he needed Roosevelt to help him carry the state and he approached Mrs. Roosevelt, who was at the convention, with the idea that her husband run for governor. She said it was impossible, but Smith pressed her and finally she agreed to call Roosevelt. She told him that Smith wanted him to run.

"I'm not well enough to run," Roosevelt replied. "It's out of the question."

"Yes, I know, Franklin. I told him that, but . . ." She turned to the governor, and Smith took the phone.

"I need you, Frank," he said. "This is why: The progress which the Democratic Party has made in the state must be preserved. We've got to carry on our program. You've got a great name. We believe you are the man to carry the state for the ticket. We need a big vote to swing New York. It all depends on you."

But Roosevelt refused to yield and finally the governor gave up. The word went out to the committee that Roosevelt would not consent to be drafted. And it came right back that he must be persuaded to run. The choice was: Roosevelt or defeat.

The hour was growing late, but it was decided to make one more try. They called Warm Springs again, but it was the same story.

"I need another year of treatment," Roosevelt said, "and then I'll be as good as ever, ready to do whatever they ask of me. But if I leave now I'll not get my health and strength back. It means just that. My cure depends on it. It's now or never."

The next night Governor Smith was ready to try again with a new line of attack. He made his plea personal, over and above politics.

"I need you," Smith said. "It's your duty to run. This is no broken-down administration you will inherit. It's an up-and-going concern. I'll help you. We'll all help you."

Roosevelt was weakening. He asked to speak to Mrs. Roosevelt. "Do you think carrying New York depends on my running for governor?" he asked his wife.

"I'm afraid it does," she replied.

"It appears," Roosevelt went on, "that they think I have an obligation to run. What do you think?"

"I know it's hard, but that's what they believe," Mrs. Roosevelt said.

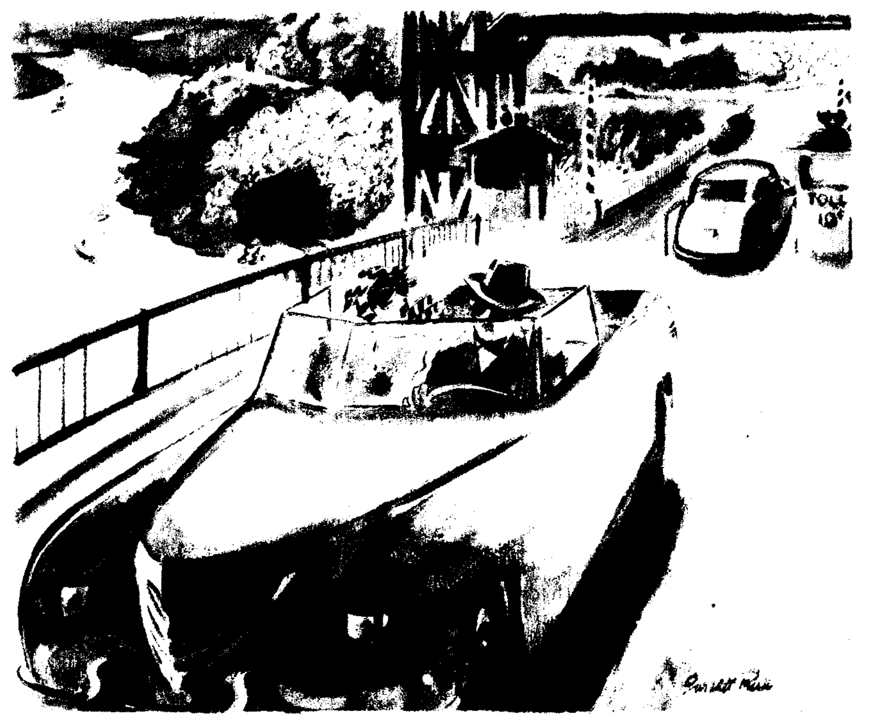
Ignored Limitation on Speeches

With that, Roosevelt gave his assent. He was nominated by acclamation. In a few days he was back in New York, ready to start campaigning. Although doctors had pronounced him in "splendid physical health," party leaders planned that he would make only a handful of speeches—a half dozen at most—in the large, easily reached centers of population. But Roosevelt would have none of it. He made the half-dozen speeches all right, and many more besides.

He made a hard fight. He inherited the good will which thousands bore to Al Smith. He represented also to many ignorant people a continuation of the name of Theodore Roosevelt. It irritated him, but in many of the more remote upstate communities people did vote for him under the impression he was Theodore Roosevelt. He also inherited the garment of Wilson which brought him the vote of a large minority of intelligent, thoughtful people.

But he ran primarily to support Smith. It never crossed his mind that he could be elected unless Smith carried the state. When the news came to campaign headquarters that Smith had lost New York, Roosevelt went home convinced that it was all over. The newspapers were notified of his defeat. Before midnight the election of Hoover was conceded. But votes for Roosevelt continued to come in in small numbers and by 4:00 A.M. it was clear that he had won by a small margin.

It was a strange situation. Roosevelt was confused by it, and Smith was deeply disturbed as well as confused. He had been through a harassing campaign. He came back from a brief rest more than ever devoted to the problems, hopes and interests of the state of New York, which he loved. He would help Roosevelt to be a good governor. He would sublimate his disappointment in his own defeat and continue to serve the state by helping "Frank" to be a good governor.



"Only ten cents toll! Do you suppose the bridge is safe?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

By this time Al thought of himself as old, experienced and wise in politics and administration. He had a protective instinct toward Roosevelt, not only because Roosevelt was a younger man but because he had been sick and weak and crippled and had been through a terrific experience of isolation. Smith rose to this challenge with simplicity and friendliness.

The days immediately after the gubernatorial election were hard for Al Smith. He could not help but regret his loss of status in the state and was reluctant to take his hand off its work. It was a perfectly natural human feeling. On the other hand, for Franklin Roosevelt it was a time of excitement. He was in the challenging situation of beginning to plan for the state and of picking up his career after nine years of illness.

Out of this situation arose a natural tension between the two—never conscious or expressed by either. But Smith, as he cleaned up one piece of work after another preparatory to leaving the executive chamber, was inevitably making notes to "tell Frank" what to do about this and that.

Roosevelt was receptive to most of these ideas. There was no doubt that he anticipated following Al Smith's advice. Toward the end of this interim period Smith began to recommend appointees and advisers to Roosevelt. One of them was Belle Moskowitz.

Belle Moskowitz was an able, high-minded woman of energy and shrewdness.

Following Smith's first campaign—it was shortly after World War I—she developed an excellent plan for the reconstruction period for the state.

A Sound Reconstruction Plan

It called for a reconstruction program under a Reconstruction Commission which would bring together the people and the experts with the legislature in planning changes. Smith took an immediate liking to it and it turned out to be one of the best things he ever did.

After the program was launched, Mrs. Moskowitz, of course, became its most effective spark plug. That began her collaboration with Governor Smith which was long and valuable to both.

But during these years Mrs. Moskowitz had become a vigorous and domineering woman. She had become accustomed to power, to having the yes and no, to "fixing things." She knew how to manage men, programs and politics with extraordinary success. People who wanted to convince Smith of something would see her first.

One day Smith said to Roosevelt, "Now, Frank, you will want Mrs. Moskowitz, of course, and I think the best thing you can do is to appoint her regularly as the governor's secretary. Then it is all out and open. Everybody knows then what her duties and responsibilities are, it gives her a good place from which to work and she will be of invaluable assistance. That's what I think you had better do. I just want to make that suggestion and I am sure she is willing to do it for you."

Roosevelt didn't commit himself at the time, but later on when I went, at Smith's request, to raise the question with him once more, Roosevelt said, "You know, I've thought about that a great deal. I admire Mrs. Moskowitz. I think she is very, very able. I think she did a great deal for Al. I am sure she could do a great deal for any man who is governor, but . . ." and here he looked off out the window, "you know, I didn't feel able to make this campaign for governor, but I made it.

"I didn't feel that I was sufficiently recovered to undertake the duties of governor of New York. But after Al said that to me I thought about myself and I realized that I've *got* to be governor of the State of New York and I have got to be it *myself*. If I weren't, if I didn't do it myself, something would be wrong in here." He tapped his chest. "I've got to do it myself and I feel sure that if I had Belle Moskowitz there, she is so accustomed to running and planning everything, she would inevitably plan and develop the work of the governor of New York in such a way that I would not really put *myself* into it. I have to do it this way by myself without Mrs. Moskowitz. I am awfully sorry if it hurts anybody, particularly Al."

I have always thought that if Al had been elected he would have been planning for the future of his work in the United States, but as it was, he could not take his mind off the comparison between his own wisdom and perhaps Roosevelt's new and amateurish approaches to political and administrative problems. He brooded that Roosevelt was making a mistake in not taking Mrs. Moskowitz as his secretary. Furthermore, Mrs. Moskowitz was resentful, and I am sure that she continued to build up resentment within Al Smith. This, I think, had more to do with separating the two men than any other thing.

First Sign of Rebellion

On the eve of his inauguration Roosevelt told Al Smith that he had decided to appoint Guernsey Cross as his secretary. He said, "You know I need a great, big, strong man as secretary. I need someone whom I can lean on physically, if necessary, and I think it will be better, Al."

With Roosevelt taking over the governor's office and mansion, appointing his own aides and becoming informed on the problems and the administration, it was soon clear that Al would rarely be consulted on affairs of the state.

Al Smith's decision to "take a walk" in 1936 hurt Roosevelt keenly indeed. "I just can't understand it," he would say. "Practically all the things we've done in the federal government are things such as Al Smith did as governor of New York. They're things he would have done if he had been President of the United States. What in the world is the matter? Why can't Al see that this is the program he ought to be for?"

I saw Smith from time to time when I was in New York. Roosevelt knew that I saw him and would ask, "How is the old boy?" Once he said, "I'd like to see him sometime." He all but sent messages of affection.

Smith, for his part, inquired about "Frank" and his family and said, "Well, I wish you'd give Frank my love. I don't agree with him and we have had political differences, but I think a lot of him."

Al Smith stopped in Washington once, if not twice, to call on the President in the White House and to have a little visit with Mrs. Roosevelt with whom he never broke his personal friendship. I don't know what these two men talked about. I am told that they both laughed over some things. But there was no real reconciliation or understanding—which was one of the political tragedies of the times.

Roosevelt's break with John L. Lewis was more spectacular and final, but it took nearly as long to develop. First rumblings of the trouble came in January, 1937, when Lewis was in my office one day. I planned to discuss with him some of the legislation we had pending. He was moody, uncommunicative, quite unlike himself. Something was out of joint, but I did not think it wise to ask what it might be.

Finally, without any warning, he turned on me, "Why do you take the trouble to ask the opinion of John L. Lewis on these matters? Surely my advice is not wanted by anyone. Surely what I have to say is of no consequence whatever to you or anyone else in the administration."

I protested, "Of course, I want your advice."

"But the President has not sent for me," he said somberly. "Doesn't he want my advice?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Lewis? Why should he send for you?"

"It is now two months since the election and he has not sent for John L. Lewis," he replied.

He proceeded to berate the President soundly, calling him all sorts of names, saying he had eaten labor's bread and now failed to stand by labor.

I interrupted to ask why he was suddenly so angry. He told me that Jim Farley had called him up during the last weeks of the 1936 campaign and requested Lewis to make a hundred thousand dollars available immediately. As Lewis told it, he gave me the impression that he had contributed the money to the campaign fund. I called Farley later for verification, and he told me that it was a loan, not a gift, and that it would be promptly repaid.

I tried to explain to Lewis that there was no particular reason why Roosevelt should have sent for him, since the program for the immediate future had been announced in the party platform and campaign pledges. "Ah," he retorted, "but when J. P. Morgan was the principal contributor to the Republican Party he certainly had constant access to the President and told him exactly what he wanted done. The tables are reversed now, and I expected to be consulted in the same way."

I tried in vain to point out that it was ridiculous to believe that J. P. Morgan or any other large contributor had ever dictated to a President. It might be true that Morgan's political thinking and that of a President ran parallel, but, I said, I should assume the same would be the case with labor and Roosevelt.

Ethical Viewpoints of Money

I pointed out how destructive to our form of government it would be to have persons who were not the elected representatives of the people attempting to settle legislation and administrative policies. He was extremely scornful of the idea that labor and labor leaders should not attempt to do this but should help to preserve the representative responsibility of our government. Clearly it was his view that money talks in politics, and he was going to insist upon it, if possible. His language was picturesque and was almost identical with the statement he made to the press a week later and in a prepared address on Labor Day, 1937, which created such a sensation.

I was quite sure that the President did not know that Lewis had made such a loan. I later found that Roosevelt had never heard of it. But it would have made no difference if he had.

The next Lewis-Roosevelt episode came about four years later, before Roosevelt had decided to run for a third term. He was talking to Daniel Tobin, president of the Teamsters Union, and me. He stated all his personal objections to running a third time, and wound up: "Well, you know the people don't like the third term either."

"That's all right," said Tobin. "Labor will stand by you."

The President laughed at some private joke.

"I want to tell you two a very interesting thing," he said. "About two months ago John Lewis came to see me one evening. He was in a most amiable mood, and he talked about the third term too, Dan, just the way you have, only much smoother." Roosevelt could not resist teasing a friend. "When I told him what I told you, that the people wouldn't like a third term and that it would be very hard going politically, what do you think he said, Dan? He said, 'Mr. President, I have thought of all of that and I have a suggestion to make for you to consider. If the Vice-Presidential candidate on your ticket should happen to be John L. Lewis, those objections would disappear. A strong labor man would insure full support, not only of all the labor people but of all the liberals who worry about such things as third terms.' "

The President paused. He could see Dan was astonished.

"Can you beat it?" he said. "What do you think of it?"

Tobin exploded. "Why, Mr. President, he isn't even a Democrat. How does he think he'll get the nomination?"

We were both curious. Tobin asked the question. "How did you answer him, Mr. President?"

"Why, he didn't press me," said the President; "he didn't press me. He just asked me to think it over and give it consideration."

The Perfect Noncommittal Answer

As I drove home that night I recalled that only a few days earlier I had conferred with Lewis about some labor legislation and had suggested that the support of the labor organizations ought to be forthcoming. He had said that he did not wish to commit himself on this legislation *yet*. Then he observed, in a very ceremonious way, "I have made some suggestions to the President and I think that I shouldn't commit myself until he has time to think about them and come to some conclusions."

Whether Lewis had any expectation of being nominated for Vice-President at the 1940 convention I do not know. I doubt it. He was there, but left early after making an appearance before the platform committee.

I met him in one of the hotels just before he left. He was friendly and said he was well satisfied with his treatment before the committee.

Tobin and I, perhaps the only people to whom Roosevelt told the story, agreed that Lewis apparently had given up the struggle gracefully. We thought he would continue to support Roosevelt. I feel sure now that this explains why he came out against Roosevelt when the campaign was at its height.

Lewis tried to turn the miners' votes against Roosevelt in 1940 and 1944. He obviously failed. We showed Roosevelt a canvass of mining districts in 1944, showing they had gone overwhelmingly for him. Roosevelt's only comment was, "Well, Lewis learned."

Once, years later, after Roosevelt had asked the mine workers to go back to work and they hadn't until John L. Lewis told them to, he said: "I have learned one thing. The mine workers won't vote for President of the United States as John L. Lewis tells them, but they won't do what I tell them on matters that have to do with their union activities. That is something to know, at any rate."

(This is the second in a series of articles about Franklin Roosevelt by Miss Perkins. The third, telling why Roosevelt decided to run for a third term and discussing his views on economics, will appear next week.)

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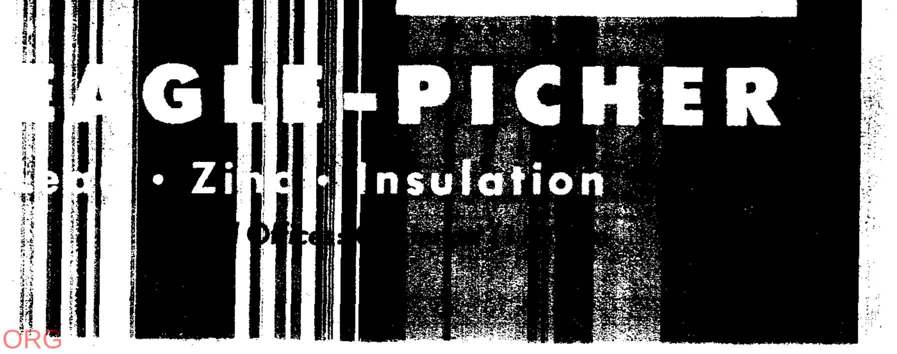

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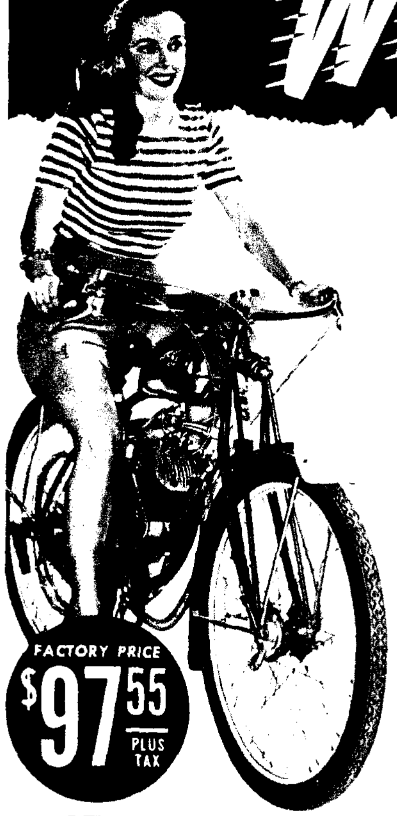

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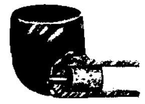

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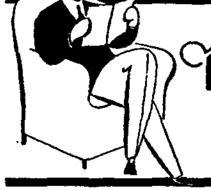

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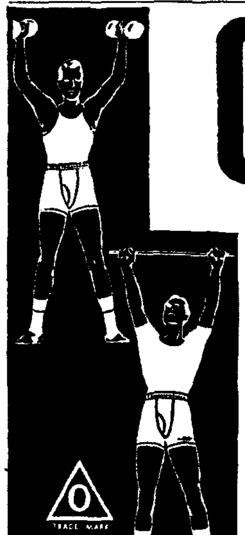

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I Like Your Nirvana

Continued from page 60

he was visiting from the Philadelphia circuit," Chandra said, miraculously reading her mind. "He provoked a schism in my temple on Central Park West with his heresy in the breathing."

"The breathing?" Hilda said.

"Yes, in the right nostril, mentally down the right side of the body to the pit of the stomach in one minute, hold for three, then up the left side and out the left nostril in another minute," said Chandra. "That is the way to Nirvana."

"And this other swami?" asked Hilda.

"Three minutes down, three minutes up and hold for one minute," said Chandra darkly. "Heresy. I will not return to Central Park West until he recants."

"But what happens when you breathe like that?" Hilda asked.

"You acquire the peace that passeth human understanding. You are blest with superior powers and become ethereal."

"Ethereal!" Hilda echoed joyfully with that part of her nature which periodically begged her to go on diets.

But the other part of Hilda, which ran a profitable rooming house and beauty parlor, asked skeptically, "What kind of superior powers?"

Chandra merely smiled and gazed full into her eyes. Hilda blinked and the next instant she was watching Chandra climb up a rope which extended into the air with no visible means of support. When Chandra reached the top of the rope he entered Winslow's room via the transom.

Hilda pondered in the midst of a vast silence. She could be ethereal and do wonderful things like that! Suddenly her stomach trumpeted a clarion call and Hilda strode obediently toward the stairs. But Chandra's voice came muffled through the closed door, "Raw vegetables and nuts to subdue the clamors of the flesh and enter the road to Nirvana!"

Hilda shivered for a moment.

"Yes, Chandra," she whispered. Her stomach shrieked its betrayal but Hilda ruthlessly throttled it until it collapsed into silence. Her reward came immediately. A soft, spiritual glow suffused her being.

THAT night Hilda left the public library loaded with books on India and yoga. She could hardly wait to get home and discuss them with Chandra. Suddenly she became aware of Winslow shouting at her on the street.

"Woman! Are you in a trance? I've been importuning you for the past two hundred yards."

Hilda shook her blond head. "Winslow, I'm interested in higher things than marriage from now on," she said. "Please don't bother me any more."

Winslow dashed his fist against his head.

"It's that snake charmer!" he cried. "You've taken to him like hashish! You've neglected your housekeeping and Marie tells me you've put her in charge of the beauty parlor."

Hilda strode on with Oriental calm.

"When are you going to get a job and pay your back room rent?" she asked gently.

Winslow drew himself erect.

"Madame, you not only spurn my honest offer of marriage but you fling my poverty into my face! I am going to get as drunk as my limited funds will permit. I may even take a lush, lowly radio role which has been proffered me. Adieu."

Hilda shrugged fatalistically as Winslow strode into Morley's Tavern. To think she had ever thought him attractive enough to marry out of sheer boredom! What a blessing that Chandra had entered her life!

She found the swami in her kitchen, where several brown young men in yellow robes smiled at her from various corners.

"We were discussing the fact that we have not eaten in some time," Chandra said smilingly. "Would you like to learn Hindu cooking?"

"You mean you will permit me to—" Hilda gasped happily.

"Of course," Chandra said, getting a stack of soup plates from out of the kitchen cabinet. "Do you have any pomegranate, tamarind and curry? And have you ever seen the beautiful costume our Hindu women wear?"

"No," Hilda said, feeling abashed. "But if it would help, I'd be glad to wear it."

Chandra instructed her in the art of Hindu cooking while the brown young men with gleaming teeth nodded approval, Hilda humbly grateful to think that Chandra had picked her out of all the women in New York to help him with his great work.

FROM that time on, Hilda began to live in a wonderful world of Chandra's teaching, the chanting of the young men and her deep breathing exercises. She strove mightily to attain the first position, the Lotus Seat.

She sat on her bedroom floor, braced her broad back against the wall and tried to fold her feet on top of her thighs. She hadn't worked as hard since she won the Norsemen's Cup by throwing Alf Swenson with a hammer lock.

Another obstacle on her road to Nirvana was her rebellious stomach. It objected strenuously to Chandra's Hindu dishes and piles of raw vegetables. Night after night it carried her sleeping body downstairs to the kitchen and treacherously cleaned out the refrigerator before Hilda awoke in horror.

Then there was Winslow. He discovered an old saxophone in the cellar and began to disrupt the sacred silence which now bathed her rooming house. Hilda learned to concentrate on a Hindu proverb whenever she heard the instrument wailing and soon Winslow gave up in disgust.

Then he began intruding his lovelorn face and whisky breath into her exalted study hour. One night he interrupted Hilda as she was struggling with her Sanskrit homework.

"Snap out of it, girl," he said. "That sword swallower is making a fool out of you. The whole neighborhood's talking. Why, you're worse off now than if you married me."

Hilda merely closed her eyes and concentrated on the image of a lotus leaf. She breathed in the right manner and soon the disturbing image of Winslow was erased from her consciousness. She drifted off again into the road to Nirvana to the accompaniment of chiming bells, billows of perfume and ineffable peace.

After eternities—weeks, days, she little knew nor cared—Hilda was jarred back to the gray world of reality by the accents of the Bronx. She opened her eyes to the troubled face of Marie, her assistant in the beauty parlor.

"I'm tellin' ya for ya own good, Hilda," she was saying, "the house is gone to pot and the business is gone to seed. Ya gotta stop sittin' in the back yard in the sun listenin' to that swami readin' and talkin'. I wouldn't mind but most of that stuff ain't even English."

Hilda intoned gently, "Peace. Get thee back to thy beauty parlor, Marie."

Then she began her rhythmic breathing and drifting off in the direction of Nirvana. Days, weeks, eternities later—she neither knew nor cared—she was suddenly yanked crassly back to the lowest plane of existence.

Winslow Athlone had kissed her mortal body as it tended a boiling pot on the kitchen stove.

"I have a job," he said tragically. "I do not need to marry you for your accursed gold. Will you wed the Purple Monster on the Crunchy-Bunchy Mystery Hour for love alone?"

Hilda pushed him away and the movement caused dozens of bells on her wrists, arms and ankles to jingle exotically.

"Winslow, for the peace of your soul, you must raise your desires to a higher plane. Do have some of this Brinjal. It's eggplant, cooked Chandra's way."

Winslow sipped the spoonful and grimaced. "Such boiled stuff as would poison poison," he muttered.

But Hilda had decided to reform him.

"Why not sit at Chandra's feet with the rest of us?" she asked gently. "I'm sure he could help you."

"What!" roared Winslow, "and find myself floating upside down in a trance or suspended in mid-air over the goldfish bowl? We old roomers never know next what we're going to see in this opium den since Chandra and his mob have taken over."

"But Chandra will erase this futile, earthly passion which you have for me," Hilda cried.

Winslow stroked his mustache thoughtfully.

"Ah, there you have something. This curse of an aching heart has long since lost its novelty. Yes, I'll sit in on the next briefing. What have I got to lose?"

Hilda led him out into the back yard behind her beauty parlor. The yellow-robed young men were already grouped around Chandra. The swami sat upon an empty beer case, chanting with closed eyes. Neighboring housewives peered down curiously as they hung out wash.

Hilda was pleasantly surprised at Winslow's attentiveness to Chandra's words. Soon an unmistakable glow suffused his face and Hilda knew that he, too, had discovered the road to Nirvana.

After the talk was over she wanted to rejoice in sisterly fashion with Winslow but he was deep in conversation with Chandra. Hilda then ascended to her room and spent two hours trying to attain the Lotus Seat. . . .

The next evening Chandra had startling news for her.

"Our new brother, Mr. Athlone, will shortly become an adept," Chandra said. "His soul was already highly evolved and needed only to be shown a little light."

Hilda leaned forward. "I'm glad, Master," she said. "Now, how am I doing?"

Chandra patted her on the shoulder. "You are several lifetimes behind our new brother," he said gently. "But eternity is long and you will get to Nirvana one day."

Hilda stared after him as he strode away. His words caused a base, human weakness to poison her thought. She began to feel jealous of Winslow.

"I'll bet he's only acting," she muttered resentfully. "It's just a scheme to get on the right side of me."

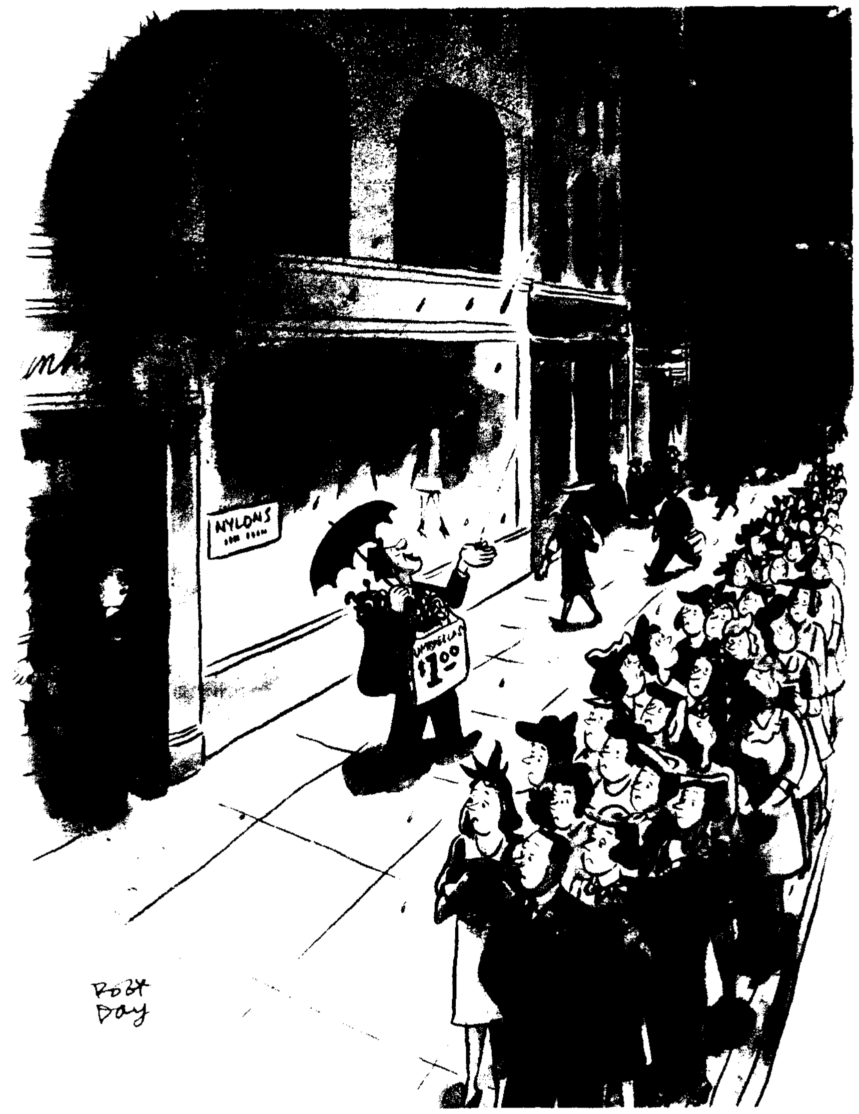
THE more she thought about it, the more certain she became. She decided to face Winslow and have him admit his deception. She hadn't seen *him* for twenty-four hours but she sneered at the thought of him wrapped in meditation all that time.

"I bet when I break in on him, he'll be reading the Daily Racing Form," Hilda mused.

And then Winslow himself appeared. He had bought himself a bright yellow robe and she could not but notice how magnificently it set off his physique. His handsome features were lit by a noble absorption.

Hilda sniffed but Winslow passed by, unconscious of her scoffing smile. She

(Continued on page 66)



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What's Happened to Radar?

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

The 5-inch radar scope is the white disk between American Airlines experts, Captain S. P. Saint (left) and First Officer L. W. Armstrong

RADAR, the hero of wondrous war feats, is having trouble settling down to civilian life. Nothing radically wrong; nothing more painful than cutting down a war reputation to size and making the peace reputation, however big or small, stand on its own legs.

If radar's got the stuff, and no one suggests it doesn't have plenty, it can afford to undergo scrutiny and should, in fact, welcome it.

Radar came out of the war hailed as the all-seeing eye, working miracles through gloom of night and depth of fog. Ships spotted other ships through darkness; night fighters were led unerringly to enemy planes; bombardiers blasted targets lying under the protection of heavy clouds. Great peacetime uses were repeatedly forecast, especially for commercial air travel.

Wonder, then, at questions like: Why isn't it on our airliners today, spying out mountaintops or Manhattan's skyscrapers or other airplanes roaring over the ever-busier air lanes?—questions asked by ex-G.I. radar operators with brilliant war records on ships and planes, in indignant letters to Collier's.

Well, sirs, the airlines are not asleep. American Airlines alone has spent 180 hours in the air in the last five months testing air-borne radar; TWA has an energetic investigation under way; and the Air Transport Association, representative body of all the scheduled airlines, has purchased a DC-3 to attack the problems of air navigation and traffic control on a broad front, including the use of radar. This latter program is in the very competent hands of Weldon E. "Dusty" Rhoades, former United Air Lines pilot, and General MacArthur's personal pilot from Australia to Japan.

The first to reach any conclusions on radar for airline use is American Airlines, which has announced findings that radar has great potentialities but, in sets tested so far, great limitations.

This is no hurried, unstudied judgment, but the product of exhaustive tests by Captain Samuel P. Saint, ace airline investigator of navigation and traffic-control problems. Captain Saint, like many other airline pilots, had a lot of squawks about navigation and traffic control as far back as 1940, but he sought to be constructive and made a hobby of studying these problems while still flying the line. His work led to his appointment by American Airlines in 1943 as engineering pilot to devote full time to these studies. Then the Air Transport Command grabbed him in 1944 and kept him at work at the very same problems.

When Sam Saint returned to American Airlines at the war's end, he was given a staff, a DC-3 christened Flagship Alpha, and the assignment to find out exactly what was in radar—good and bad—for airline use. This assignment he has been carrying out by day and by night and in fair weather and foul.

After testing two radar sets, including one built for the Air Transport Command and the best of the currently available military radar, Captain Saint reports on the debit side:

You can see heavy rain in a radar screen, making radar valuable for the detection of storms. Also you can see hills and mountains in the screen. But the very quality that enables you to see weather makes it difficult to see *through* weather. Captain Saint and his staff feel that a delicate compromise is necessary in the development of equipment, particularly on the matter of the frequency used, to be able to have the cake and eat it, too—to see the thunderstorms and still see the hills.

To be of full benefit to the pilot, the radar screen or scope must be on the in-

(Continued on page 68)

I Like Your Nirvana

Continued from page 65

strode after him peevishly and stopped him with a wrist lock.

"Cut out the acting," she said. "It's as hammy as ever."

Winslow stared at her blankly, passing a hand over his brow. "I knew thee once in some distant existence," he whispered, "but the nearness of Nirvana has blotted all past sorrows from my mind."

Hilda gasped. Chandra had actually healed Winslow of his broken heart! He wasn't acting. He was really absorbed with the Higher Life, she knew the signs only too well.

But she could not rejoice for Winslow. It was too jolting to realize that he no longer loved her. This was the first day in ten years in which he hadn't proposed to her. Her ego had fattened on his flattery. Her womanhood had been nurtured by his daily protestations of love.

NOW he had knocked these props from under her life and she was suddenly plunged into a cold, loveless world. Womanlike, she grasped at a straw.

"You're just enjoying a new role, Winslow," she said with false assurance. "You'll get over it soon."

Winslow smiled benignly. He sank down on his haunches, folded his hands and closed his eyes. He began to sway, mutter and breathe rhythmically.

Hilda stared in disbelief as his bare feet began to work themselves up onto his thighs. He was going to perform the Lotus Seat! She watched his right foot slowly achieve its goal and come to rest on his left thigh.

"Huh!" she sneered. "The tough part comes with the other foot."

But as she spoke, Winslow's talented toes wormed their way through the tangle of limbs and spread themselves neatly across his right thigh.

Hilda suddenly could not bear the smug, glossy shine of Winslow's upturned soles. She kicked over a coal scuttle in a rage and the noise awoke Winslow from his spell.

"There now, sister, you have seen," he chided gently. "Scoff no more, but ready yourself. We are all returning to the temple on Central Park West. Swami Bose Rocipulgor of the Philadelphia Circuit has recanted in the matter of the breathing."

Hilda had the painful sensation of people running out on her, doors slamming in her face after she had been used.

"Why should Chandra tell you and not me?" she demanded hotly. "After all I've done for him."

"You will be financially reimbursed," Winslow said placatingly, as he took a flute out from the folds of his yellow robe. "Meanwhile, will you not celebrate with us tonight at Central Park West?"

"I will not!" Hilda shouted. "I've had enough of all this nonsense. I guess I'm not the spiritual type and I'm proud of it. And you can tell that to Chandra."

Winslow had begun to play on the flute for the benefit of a small snake which appeared out of his right sleeve. He stopped for a moment. "Now, now, sister," he said reprovingly.

"Don't give me that 'sister' stuff!" Hilda snapped, glaring down at him. "Why, I liked you better when you were after my money."

Winslow sighed. "Believe me. Back in that dim existence I was never after your money. I was in love with your beautiful soul without realizing it."

"Well, it's too late now," Hilda said. "I wish you'd go. And take that horrid snake with you before I notify the zoo."

Winslow piped the little snake back into his voluminous sleeve, tucked the flute away and got majestically to his bare feet. He gazed tenderly at her.

"Farewell. Peace," he said.

The moment he passed out of sight, the bitter truth walloped Hilda in the stomach. She loved him!

Hilda sank to the floor. Yes, it was horribly true. She had loved Winslow all the time, at the back of her mind. She had meant to marry him eventually and now it was too late. She had let him slip out of her life and into Nirvana.

Hilda shook her head groggily. "Well, I've been down for the count before," she muttered.

She got to her feet, mentally girding herself for a loveless existence. To snap out of it she did fifteen chin ups and five minutes of calisthenics. Then she ran upstairs to her bedroom and stripped off the Hindu costume. She held it up in disdain.

"I must have looked a sight in that thing," she said.

Nevertheless, she discovered that Chandra's Hindu diet made it very easy for her now to wriggle into her girdle. She put on a bright house apron and gaily tore the Hindu dress into rags. She took one and began energetically to dust the furniture. She went through the neglected rooms of her house like a lovelorn cyclone, meanwhile busying her mind with new projects.

She'd paint every room and lower the rents for her tenants. Yes, that was the way to mend her broken heart. A life devoted to Good Works.

Suddenly an old friend shouted to her. Hilda's stomach called for food. She dropped her rag and galloped gladly down to the kitchen. In no time she was frying onions and some hamburger which one of her tenants had cached in her refrigerator.

A FEW moments later her electrified stomach whooped for joy as she sat down to the kitchen table and made ready to eat. At that precise moment, Winslow Athlone walked past the kitchen door.

Though he was dressed for the street, his eyes were closed and his face shone with an inner exaltation. Hilda saw that he had already progressed to the next stage en route to Nirvana. He had achieved the Lotus Walk. His body would carry him safely through the crowd while his mind floated in ecstasy.

But Winslow halted on the threshold. Hilda saw his nostrils twitch convulsively. He opened his eyes and stared into the kitchen.

"Strange," he intoned. "I had willed myself to awaken at Central Park West. Perhaps I was drawn here by some last, earthly tie."

"Could be," Hilda said, burying her love for him in a mouthful of onions and hamburger.

Winslow's eyes riveted on her heaped plate. He licked his lips and his exalted face took on an earthy expression. He approached the table slowly, like a man awakening from a dream.

"Odd," he murmured, "but I feel an ebbing interest in the higher plane of existence and Central Park West."

Hilda did not hear him. She was chewing real food with real rapture. When she opened her eyes, Winslow was seated at the table with her.

"It has just come to me, Hilda," he said tenderly, "my destiny lies here with you, down on this material plane. Won't you please marry the Purple Monster of the Crunchy-Bunchy Mystery Hour?"

"Why not?" Hilda said.

"Then feed me, woman!" Winslow roared, thumping the table. "I'm a man who likes his food."

Hilda rose happily to obey. Having a man like Winslow around the house was going to be Nirvana.

THE END

The Navy at Its Worst

Continued from page 23

inhabitants of Guam to be subject to arrest, trial and sentence for any offense up to and including a capital one, without presentation or indictment by a grand jury, without jury trial in a rump "Naval Courts and Boards" court. The houses of the dependent people can be entered and searched without a warrant, their property seized at will by a police officer, and they can be—and are—ordered from their houses and lands at any hour of the day or night.

Recently a Guam Bar Association was formed by members of the bar serving in the various branches of the armed forces. At the organization meeting a representative of the military government appeared and said that the island commander opposed the formation of such a group because he feared that a Chamorro—not a lawyer—who had represented many islanders before military courts, might seek membership. This would be embarrassing to the island command.

Now the Navy has announced that "naval military rule" is being ended at Guam and "naval civil rule" substituted. Under naval military rule the Guamanians had the slight advantage of at least *some* forms of law. When convicted on serious charges, they had a right of appeal. The naval military courts operated under rules not of their own making, which they could not abrogate at will. Under cavalier naval civil rule, the governor, an admiral, makes the law and the rules, and changes them at will. He is the court and from his civil or criminal judgment there is no appeal.

Here is what is happening on some of the other islands of the South Pacific which the Navy now governs.

From one of these islands there is responsible testimony that all visitors or replacements are met at the dock by an officer of the Navy who describes the islanders in the following terms:

"These gooks are the dumbest, most worthless, lazy, filthy, no-good, no-account people I have ever seen. They lie, cheat, steal and have no morals. They smile and wave at you, but they would cut your throat in a second if they weren't afraid of American planes."

Responsible civilians who have visited the same island, report that the natives are "unusually smart and energetic and as honest as the day is long."

Natives Resent Enforced Labor

On another island, work was, officially, voluntary, and the people were so informed in the early days. Today, however, there is little pretense of "voluntary" labor except by the labor officer when talking to visitors. Virtually enforced labor by all able-bodied men and women, including boys of fifteen and sixteen, is today one of the standing grievances of the people. As might be expected, they claim that the Americans have broken their promise.

People who worked outside of the camp were not allowed to bring anything with them when they returned. According to the legal officer the reason for this was the antifraternization rule. Under this policy anyone who gave a civilian anything or bought from him was guilty of fraternization. However, only the native civilian was tried and sentenced for bringing into camp a towel or a package of cigarettes. The G.I. who may have given it to him was in no way punished.

Rear Admiral A. T. Mahan, the naval prophet whose writings have influenced the strategical thinking of the world wrote:

"Naval administration is very clearly and sharply differentiated by the presence of an element which is foreign to almost all other activities of life in countries like Great Britain and the United States. The military factor is to it not merely incidental but *fundamental.*"

What Admiral Mahan meant is that naval organization, training and thinking relate entirely to the tasks of war. They have no relationship to the complicated problems of civilian populations. England, France, Holland, Belgium, New Zealand, Australia and Russia rule their dependencies through civilian, not military governments. The American Navy controls its subject populations by direct and autocratic methods. An island is a battleship and is run as such.

The result is a rule of authority, color distinction, and the ignoring of the problems of and strivings toward democratic living.

I sum up the record. The Navy in Guam and Samoa for nearly half a century has prevented the fulfillment of national pledges made and accepted in good faith. It has refused to permit on its own motion, and its effective lobby has prevented Congress from granting any vestige of a bill of rights to its subject peoples. In its own unrestrained conduct of civilian affairs it has violated, willfully and persistently, many of the tenets of the American Bill of Rights. It has scorned every concept of due process of law and almost every principle of democracy. It has ignored the economic problems of the islanders and given them inferior education in segregated schools. It has trampled upon the standards of social policy of the International Labor Office for dependent areas.

Opposes Trusteeship by U. N.

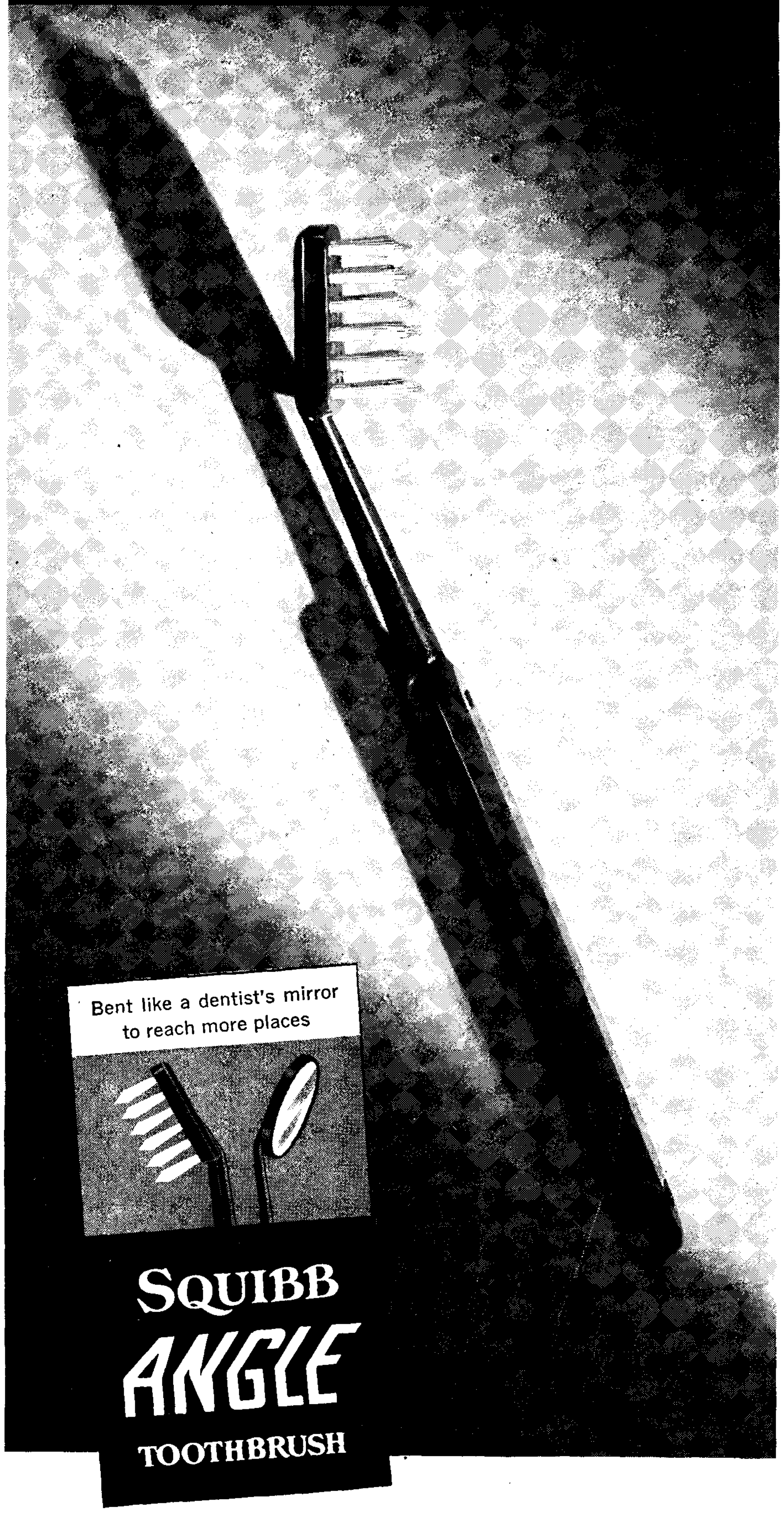
Now the Navy is extending these abuses into the newly acquired Pacific islands. The Navy wishes that our national moral obligation to trustee the Carolines, the Marshalls and the Marianas to the Assembly of the United Nations shall not be fulfilled.

If there is any merit in the claim that the Navy be permitted to put fetters upon the civilian populations of such islands as Guam, Samoa, and the mandated islands of Japan; if the Navy is to be permitted to block, as it is secretly doing, statehood for Hawaii, then by a parity of reasoning, civilian rights should be struck down in such areas as Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Moreover, if we require naval absolutism for military security in such places as these, then there would be no logical reason why we should not hand over to its benign rule such vital continental areas as Boston, New York Harbor, Charlestown, San Diego, San Francisco and Seattle.

The United States should take the lead in establishing trusteeships on sound lines. We can take pride in some of the achievements of our overseas areas under civilian rule and a flexible and liberal territorial policy. We promoted independence for the Philippines, which became effective on July 4th. The President has proposed independence for Puerto Rico. We are assisting Hawaii and Alaska in their progress toward self-governing statehood. We are fostering democratic self-expression in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands while at the same time we are restoring and maintaining civil rights among our own American Indians.

Democracy, as we have understood it in this country, will be entering upon its swift decline if we do not firmly adhere to the principle that our armed forces are for defense in times of war and not for civilian administration in times of peace.

THE END



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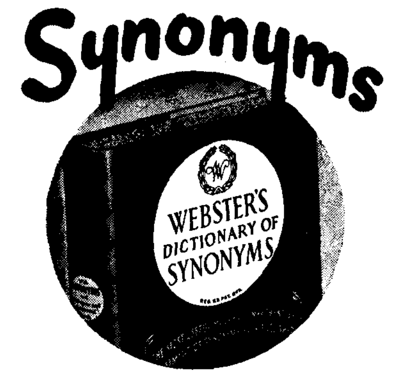

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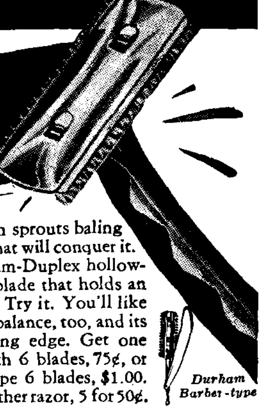

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 66

strument board where he can see it. But present scopes are not bright enough to show up in the cockpit in all conditions of daylight. Two manufacturers are working on this problem but the best they can foresee is a scope three to four times brighter than present equipment—and the need is for something twenty times brighter.

Airplanes have been seen on the screen, but the sets tested so far can't be used adequately as collision-warning equipment. A new set with anticollision protection features has been mounted in the research ship, but has yet to be tested fully.

Manhattan's buildings can't be seen satisfactorily on the screens of radars so far tested. Observers on an experimental flight along Manhattan some 800 feet above the Hudson could see only a clutter on the screen where the skyscrapers were. But the George Washington Bridge and ships in the river appeared clearly.

Other drawbacks of radar, Captain Saint says, are that mountains and lakes give identical indications on the screen; so do rivers and ridges.

For airline use, radar must be on the job all the time if it is to be a primary instrument. Yet, the American Airlines experimenters reported that they could not use their radar for one month out of four, due to failures requiring maintenance work. The equipment also must be commercially available. All currently manufactured sets go to the military.

Captain Saint sums up the debit side with: "We think radar has been badly overplayed in some directions, and this can react to its detriment when the public finds it won't do the things it has been led to believe it could do."

Radar's spectacular results during the war are not minimized, but many of them were achieved with ponderous equipment and elaborate systems tailored to solve a specific problem. Radar cannot be applied easily and quickly to the multiple problems of airline flight, Captain Saint says. In addition, the military in combat always is allowed to take a calculated risk; there can be no calculated risk in commercial air travel.

On the credit side, Captain Saint has this to say:

"We're excited over the potentialities of radar. It is inherently self-checking, giving it a considerable advantage over most other devices. If it doesn't work right, it doesn't work at all and won't get us in trouble. If it fails, it doesn't give us any information; and, happily, no false information."

American Airlines is carrying its radar experiments a step further by radar-equipping two scheduled airliners so that its pilots, flying transcontinentally, can find out what it can do. It may take four to five months to get their observations.

"Few airline pilots have seen radar," Captain Saint explained. "If we are going to use it, we must get it to the point where an airline pilot will say, 'I trust it; let's go.'

"What we're doing is to take the radar equipment now available and get at all the bugs we can. Maybe radar isn't the answer to what we're looking for—but whatever is evolved and is accepted by the airline pilots you can be sure will be good." . . . OSCAR LEIDING

The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

DEAR EDITOR: In The Week's Mail of July 20th a certain Mr. Adams waxes indignant about today's young people, to whom he refers as "badly raised youth." May I ask whose fault it is that some of our young people are "badly raised"? Parents should check up on themselves before "beating the tar" out of their kids. Or should they? A. MOORE
Inglewood, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Adams points unerringly to the basic and fundamental cause of most juvenile delinquency. Well-raised youth must learn good manners *at home.* No parent should ever forget that. G. C. BLAND
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR: My brother and I have had quite an argument about Sukey and the King's English, by Constance Wagner, in your July 6th issue. He says it's a true story. I say it isn't. Who's right? ADELE NICOLET (Age 13)
Rome, Ohio.

You're right, Adele. It's fiction but so convincingly done that it seems it really happened.

DEAR EDITOR: The letter about that automobile trip from San Marcos, Texas, to Austin, in 1904 (distance 32 miles; time more than two hours!) recalls a statement made in 1928 by Major Seagrave, at that time holder of the world's motor speed record. The major said: "No man will ever travel faster than 215 miles an hour in an automobile. That's the limit." And the record (as you point out) is now more than 369 miles an hour! ROBERT P. THOMPSON
Toronto, Can.

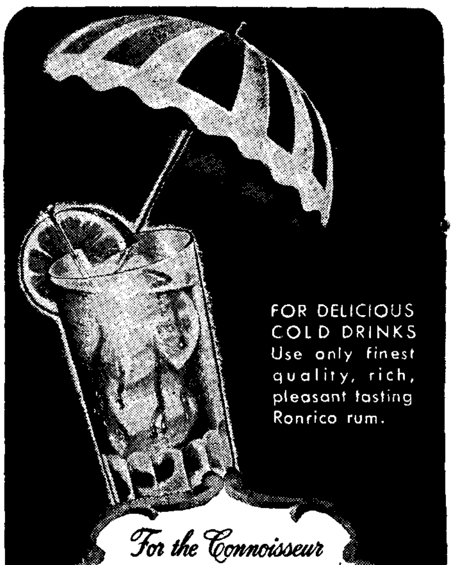
DEAR EDITOR: When I get a copy of Collier's, I read the various features in this order: (1) Any Week, (2) The Week's Mail, (3) Editorials, (4) Keep Up With the World, (5) the short short story, (6) The Week's Work. That done, I read whatever catches my fancy, with its art and its title. I wonder how many others read as I do? GLADYS STUART
Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR EDITOR: Your cartoon editor was *surprised* when he received a cartoon signed T. Hee—which happened to be the cartoonist's name. Queried, Mr. T. Hee said he wasn't *surprised* that the editor was *surprised.* Which reminds me of old Noah Webster whose wife, catching him kissing the maid, exclaimed, "Noah—I am surprised!" Noah stared at her. "No, my dear," he said slowly, "you are astonished. It is *I* who am surprised." A. MC., JR.
Laguna Beach, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: I know little about hunting or fishing, but Chetwood Schwarzkopf's story, Home From the Sea, opened vistas I never dreamed existed. MRS. FRANK J. STOUT
Leominster, Mass.

DEAR EDITOR: My outfit, the Izaak Walton League of America, and other conservation organizations, I am sure, feel that stories like Home From the Sea (in your July 13th issue) should be given a safe, permanent place in historical depositories. WILLIAM VOIGT, JR.
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Voigt is Assistant Executive Director of the Izaak Walton League of America, Inc.



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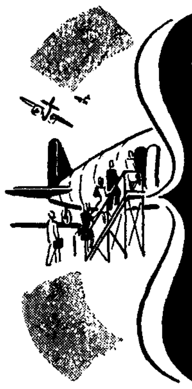

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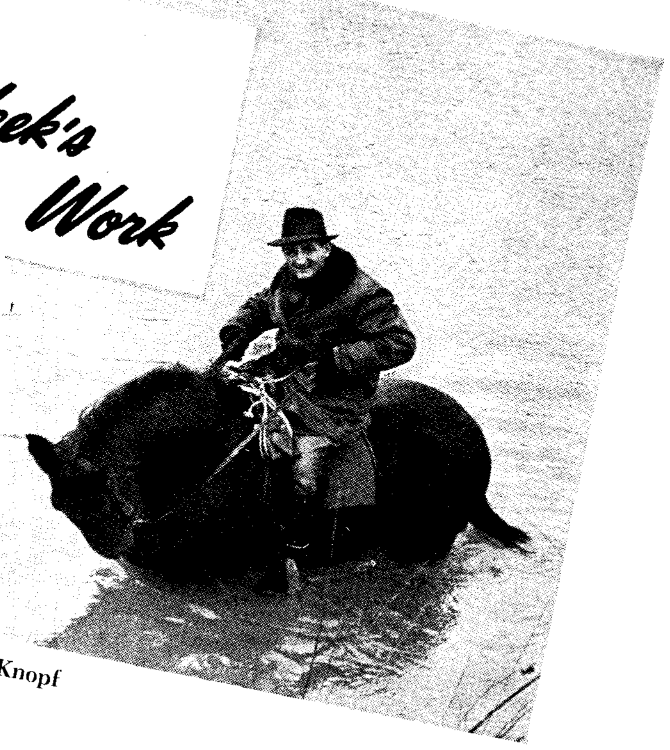
The Week's Work



Hans Knopf

AUTHOR DOROTHY MILES, in reply to our request for personal data to run in this column in connection with her article, Heroines on Horseback (p. 24), says: "I have been preparing for a number of years to meet this high moment when I would be asked to write a short autobiographical sketch for a magazine. Every time I have opened one of our better periodicals, I have scanned first the happy faces of the contributors and then read with absorbing interest the account of their rise to fortune. I used to be discouraged because I didn't know how to cook strange dishes, never had owned a dog and could not reasonably expect even to live in New York City, Connecticut or Bucks County. (Mrs. Miles is the wife of a Presbyterian preacher and lives in Lexington, Kentucky.)

"Three small children, I found, considerably hampered me in my purpose to produce something that somebody would pay good money for. I hated to admit this, even to myself, because I was still avidly reading short biographies of female writers who found washing, cooking, canning, gardening and nursing just valuable aids to dashing off the kind of stuff editors buy.

"Then one day the children were pretty well grown—so I signed up for a correspondence course. I completed it too. It really was quite a good course. . . .

Dorothy Miles

"I'm sure I ought to write about being a preacher's wife. But I can't figure out how to do it, except anonymously. I wish to state publicly, however, that the old notion that a preacher's wife has a hard lot is pure fiction. She's much more apt to be spoiled past all saving. I have been kindly treated all my life by everybody except editors. Their chilly indifference I hope is due to the fact I never even saw one, much less met one to talk to. . . ."

The editors of Collier's hope the charming Mrs. Miles will come to call someday when she's in town.

THE man on horseback up there in the picture is Hans Knopf, the photographer who illustrated Mrs. Miles' article about the Frontier Nursing Service in the mountain regions of Kentucky.

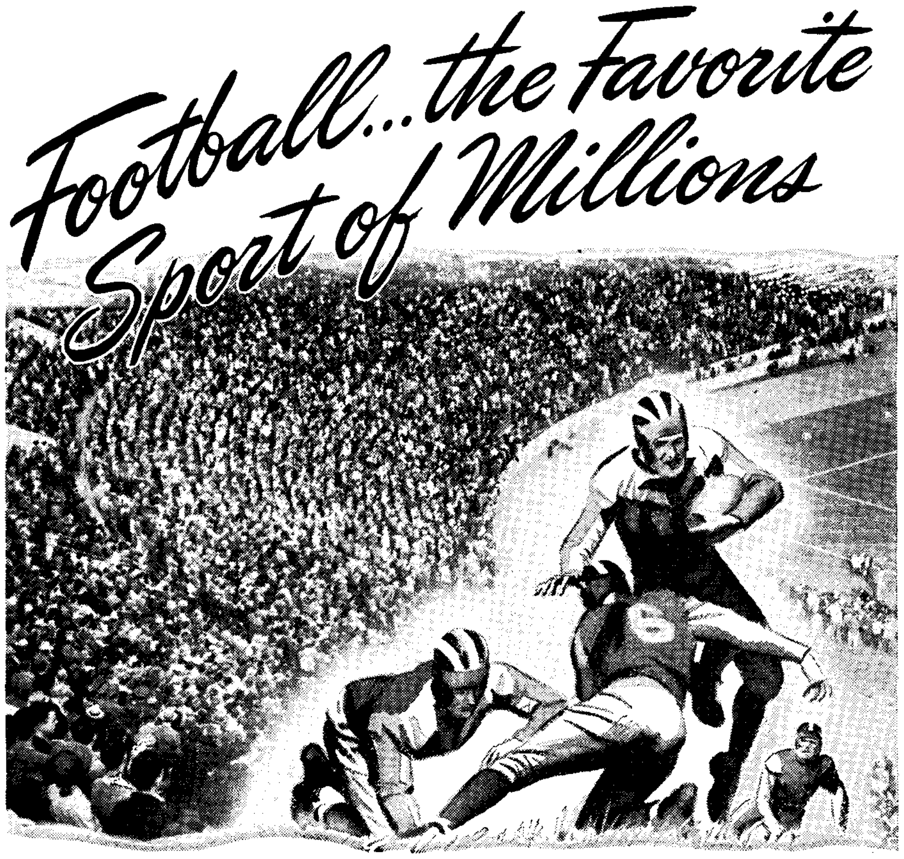
Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, director of the service, volunteers high praise of Knopf: "I am writing to thank you for sending us a photographer who was uniformly courteous and considerate," she says. "I also want to congratulate you on having sent into the Kentucky mountains someone who could take it. It has been our unfortunate experience to have publicity people come in here who were the antithesis of Mr. Knopf. We have come to dread the advent of anyone from a newspaper or a magazine. We have found such people not only distasteful to us socially, in the main, but quite unable to cover the nursing work adequately. In other words, people from outside the mountains are afraid of the riding and of the weather. This was not the case with Mr. Knopf. He rode miles every day with his equipment in one of our most difficult outpost nursing-center areas. He rode over the deepest fords in rather high water, and covered treacherous trails. We respect him very much. . . ."

WRITER HOWARD WHITMAN, who collaborated with Dr. Douglas M. Kelley on the article Squeal, Nazi, Squeal (p. 12), first encountered Nazism during a youthful see-the-world trip through Europe in 1936.

"I went to Berlin, Nuremberg and Munich in search of gaiety," he says, "and found, instead, Nazism. It was in its swaddling clothes in those days, but any dope could have seen that it was destined to be just the grotesque monstrosity that Dr. Kelley found in the Nuremberg jail."

As a war correspondent, Whitman later covered the same ground. While he was a student in Western Reserve University, Whitman pointed toward a journalistic career. He founded a rambunctious magazine called Power House, which almost got him kicked out of school, he says, for attacking the faculty.

After college Whitman and a friend set out for Europe: "We managed to ride a couple of mangy horses across Spain, won 1,500 francs at Monte Carlo, and spent enough time with the French Foreign Legion in Algeria to make sure there really are no Hedy Lamarrs in the Casbah. Also, I damn' near froze to death swimming across the Seine one November day. We had a last glimpse of the Europe that was gay and wonderful, just before madness set in." . . . A. P.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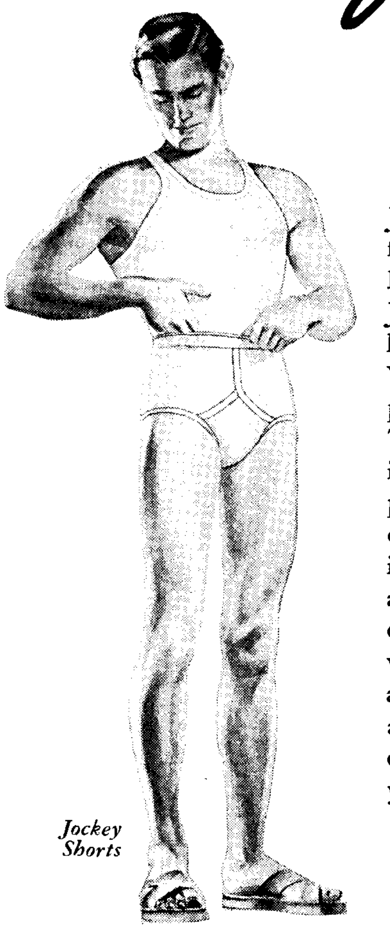

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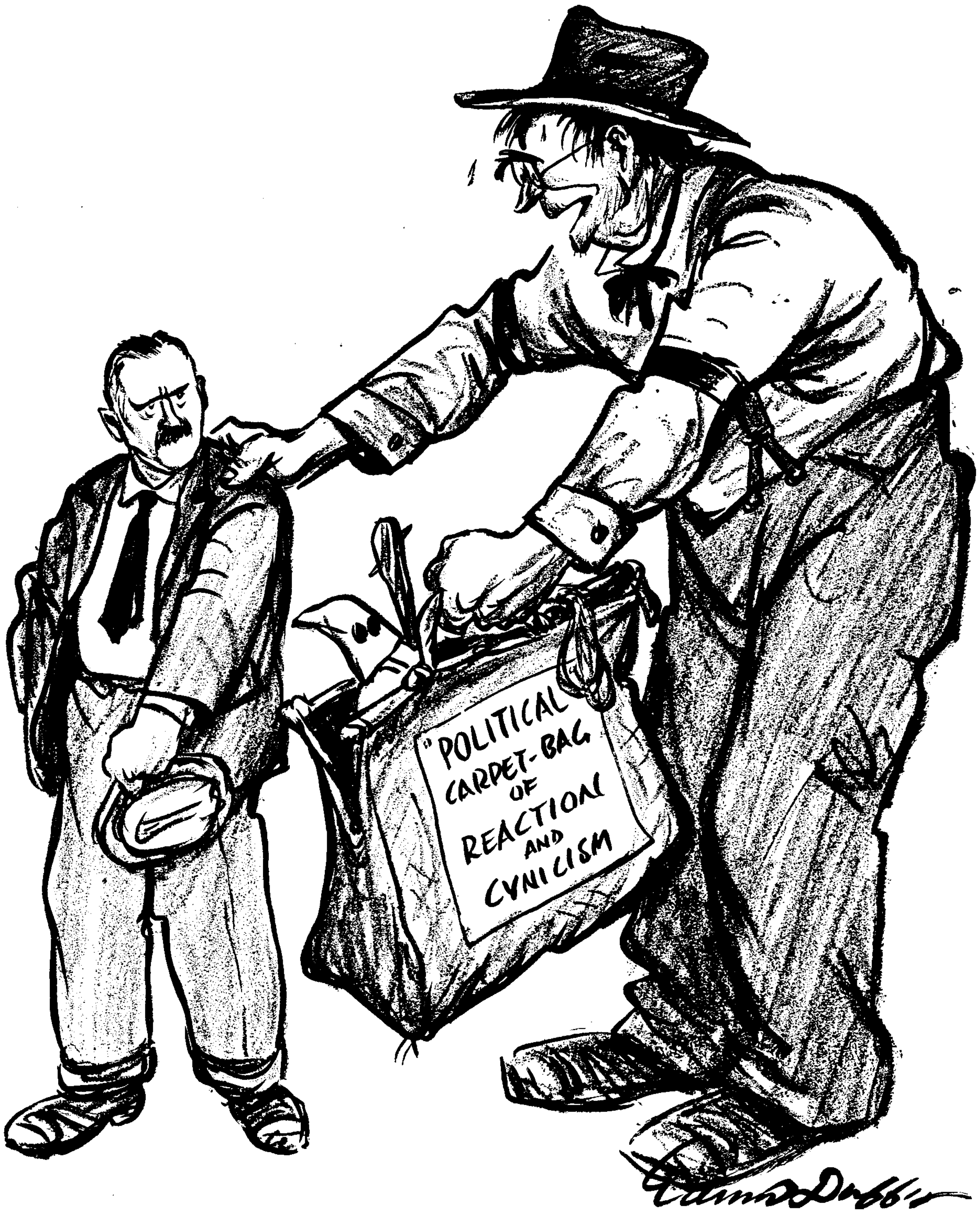
"POLITICAL CARPET-BAG OF REACTION AND CYNICISM

COLLIER'S

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RECONSTRUCTION—1946

THE aftermath of victory is reaction. That is history and probably nobody's desire or intention. After World War I, we let Harry Daugherty and a small group of cynical men nominate Warren Gamaliel Harding for the Presidency. Daugherty forecast what would happen. A few big bosses in a smoke-filled room did what Harry Daugherty said they would do.

We, a whopping majority of us, ratified Daugherty's contemptuous words and we were off to the debacle that ended up with our Great Depression and Hitler's World War II.

It had happened before. The end of our own Civil War and the murder of Abraham Lincoln set in motion forces that made the very phrase, Reconstruction Era, words of hatred and contempt.

The same men who dared make war against their brothers to right the evil of slavery and to preserve the Union were responsible for some of the darkest pages of a very black chapter of our history.

You can multiply illustrations as long as your appetite for history stands up. For better or worse—and generally for worse—after the effort of any great war, men show the worse sides of their natures and generally vote meanly.

Apply this to what we ourselves are doing this year 1946, and see where we are heading. In the international arena so far we have not done badly. At least we haven't from the standpoint of one who believes as Collier's does, that international co-operation is the one key to future peace. In the domestic field, on the other hand, the record is spotty.

Two Southern states, Mississippi and Georgia, have nominated a senator and a governor who surely express a mood of disillusionment and prejudice. The renomination of Senator Bilbo in Mississippi came after unequivocal appeals by Bilbo to override the law and thereby to prevent Negroes from voting.

That kind of appeal is no more liked by the decent people of Mississippi than it would be by the decent Massachusetts voters. They incidentally can't be too snooty, with Mayor Curley of Boston and Representative Curley of Massachusetts, one and the same, convicted of crime and still popular at home. But Mississippi voted enthusiastically for Bilbo.

Georgia did as much for Eugene Talmadge who also based his reactionary campaign on white supremacy or, actually, a denial of political rights to Negroes. Talmadge failed to get a popular majority, but enough Georgians voted for him to elect him. Talmadge, voice of Tobacco Road and yet himself by inheritance a child of the old aristocracy, made as cynical appeals as Bilbo in Mississippi or Curley in Massachusetts. All seemed to say to the voters, "We know your present mood and we appeal to the worst that's in you."

Of course, not everybody put the issues in just those words. But that is what it added up to as far as race relations in these two states of the Deep South were concerned. On the other hand political lines were drawn differently in some other sections, and the verdicts reached are much more auspicious for those who hope for a peaceful world.

Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota and Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota were both defeated—and defeated on a clear question of international co-operation. Senator Shipstead in particular made the issue plain. There was no uncertainty concerning the attitude taken by the people of the Northwest when the votes were recorded. The Northwest, the safest area in the United States from invasion by any imaginable enemy, clearly favors world organization to prevent and avoid future wars. The memory of those votes will aid any Congress and any President in working out plans to preserve the peace.

On the record, two tendencies are clear. It is still possible for a politician to win success locally by appealing to deep-seated prejudices. The sentiments that led to the creation of the Ku Klux Klan at the end of World War I can still be aroused by a politician of rabble-rousing eloquence and lack of scruple. At the same time some issues that were confused twenty-five years ago are plain now.

Both Georgia and Mississippi would doubtless have voted against almost anyone who opposed world co-operation for peace. The South was in the van of those who opposed a conquest of free peoples by Hitler's German armies. Real opposition to world co-operation centered in the Middle West and Northwest. Now such narrow principles promise no success anywhere. We seem all of us to have learned that much.

For the rest we can keep a wary eye upon the future. How we vote will depend in part surely upon the kind of leaders that emerge. If we get wise, generous leaders who make far-sighted appeals we will doubtless go along with them—at least a part of the way. But if some persuasive fellow without a decent principle to his name comes along we may also listen to him. Now as before, time and chance will affect our destiny.

Reconstruction, 1946 style, shows us at our best and worst. Those who want to be optimistic can safely take nothing for granted. We don't have to step backward. At worst we have the chance to argue for the kind of world in which we would like to live.

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DAD: Naturally, Son... and proud. But it isn't the easiest life, you know...

SON: ***That's not the point, Dad...***

DAD: ...seven long years of college, and then you've only begun to study...

SON: ***But you'd do it over again, Dad!***

DAD: ...and you won't make a lot of money... scarcely a living at first.

SON: ***We've always had enough. And it's not the money.***

DAD: What's more, there's little time for outside pleasures... not even enough for home life, because...

SON: ***You and mother are the happiest people I know.***

DAD: ...because people just don't always get sick during office hours.

SON: ***I've already decided, Dad. I know all that. You forget my father happens to be a doctor!***

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